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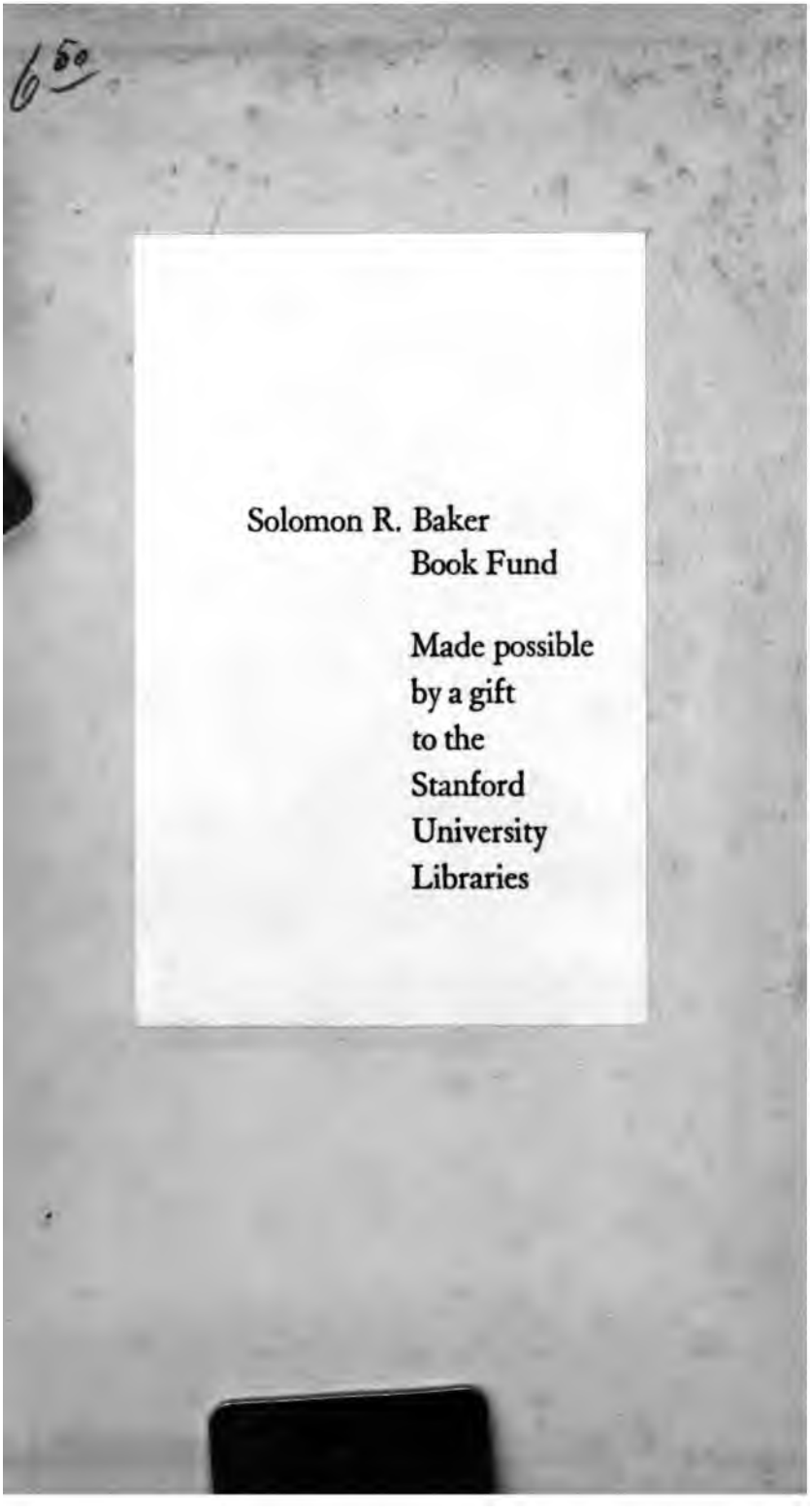
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MARTYRED MISSIONARIES

OF THE

CHINA INLAND MISSION

THE GOVERNOR YÜ-HSIEN'S YAMÊN AT T'AI-YÜAN-FU, SHAN-SI.

At this place 44 Missionaries and children were put to death on July 9, 1900. (See p. 126.)

The gateway stands behind the dragon-faced screen and has a tall pole on each side.

Frontispiece.

MARTYRED MISSIONARIES

OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

With a Record of the

PERILS & SUFFERINGS

OF SOME WHO ESCAPED

WITH PORTRAITS, MAPS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS

EDITED BY

MARSHALL BROOMHALL, B.A.

LONDON: MORGAN & SCOTT,
PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.
CHINA INLAND MISSION,
NEWINGTON GREEN, N. MCMI

…EN'S YAMÊN AT T'AI-YÜAN-…
…children were put to death …Jun…
…the dragon-faced screen and …

Frontispiece.

MARTYRED MISSIONARIES

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12 PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.
CHINA INLAND MISSION,
NEWINGTON GREEN, N. MCMI

BV3415
B74

In

Loving Memory of

THOSE MEMBERS OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

WHO

SUFFERED MARTYRDOM DURING THE SAD CRISIS OF 1900

AND IN

Grateful Recognition

OF GOD'S GREAT GOODNESS

TO THOSE WHO WERE MERCIFULLY DELIVERED

O God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance . . .
The dead bodies of Thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven,
The flesh of Thy saints unto the beasts of the earth.
Their blood have they shed like water . . .
And there was none to bury them.—Ps. lxxix.

And I heard a voice from Heaven saying, Write,
Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth:
Yea, saith the Spirit,
That they may rest from their labours;
For their works follow with them.—Rev. xiv. 13.

PREFACE

To the many bereaved hearts, and to the many more who during the past sad months have suffered with us, and have cheered and upheld us by their beautiful trust and by their loving sympathy, by their gifts for the distressed missionaries and converts, and by their earnest prayers, we pen a few lines in preface to this record of hitherto unwonted experiences.

And let our first note, even now, be one of thanksgiving and praise to GOD; "Unto Him that loveth us, and loosed us from our sins by His blood . . . to Him be the glory and the dominion for ever and ever, Amen." Let us say with the Psalmist, "I will sing unto the LORD as long as I live: I will sing praise to my GOD while I have any being. Let my meditation be sweet unto Him. I will rejoice in the LORD."—Ps. civ. 33, 34, R.V.

Is it not a glad thought that our meditation may be sweet unto Him to whom we owe our all for this life, to whom we owe the blessed prospect of our eternal home in His presence? We thank Him for the grace that won for Himself our beloved brothers and sisters in Christ whose memory is so precious to us, and to whom grace was given to finish their course with joy and the ministry committed unto them; no fruitless ministry was theirs! many of those who were led to Christ by them share with them the martyr's joy and the martyr's crown. Their LORD trusted them with great trial, and by His grace they proved trust-

worthy. Who will follow in their train as they followed their Saviour and King?

We have lost much in losing such fellow-workers, but all we have lost the LORD Jesus has gained, and do not our inmost souls say, He is worthy. We cannot forget His words, uttered on the eve of His own martyrdom, "Father, I long (lit.) that those whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory." Shall we regret that His longing is fulfilled?

But ah, poor China has lost many of her best friends, native and foreign! Will not some hear the voice of the Master calling them to go out and take the place of those called higher, to shepherd the flocks now scattered and bereaved, and to gather the fruit of the life-work as well as of the terrible suffering and death of our native and foreign brethren and sisters who have gone to their reward?

GOD has made no mistake in what He has permitted; His interest in the spread of Christ's kingdom is greater than ours; our hearts cannot but ache for the places left empty, and for the shepherdless Christians, and we are thankful for the record that "Jesus wept." But we trust our omnipotent LORD, and are sure that His tender heart would not have allowed such trials had there been any easier way of securing the fuller triumphs of the Gospel. The Apostle Paul rejoiced to fill-to-the-full (lit.) his share of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh for the sake of the Church.

Let us pray that the record of these sufferings may stimulate us to greater self-denial, and that Christ's people in the home-land may share in the coming blessing, and let us never forget that a million a month in China are dying without GOD.

J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

DAVOS, *December* 1900.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE China Inland Mission was formed in 1865. Through thirty-three years, during which its members itinerated in all the interior provinces of China, some of them crossing and recrossing the whole country, and the entire number carrying on for many years settled work in fourteen provinces, we have gratefully to record that no member of the Mission suffered death by violence or accident. The first to suffer was Mr. Fleming, who was murdered in November 1898 in the province of Kuei-chau.

During the sad crisis of this year the China Inland Mission has been called to bear the heaviest loss of any Society. Of the one hundred and twenty-seven adults and the forty-four children known to have been killed among the Protestant Missionary Societies, the China Inland Mission has lost fifty-two adults and sixteen children, while the worst is feared for six more adults and four children (Mr. and Mrs. S. McKee and one child, Mr. and Mrs. I'Anson and three children, Miss Aspden and Miss M. E. Smith). As we have received no confirmation of their death, we have not included memorial notices, though we fear there is no hope as to their having escaped. This loss has chiefly fallen upon the province of Shan-si, where of the eighty-nine missionaries of the China Inland Mission in the province at the time forty-one are known to have been killed, and the

same is feared for the six more mentioned above. To these must be added the many native Christians in connection with the Mission; their number will probably never be fully known.

While we mourn for the faithful labourers taken from us, we cannot but recognise the mercy which has limited the loss of life in the China Inland Mission to only three provinces. Had not the crisis been precipitated before the plans of the Chinese Government had been completed, which was to have been the ill-omened intercalary eighth moon, in all probability few foreigners would have escaped to tell the sad story. When we think of what might have been the loss among the eight hundred members of the Mission and other Societies, we cannot but recognise with thankfulness the restraining goodness of God.

The present volume only deals with these three provinces in which life has been sacrificed—Shan-si, Chĭh-li, and Cheh-kiang, and the one province Ho-nan, where, though all Mission property has been destroyed, and the missionaries were in most imminent perils and dangers, all have been marvellously delivered.

The magnitude of the crisis imposes strict limits upon the record. Only the briefest memorial notices have been possible, and many interesting letters could not be included. Of the memorial notices some are reprinted from *China's Millions*, some are new, or rewritten as circumstances have enabled us to give more details from the China side. Where little has been said about their work in the Mission-field, this has been occasioned by the brevity of their time of service, or because those most competent to write concerning their colleagues have perished with them.

The plan pursued has been to group all memorials and letters geographically. Two maps are given, one show-

ing at a glance the stations of the China Inland Mission, the other—specially prepared—with the routes taken by those who escaped marked in red. The route of each party has a different sign and can be easily followed. To facilitate reference to places, an index of the route map is given. The spelling of all places throughout the book is uniform with the route map.

By reference to the general index it is possible to trace all the information of importance concerning each person, which space would not permit repeating in each individual case.

Some interesting information is given in the Appendix, where will be found, besides other articles, the complete record of all messages by cable received by the Mission during the crisis, and a diary of the chief events of the present year, compiled from the China Blue-Books, *The Times*, and the *North China Herald*.

In this book no attempt has been made to minimise China's crime; nor, on the other hand, have we failed to gratefully record the kindly acts of many of the Chinese officials and people. The records of perils and sufferings are given substantially as they were written by the sufferers themselves without the willing suppression of any known facts. With regard to those who have been killed, nothing can be gained by the narration of harrowing details. In most cases they appear to have been put to death speedily. In consequence, however, of statements which have repeatedly appeared in print, which have either intentionally stated or by a cruel carelessness in the use of language have implied outrage, which reports have caused untold anguish to many, we feel it necessary to definitely say that so far as facts are yet known, such statements or insinuations are untrue and without foundation.

Would that the dark chapter of this terrible crisis had not been made darker by the awful Blagovestschensk massacre, and by the conduct of certain troops in Peking, which, according to the Rev. A. H. Smith, who was present, led to the wells being choked with women who had committed suicide.

But aghast as we are in the presence of such facts, one's blood runs cold to read of a certain firm in Birmingham which makes money out of idols manufactured for China. They have recently stated that "a member of the firm is at present in China, and the fruits of his visit, combined with the present period of dulness, will soon be seen in a fresh supply of Chinese idols more hideous in design and turned out in larger numbers than ever."

To massacre and murder the body, or to help damn the soul, which is worse? Governments doubtless have their duty in China at present, but in judging let us remember Christ's injunction, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

In conclusion, acknowledgment is made of Mr. Marcus Wood's kind help in furnishing all the information sent officially from Shanghai, of the free use of what was collated by Mr. Goodall for the Memorials in *China's Millions*, and of many valuable suggestions and much loving assistance from my Father.

MARSHALL BROOMHALL.

CHINA INLAND MISSION,
January 1901.

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Benjamin Bagnall
Emily Bagnall
David Barratt
Elizabeth Burton
Mildred Clarke
William Cooper
Margaret Cooper (Mrs. E. J.)
Josephine Desmond
Edith Dobson
Annie Eldred
Flora Constance Glover
Eliza Mary Heaysman
Emma Georgiana Hurn
Mary E. Huston
Duncan Kay
Caroline Kay
Annie King
Anton P. Lundgren
Elsa Lundgren
Etta Manchester
George McConnell
Isabella McConnell
Francis Edith Nathan
May Rose Nathan
P. A. Ogren
William Graham Peat
Helen Peat
Hattie Rice
Edith E. Searell
Edith Sherwood
Jane Stevens
Emma Ann Thirgood
David Baird Thompson
Agnes Thompson
William Millar Wilson, M.B., C.M.
Christine Wilson
Emily E. B. Whitchurch
Alfred Woodroffe
John Young
Alice Young
G. Frederick Ward
Etta Ward

Associates

N. Carleson
Miss J. Engvall
Miss M. Hedlund
Miss A. Johansson
G. E. Karlberg
O. A. L. Larsson
Miss J. Lundell
S. A. Persson
Mrs. Persson
E. Pettersson

Children

Gladys Bagnall
Brainerd Cooper
Faith Glover
Vera Green
Jennie Kay
Mary Lutley
Edith Lutley
Kenneth McConnell
Margretta Peat
Mary Peat
Jessie Saunders
Isabel Saunders
Edwin Thompson
Sidney Thompson
Herbert Ward
Alexander Wilson

Unconfirmed

Maria Aspden
Margaret E. Smith
Mr. and Mrs. C. S. I'Anson and three Children
Mr. and Mrs. Stewart McKee and one Child

MARTYRED MISSIONARIES OF OTHER PROTESTANT MISSIONARY SOCIETIES

Society for the Propagation of the Gospel

Rev. S. M. Brooks
Rev. H. V. Norman
Rev. C. Robinson

English Baptist Missionary Society

Rev. S. W. Ennals
Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Dixon
Rev. and Mrs. F. S. Whitehouse
Rev. and Mrs. G. B. Farthing with three Children
Miss B. C. Rennant
Rev. and Mrs. W. A. M'Currach
Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Underwood
Miss Stewart

The Sheo Yang Mission

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Pigott and Son, Wellesley
Mr. and Mrs. Stokes
Mr. John Robinson
Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Lovitt and one Child
Mr. and Mrs. Simpson
Miss Duval
Miss Coombs

The British and Foreign Bible Society

Rev. and Mrs. W. T. Beynon, with three Children

Unconnected

Mr. A. Hoddle

The Christian and Missionary Alliance

Mr. and Mrs. E. Alson
Mr. and Mrs. C. Blomberg
Mr. and Mrs. A. Bingmark
Mr. and Mrs. E. Anderson
Mr. Aarberg
Miss E. Erikson
Mr. Fredstrom ?
Mr. A. E. Palm
Mr. and Mrs. O. Forsberg
Mr. and Mrs. O. Noren
Mr. and Mrs. F. Nyström
Mr. and Mrs. M. Nyström
Miss Hanna Lund
Miss M. Lund
Mr. Sternberg ?
Also twelve Children

The Scandinavian Missionary Alliance

Mr. C. J. Luber (others missing)

The Swedish Mongolian Mission

Mr. and Mrs. Hellsberg
Mr. Wahlstedt (others missing)

The American Board

Rev. and Mrs. E. R. Atwater and four Children
Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Price and one Child
Miss Bird
Miss Partridge
Rev. and Mrs. D. H. Clapp
Rev. F. W. Davis
Rev. H. T. Pitkin
Rev. G. L. Williams
Miss A. A. Gould
Miss M. S. Morrill

The American Presbyterian North

Rev. and Mrs. F. E. S. Simcox and three Children
Dr. and Mrs. C. V. R. Hodge
Dr. G. Y. Taylor

LETTERS OF SYMPATHY

GRATEFUL recognition should be made of the many private and official expressions of sympathy which have been received during this time of deep sorrow and sad loss through which the China Inland Mission, in common with other Societies, has been called to pass.

As these letters addressed to the Mission as a body express what is felt for each sufferer individually, a few are printed here for the sake of all the relatives and friends of those who have been taken from us.

FROM THE REV. B. BARING-GOULD,
Secretary of the Church Missionary Society

DEAR MR. SLOAN— . . . With much prayerful sympathy have I followed (since allowed to see the newspaper) the harrowing accounts which have reached us from China, and most keenly do I sympathise with the bereaved families of your missionaries who have received the martyr's crown, and with your Society in the appalling blow which has fallen upon you.

I cannot but believe that all that is occurring will, in God's good providence, be overruled for the further opening out of China to the Gospel message. May many be raised up, filled with a double measure of the Divine Spirit, to take the place of those who have fallen.

Kindly assure your Board of my profound sympathy.—Ever most truly yours, *B. BARING-GOULD.*

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM DALE,
Secretary of the English Presbyterian Missionary Society

MY DEAR MR. WOOD—At the valedictory meeting last night, Mr. Connell, our convener, made a very sympathetic reference to the heavy losses of your Mission in China, and suggested that I as secretary might convey the sorrow and the prayers of the great meeting for the safety of the survivors still in peril of your Mission bands. No

formal resolution was passed, but I am sure I interpret the feeling of the largest valedictory meeting we have ever had, when I write to you in its name and tell you that we English Presbyterians sorrow with you in your sorrow, and with you pray for a great blessing to follow all the present confusion and bloodshed in China.—Yours most truly,

Wm. Dale.

From the Friends' Foreign Mission Association Minute

Whilst recording our thankfulness for the safety of our own missionaries, who have all arrived in Shanghai, our sympathy is awakened for our friends of the China Inland Mission, whose widespread work has necessarily involved its missionaries in special danger in this crisis. We deeply sympathise with them, and with the bereaved relatives and friends in the loss of valuable lives laid down in the cause of Christ. Our continued prayer is, that these things that have happened, painful as they are to our human feelings, may ultimately be seen to result in the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and that the glorious work of proclaiming His salvation in China may speedily be resumed, without some of the hindrances which have existed in the past.

From the London Missionary Society Resolution

The directors desire to express to their fellow-workers in China connected with other Missionary Societies their deep sympathy in the sorrows through which they have been called to pass during the present troubles. Especially would they convey to the committees of the American Board, the Baptist Missionary Society, the China Inland Mission, the Presbyterian Missions, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and other missionary organisations, their very sincere and fraternal condolences in the loss of many valuable and noble lives among their missionary staff. They are well aware that those who have thus won the crown of martyrdom for Christ would have been foremost in rejoicing that they were counted worthy to lay down their lives in the service of their Lord. They are also assured that as the Saviour's cross and passion were followed by His glorious resurrection, and by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, the martyrdom of His servants will also bear rich fruit for the salvation of those who put them to death. They would venture, therefore, while sharing in the sorrows which naturally follow the removal of honoured workers under such tragic conditions, to pray that the

Societies which have been bereaved may have occasion speedily to see that God is giving them special blessing in proportion to their present sorrow, and that their Missions may have a richer and more joyous fruitfulness in the future than they have ever yet known.

R. Wardlaw Thompson,
Foreign Secretary, L.M.S.

From the Moravian Mission Board to the Committee of the China Inland Mission

Dear Brethren— . . . With many who are lifting up hands for you to the God of all comfort, we beseech Him that great and lasting blessing may come out of these heavy afflictions. May He be a very present help in trouble to all your missionaries and the native Christians. . . . The Master Builder may permit the taking down of some stones, but His foundation standeth sure, and His temple shall rise the higher and stronger and more glorious.

Writing on the Anniversary of the commencement of the Reformation, we cannot forbear to quote one verse from Luther's favourite psalm: "Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth." We trust the storm will soon have passed over, but through all the God of Jacob is your refuge, yea, the Lord of Hosts is with you.—We are, dear brethren, faithfully yours in the Lord,

(Sigd. by) *The Members of the Moravian Mission Board.*

From the Rev. Dr. E. E. Jenkins,
Honorary Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society

My dear Mr. Broomhall—Strong expressions of condolence have reached you from sister Missionary Societies on the appalling losses your Mission has sustained. As I know the work of your brethren and have met them in China, I have read the telegrams and information from other sources bringing details of the Boxer *persecution with intense and most painful interest. Please accept this expression of my deepest sympathy and the assurance of my incessant prayers that even these terrible fires of trial may rather purify than consume the glorious work of the China Inland Mission. To me it never appeared brighter, never more honoured, than now when from its ranks God is adding martyrs to His great army. Give my Christian love to Mr. Hudson Taylor, whose faith has been for many years the inspiration of us all. Phil. i. 12.—Believe me, yours in the fellowship of our great Master, affectionately,* *E. E. Jenkins.*

B. Broomhall, Esq.

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INTRODUCTORY

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: ITS CAUSES AND ISSUES

In the course of two years I travelled 8000 miles in inland China, and passed beyond its western official frontier into the mountain region occupied by the tributary Mantze tribes—rigid Buddhists of the Lamaistic type, and in the course of these journeys visited seventy-three Mission stations. In all, men and women, leading pure and exemplary lives, were striving under enormous difficulties to make known the Gospel. Everywhere an increasing hostility to foreigners was apparent, with causes such as the practical seizure of Chinese territory by certain Western Powers, the disastrous influence of the "Hu nan Tracts," the dread of a cataclysm of ancestral wrath following the introduction of railways, and of the overturning by the Christian propaganda of the social order which is the legacy of Confucius; the increasingly vigorous demands of the Roman missionaries for temporal precedence, and their interference with litigation on behalf of converts to such an extent that it is at times impossible for a heathen to obtain justice in his own courts—and the inarticulate unrest produced by the fermentation of the Western leaven.

* . . . . . .

The problem of China, religiously as well as politically, is now upon us. Into her archaic and unreformed Orientalism the Western leaven has fallen for good or evil. Western civilisation, that strangely mingled cup of blessing and cursing, has been offered to her, and she rejects it. The Gospel has been offered to her in a foreign dress and interwoven with treaty obligations, and it has brought not peace, but a sword. Events call a halt in missionary operations—a halt not to admit defeat, but to bring up overwhelming reinforcements. The plan of campaign may have to be revised. . . . British generals and soldiers have learned much in a year of war in South Africa. Are the armies of the Cross to learn and unlearn nothing by forty years of warfare in China? The word "retreat" is now on the lips of many, but the Church of Christ cannot, dare not, retire from the blood-drenched battlefields of the Far East, so long as the Captain of our salvation is in the front, and men and women are ready to fight and die under His banner. But this service requires our best and ablest men, and loving women of discretion and mature judgment.

From a Paper read at the Church Congress in Newcastle by Mrs. Bishop.

INTRODUCTORY

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: ITS CAUSES AND ISSUES

In 1898 the Royal Geographical Society of England published a Historical Atlas of the Chinese Empire showing the political boundaries of China's many dynasties from B.C. 2205 to the present time. A nation must have a wonderful history for this to be possible, and such a history indicates unusual characteristics. The knowledge of this unexampled past has begotten in the Chinaman a pride of nation peculiar to himself.

It is not easy for the ordinary European, with his love of change and admiration for the lightning-like rapidity of modern inventions and discoveries, to appreciate Chinese patriotism, with its tenacious love of unchanged traditions. In some respects their minds and ours are in perfect contrast. We almost worship the new, while they reverence the old. The pride of an old English county family in its genealogies and heraldry is known among us. This is magnified a hundredfold in the Chinese clan, with the ancestral hall and tablets ever before them as the chief object of their veneration. Their national pride is the aggregate of millions of such families, encouraged by a history besides which that of every other nation is dwarfed.

When Bismarck and Gladstone died some one remarked that we were passing from the days of great men to the days of clever men. This might have been a Chinese comment. They acknowledge we are clever in mechanical invention, but to them that does not spell greatness any

more than a modern schoolboy's knowledge of certain scientific facts proves his mental superiority to Newton, to whom these facts were unknown.

The railway passenger travelling at sixty miles an hour may be a cripple, while the foot passenger may be an athlete. To a Chinaman the mere rate of progress proves nothing unless it be a lack of dignity. Whether travelling by express or on foot be better is not argued here. These references are only made to reveal the Chinese point of view, and to help to a better appreciation of that national temper which resents all foreign intrusion.

It may be asked, with such a people what have been the causes which have occasioned these recent troubles? A statement of what we believe these to have been does not imply that all are harmful. All progress is distasteful to the Chinese mind, and contrary to his education. To us Abraham may be an example of faith, without necessitating our adoption of his nomadic life. Not so with a Chinaman. How Confucius dressed or took his food is to him almost as important as the spirit of his teachings. Any change from the habits of the past is a departure from his stereotyped example.

From the commencement, then, we may be sure that the adventurous enterprise and push of European and American traders were not welcomed. Had our commercial relationship been free from blame, it is still most probable that China would have put obstacles in the way of national intercourse. How much more so when, under the English flag, unprincipled men commenced to smuggle opium into the country. Chinese conservatism and pride do not free us from blame. It was certain that the misunderstandings natural to people so widely separated by birth and education, should be intensified by the iniquitous trade we permitted and afterwards supported. War ensued, and the conquered Chinese were compelled to make concessions and pay indemnity. We do not say that without a struggle the Chinese would have opened their country to foreign trade. We do not know what might have been, but we do say that it is an unspeak-

able shame and a national disgrace that opium should have been the *casus belli*.

The evil consequences which followed cannot be over-estimated. The possibility of winning a happy and cordial relationship was hopelessly lost. That bitter element was introduced which has made all subsequent intercourse unwelcome. Distrust and hatred only led to further trouble, which resulted in more pressure from Europe and fresh concessions from China.

Then, only three years ago, came the fatal act, the seizing of Kiao-chau by the Germans. From every point of view this was an error. Seized in consequence of the murder of two German missionaries, a mistrust of missions was engendered, and a storm of anger aroused against everything foreign. It awoke the greed of the European nations, and the policy of "grab" ensued.

China had already lost Macao, Hong-kong, Formosa, and her suzerainty of Korea. Manchuria was slipping from her grasp. Now Kiao-chau, Port Arthur, and Wei-hai-wei, three invaluable harbours, were taken from her, and the partitioning of China became the talk of Europe. China was not ignorant of this. The writer has seen maps of China published in Chinese, with the suggested "spheres of influence" of each European Power clearly defined. These were circulated among the people, and lost nothing by translating the words "spheres of influence" by "dependencies." Was it to be expected that the Chinese Government would calmly ignore the book published to the world under the title of *The Break-up of China?* Should we respect them if they had?

At Peking two forces were at work. One, the reform party, under the Emperor himself, which sought

> To meet such aggression by internal development, by the education of the masses, the purification of the administration, and peaceful international relationship. . . . In the conservative party, with the Empress Dowager at its head, foreign aggression engendered the opposite spirit—a spirit of resistance. They looked upon every effort at reform on European lines as uncalled for, and as a pandering to the aggressor. . . . They determined on armed resistance, and extensive

arsenals at Shanghai, Foo-chow, Tien-tsin, and Wu-ch'ang were busy day and night manufacturing modern weapons of warfare, and great bodies of troops were massed in and around Peking.[1]

The Empress Dowager's *coup d'état* is known to all. With power once again in her hands, she determined on the mad policy of war. In November 1899 she issued an edict, from which the following are extracts:—

Our empire is now labouring under great difficulties, which are becoming daily more serious. The various Powers cast upon us looks of tiger-like voracity, hustling each other in their endeavours to be the first to seize upon our innermost territories. They think that China, having neither money nor troops, would never venture to go to war with them. They fail to understand, however, that there are certain things to which this empire can never consent, and that, if hardly pressed upon, we have no alternative but to rely upon the justice of our cause.

. . . . . .

It is our special command, therefore, that should any high official find himself so hard pressed by circumstances that nothing short of a war would settle matters, he is expected to set himself resolutely to work out his duty to this end. Or, perhaps, it would be that war has already actually been declared. Under such circumstances there is no possible chance of the Imperial Government consenting to an immediate conference for the restoration of peace. It behoves, therefore, that our viceroys, governors, and commanders-in-chief throughout the whole empire unite forces and act together without distinction or particularising of jurisdictions, so as to present a combined front to the enemy, exhorting and encouraging their officers and soldiers in person, to fight for the preservation of their homes and native soil from the encroaching footsteps of the foreign aggressor. Never should the word "Peace" fall from the mouths of our high officials, nor should they even allow it to rest for a moment within their breasts. With such a country as ours, with her vast area, stretching out several tens of thousands of *li*, her immense natural resources, and her hundreds of millions of inhabitants, if only each and all of you would prove his loyalty to his Emperor and love of country, what, indeed, is there to fear from any invader? Let no one think of making peace, but let each strive to preserve from destruction and spoliation his ancestral homes and graves from the ruthless hands of the invader. Let these our words be made known to each and all within our dominions.

[1] The writer, who spoke to many of the troops under Tung-fu-hsiang when they were passing through Shan-si, on their way to the coast, received only one answer to the question, "What are you going to do?" It was this, "We are going to turn the Germans out of Kiao-chau."

Meanwhile other forces were at work among the *people*. Concessions had been obtained for the opening up of railways and mines. Land had to be bought, and frequently by compulsory sales. The European and American agents were doubtless upright in all their transactions, and paid handsomely for all land bought. The seller, however, only received a small portion of the sum paid. The Chinese officials appointed to conduct negotiations pocketed the larger share. That the foreign surveyors were ignorant of this and blameless, did not lessen the wrongs of the people. They cursed the foreigner and his railway, as a new means whereby unprincipled officials were enabled to squeeze them. Graves also had to be removed, the *feng-shui* was ignored, the good luck of districts was spoiled. Drought and famine followed,—conclusive proofs of heaven's displeasure.

Another important cause of irritation was the policy pursued by the Roman Catholic Church. Without passing any criticism upon the priests as men, the policy of the Church as a Church stands revealed to all. On March 15, 1899, after years of pressure, by the help of the French Minister in Peking they obtained an edict from the Chinese Government granting official rank to each order in the Roman hierarchy. Bishops were given the rank of viceroy, vicar-generals, and archdeacons, the rank of provincial treasurer or tao-t'ai, etc. That the policy of Protestant missions is radically different from that pursued by the Roman Catholic Church is conclusively proved by the fact that all Protestant missions refused this official status when the Chinese Government subsequently offered it to them (see Appendix G).

The Roman Catholics, who have ever been ready to assist their adherents in lawsuits, by means of this official status were enabled to more powerfully support their people, oppose the mandarins, and generally interfere in Chinese political and legal matters. That unprincipled men were led to seek entrance into the Roman Catholic Church simply to obtain the priests' help in courts of law is only what could be expected under such circumstances. Local difficulties assumed serious proportions, and an Anti-

Romanist feeling was soon engendered. One who has lived eighteen years in China says :—

> Neither the territorial greed of European nations, nor recent floods and famine, nor disturbance of geomantic influences by mining or railway engineers, nor yet the preaching of the Gospel, was the immediate cause of the Boxer rising. The immediate cause was opposition to Roman Catholicism, and the place where the trouble began was in K'i-chou, in Pao-ting-fu.

These then are some of the factors which have led to the present rising.

The favourable occasion was not wanting either. The rains had failed and the people were face to face with a serious famine. "The city officials were at their wits' end, having exhausted all the resources of their religious systems, of geomancy, etc., in the hopes of securing rain. Repeated fasts were proclaimed, sacrifices made at all the famous temples and shrines, live frogs were buried at the various springs, the south gate of the cities were closed, but all in vain." It needed but the suggestion that the "foreign devils" were the cause, and the fiercest passions of men would be unloosed against the supposed enemies of their country.

Had not foreign powers obtained concessions by force of arms? Had not opium been forced upon them and millions of their money drained from the country? Had not valuable harbours been ruthlessly seized, and were not railways and mines disturbing the spiritual forces of the country? Were not the Roman Catholics overbearing in their conduct, and were not missions in general teaching men to neglect the gods of their ancestors? Had not drought and famine come to prove Heaven's displeasure?

The Chinese Government could not have chosen a time more suited to their purpose. The Boxer movement, "originally anti-dynastic, then anti-Catholic, was cleverly laid hold of by the Government and turned into the vanguard of the Imperial movement against Europe."

That the Chinese Government is responsible for the sad massacres which have taken place, and answerable for

the deliberate attempt to exterminate the foreign element in China, is proved beyond a doubt by Imperial edicts and other documents in the possession of the Allied Governments, and by the testimony of Chinese officials and natives in many parts of the Empire.

Perhaps the blackest edict of all was one short pregnant sentence telegraphed all over China by the Empress Dowager during last June. A friendly native in a brigadier-general's Yamen confidentially handed a copy of this to one of our Ho-nan missionaries. It was as follows:— *Yang-ren pih shah, yang-ren t'ui huei ki shah.* The foreigners must be killed, even if the foreigners retire, they must still be killed.[1]

This much is said to roughly indicate the causes which have occasioned the sad rising in which the China Inland Mission, with other societies, has suffered so severely.

No reference has yet been made to the criticisms which accuse Missions of being the cause of all this trouble. The important distinction between the policies pursued by Protestant and Roman Catholic Missions has been already sufficiently well indicated by the remarks made as to their respective attitudes towards "official status." Nevertheless this vital difference is utterly ignored by most critics. The papers which give themselves most freely to this are papers which refuse to insert replies from the friends of missions. Cases could be cited, were it necessary, but as Mrs. Bishop, the well-known Asiatic traveller, recently said, "The mistakes of missionaries is a phrase which by repetition has acquired solidity, but which when examined is found to have a rather vague basis."

Viewed from the spiritual standpoint there is no desire to controvert the fact that the conflict between good and evil prevails in China as it ever has done and will do in this world. That truth would only triumph over evil

[1] It is reported that when this telegram was despatched to the south of China the one word *shah*, to kill, was altered to *pao*, protect. Upon investigation two high officials, Hsü-ching-cheng and Yüan-ch'ang, confessed to having altered this telegram. For this humane act they were both cut in half.

through sore conflict, Christ fully recognised when He said, "Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace but a sword. For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law: and a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

That Christian Missions have aroused this antagonism in China and that a stern conflict of life and death has begun there, the Church of Christ must unreservedly acknowledge. That the principalities and powers of darkness have inspired the anti-foreign spirit with deadly spiritual animosities is only what the servants of God could expect from the enemy of souls.

But to regard the present movement as the result of missionary errors is absurd. Dr. Griffith John, than whom there is no one more qualified to speak on Chinese questions, says:—

> It is the height of folly to look at the present movement as anti-missionary. It is anti-missionary as it is anti-everything that is foreign. The man who looks upon the missionary as the cause of the present trouble is simply blinded by ignorance or prejudice, or both. The movement is first and last an anti-foreign movement, and has for its aim the casting out of every foreigner and all his belongings. This is a point of great importance, a point that we cannot afford to lose sight of for a moment at this time.

The best answer to all such criticism is that given by St. Paul when writing to the Corinthians, "Need we, as do some, epistles of commendation to you or from you? Ye are our epistle." Native converts are to-day still the seal of the Apostleship of God's servants, as the present crisis has proved beyond controversy.

Criticisms similar to those which abound to-day, were made regarding mission work in India after the Mutiny. One beautiful illustration of what missions have done which this China crisis has revealed, will be read by all with deep interest. Accompanying a cheque for £110 was the following letter to Mr. Scott of Messrs. Morgan and Scott:—

METH. MISSION, POONA, INDIA,
September 6, 1900.

MY DEAR MR. SCOTT—Pandita Ramabai's Mukti's Church has allotted to several missions operating in N. China sums of money to help in restoring the recent losses to missions and Christian communities there, being a portion of the church tithing and self-denial fund, which it is hoped will be acceptable as a token of their fraternal love and prayerful sympathy in this time of distress, through our common God and Saviour. I ask you to kindly take the trouble to forward the amount, with such explanation as I have given, on behalf of the 300 widows and others of Mukti's Church.

. . . . . .

The crisis has come, and the Church of God is face to face with stupendous questions as to reconstruction. "Never before in the history of missions have such difficult and delicate questions called for an answer. The work in the largest mission field in the world is paralysed." To sit down and take comfort in the now famous words of Tertullian that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church" will never solve the problems which confront us. If these words be true, we must look for a revival in our own midst as well as in China where the martyrs' blood was shed. We must look for a fuller life, a more earnest zeal, a deeper consecration, and a more solid determination that the cause of Christ in China must be carried forward at all costs.

The present time is a time for earnest prayer. Momentous issues are at stake. Hundreds of lives have already been sacrificed, but upon the settlement yet to be made, depend not only the lives and happiness of thousands more, but the whole future of mission work in China.

Our hearts go out meantime in deepest sympathy to all native Christians. He who bade His disciples "Pray ye that your flight be not in winter" knows what the present sufferings of His people are. Hundreds and thousands driven from their homes in summer, are now hiding among the mountains or in other places, homeless and destitute, without food or suitable clothing, during the bitter months of a North China winter. A Shan-si native Christian, writing on September 19, says, "Very many of the Christians have been without food and clothing since the

commencement of the persecution, and at the present time rain has not yet fallen. The Christians are helpless, and those who have not been killed by Boxers will die of famine and cold. I have ventured to take tls. 200 (£30) of the money which was left in my hands and have sent it to P'ing-yang to be distributed amongst the suffering Christians" (see p. 269).

Should we not call to mind the words of our Lord, "Except those days had been shortened, no flesh would have been saved, but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened," and pray that He who mercifully shortened the days of trial before may graciously do so once more?

But when peace has been restored what will be the attitude of the Church of Christ towards the renewed opportunities? China can never again be what she has been. The very movement set on foot for the expulsion of the hated innovations has done more during the last few months to defeat itself than many years of international intercourse could possibly have accomplished.

Peking has been almost reduced to ashes, the Emperor and Empress Dowager have become fugitives, the palaces of "the Son of Heaven" have been turned into barracks for the foreign soldiers, the Temple of Heaven has been profaned by the foot of the "barbarians," the ancestral tablets of all the emperors of the present dynasty have been sent to Europe, the Han-lin college and library—the very citadel of the scholastic pride of China—have been burned—burned by the flame of anti-foreign passion kindled by the Empress Dowager herself. "Wickedness has overthrown the sinner." What the destruction of Jerusalem did in making the old order of Judaism impossible, this cataclysm has in measure done for China.

For the greater freedom and boundless opportunities which we believe in answer to prayer God will give, the Church should arouse herself.

In America a notable conference has recently been held, composed of delegates from all the foreign missionary societies in the United States and Canada which had work

in China. The report of that gathering should be studied by all interested in China. The report says:—

> Clear, strong, and unanimous was the note that God will overrule this disturbance for the furtherance of the Gospel, that just as the most successful era of missionary work in India followed the Mutiny in 1857, so will a new day for China date from the Boxer riots of 1900, that not only should every destroyed station be rebuilt, but that plans should be made for reinforcements and increased expenditure, in order that the Church of God may seize the coming strategic opportunity to win China for Christ.

The Church of God is called upon to-day to arouse herself, to prepare for an opportunity which, if neglected, may never come again. Sir Robert Hart in his article in the *Fortnightly Review* on the present troubles says:—

> That the future will have a "yellow" question—perhaps a yellow "peril"—to deal with, is as certain as that the sun will shine to-morrow. How can its appearance be delayed, or combated, or by an action taken now turned into harmless channels? . . . If the Powers could agree among themselves and partition China at once . . . it is possible that the peace-loving, law-abiding, industrious Chinaman might be kept in leading strings. . . . Or if, in spite of official opposition and popular irritation, Christianity were to make a mighty advance and so spread through the land as to convert China into the friendliest of friendly Powers, and the foremost patron of all that makes for peace and goodwill, that too would prick the Boxer balloon and disperse the noxious gas which threatens to swell the race-hatred programme and poison and imperil the world's future. . . . Nothing but a partition—a difficult and unlikely international settlement, or a miraculous spread of Christianity in its best form—a not impossible, but scarcely-to-be-hoped-for, religious triumph will defer, will avert this result. Is either the one or the other within the limits of practical politics or practical propagandism?

The first question is for the Governments to settle, the second for the Church of Christ. It rings in our ears as a distinct challenge. What shall the answer be? That it is within the limits of practical propagandism must be true, or Christ would never have left His people the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." To us belongs the responsibility of rising to the possibilities of faith and consecrated action. We are not straitened in Christ but in our own affections. Oh that

the Church of Christ would rise and come "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." The land of China has become consecrated by the blood of His servants. The lives laid down call for fresh volunteers. The sufferings of the faithful native Christians plead afresh the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." "Above all the Saviour pleads with hands which were pierced for our redemption, pleads by His agony and bloody sweat, by His cross and passion, and by that coming of the Holy Ghost which is the inspiration and strength of missions that His Church at last will rise as one man to obey His last commands—yea, pleads with her that the measure of her love to her brethren may be nothing less than the measure of His own."

THE PROVINCE OF SHAN-SI

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Even as it is written,

> For thy sake we are killed all the day long;
> We were accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—Rom. viii. 35-39.

THE PROVINCE OF SHAN-SI

THE province of Shan-si, situated to the west of Chĭh-li, is more than equal in area to England and Wales, and has an estimated population of from ten to twelve millions.

Missionary work was commenced in this province in 1876 by the China Inland Mission. During 1877–78 the province was visited with a terrible famine. During this time of suffering, large sums of money sent from England and America were distributed in relief. The liberality then shown broke down much of the anti-foreign prejudice, and missionary work opened with and has continued under favourable conditions. More recently the province has become notable in commercial circles through the important concessions obtained by an English and Italian syndicate for working coal and iron mines, in which minerals the province is especially rich.

Missionary operations in this part of China may be roughly grouped under four divisions, and under these, accounts are given of those who were martyred and of those who have escaped.

1. The South; worked by the Swedish Mission, which is affiliated with the China Inland Mission.

2. The South-Central; from K'ü-wu to Ping-yao, worked by the China Inland Mission only.

3. The North-Central; with T'ai-yüan-fu, the provincial capital, for its centre, worked by the Baptist Missionary Society, the American Board, the Shou-yang Mission, and a British and Foreign Bible Society representative.

4. The North; worked by the China Inland Mission,

the Holiness Union Mission affiliated with the China Inland Mission, and the Missionary Alliance.

The Shan-si people are naturally of a less excitable disposition than their countrymen in many other parts of China, and during the more than twenty years of missionary work in this province, there has not been serious trouble before this year. Why then has Shan-si—exclusive of course of Chïh-li, where such serious fighting took place —now suffered more severely than any other province? The answer reveals the power of the officials in swaying the people for good or evil, and also emphasises their responsibility.

Yü-hsien, "the father of the Boxers," when Prefect of Tsao-chau, in Shan-tong, had organised a band of men he called "The patriotic harmony fists." In March 1899 he was rapidly promoted to be Governor of the Shan-tong province. On December 31 of the same year the Rev. S. P. Brook, of the S.P.G., was murdered, and on January 5, 1900, Yü-hsien was summoned to Pekin, and Yüan-shïh-kai took over his seals of office.

Sir Claude Macdonald, in his despatch to the Tsung-li Yamên on January 17, says: "The whole of the present difficulty can be traced to the attitude of the late Governor of Shan-tong, Yü-hsien, who secretly encouraged the seditious society known as 'the Boxers.'"

Nevertheless, and in spite of protests from the Ambassadors at Pekin, Yü-hsien, the degraded (!) governor of Shan-tong, was appointed Governor of Shan-si on March 15, 1900. He took with him to Shan-si bands of Boxers from Shan-tong who, mounted and armed, travelled throughout the whole province, stirring up the people and instructing them in the Boxer arts.

Local circumstances at that time made the Shan-si people specially ready to respond to the Governor's plans. There had been a prolonged season of drought and the usual crops had failed. The people, instead of being busily engaged upon their farms, were idle, hungry, and discontented. They were face to face with a serious famine.

Heaven must be displeased, for if not, why was the rain withheld? The gods were angry because hundreds of the Christians had ceased to worship them, their luck was bad because foreigners were violating their *feng-shui* in introducing machinery for coal and iron mines, and by surveying for railways. Specially superstitious, they were easily persuaded into believing in the Boxers' magical powers and invulnerability. Perhaps, as was asserted by some, the foreigners were the cause of all their calamities,—they certainly were of the opium curse,—what better than to embrace their opportunity, welcome these invulnerable Boxers, learn their arts themselves, and make a clean sweep of all concerned? The rowdy element present everywhere soon joined them, and the more respectable people, being unarmed, had no power to resist. Even the mandarins could do nothing, for they soon found the Government would not support them in their efforts to crush the rising.

During the early days of the trouble many of the officials commenced to suppress the Boxers, and even threatened to test their invulnerability with a foreign rifle, but finding such a course would and did bring down upon them the Governor's displeasure, they had practically no other course but to yield. To the credit of several officials be it said, that they warned the missionaries of the danger, and assisted some to escape,[1] and the prefect of Fen-chau-fu even went so far as to protest against Yü-hsien's commands.

The Boxers went about with flags bearing the inscription *Feng Chï Mieh Kiao*,—"By Imperial command exterminate the Church," and at first limited their hostilities to the native Christians. They were organised into three classes:—

1. To fight for the Empire. These were sent to Pekin.
2. To fight for the gods. These were to attack the missionaries and native Christians.
3. To fight for their homes. These were to stay and defend their own native villages.

Elder Sï of the Hong-tong Church was the first to be

[1] See pp. 22, 286.

attacked. The Boxers entered his home and seriously wounded him by a sword-cut in the side. One of Dr. Miller Wilson's last acts as a medical missionary was to travel from Ping-yang-fu to the elder's home, a distance of about twenty miles, to do all that could be done to save the elder's life. It is not yet known whether he recovered or not. Mrs. Hsi, the widow of the late pastor Hsi, was attacked and robbed in her home, and she and her aged mother were both badly beaten. Although the attacking party were arrested, larger bands of Boxers came, and the mandarin had no other course than to liberate them.

When, however, word came from Pekin as to the state of matters there, the Boxers were let loose upon the foreigners, and regarded them as the special object of their attacks. With what sad consequence the following accounts show. Some critics have blamed the missionaries who escaped for leaving their posts in time of danger, other critics have blamed the missionary authorities for not recalling them earlier. Such criticism reveals ignorance of the real situation. Those who read the following pages will see that none were afraid to die, and none left their stations until actually driven out. All who did escape literally knew what it was to die daily, and many of them suffered more than those who were speedily relieved by death from suffering and agonising suspense. One who was spared, in a letter to her parents, when speaking of those who died upon the road, said: "I need not conceal the fact that when journeying, a few more of us would have gladly gone. However, the Lord has seen fit to spare us for some purpose."

We are sure that God has been glorified by the death of His servants, and His grace has been magnified by the Christ-like spirit in which all these sufferings have been endured. The letters, most of them not written for publication, and some of them private and to personal friends, reveal a spirit which should be an inspiration to all who read them. The one quoted above, in the same letter said: "The sufferings and privations we endured

cannot be told, and I do not want to dwell upon them. The Master suffered, so must we follow in His footsteps, at least it is reserved for some to do so. May He accept how we bore it for His name's sake. I can truly say—even for the little ones of the party—no hatred seemed to be felt. Those of the children who knew a little compared it to how Jesus was treated, and spoke about the naughty soldiers who treated Jesus badly." Mr. and Mrs. Saunders' little Jessie, aged seven, who died on the road, said when they were stoned and beaten, "They treated Jesus like this, didn't they, mother?" To continue the above quotation, the writer said: "Please do not be surprised or frightened if you see wild reports in the papers. It is a time of hatred against the Chinese, and many are therefore glad of any excuse to abuse them. Thank God, we bear them no malice, and can truly say, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

It may be asked, how has the information regarding the fate of many of those who have been murdered in Shan-si been obtained? The sources have been many, and we believe in no case have the Mission authorities at Shanghai regarded any as being murdered without authentic information. We are specially indebted to one noble native Christian, a man of considerable ability, who has done yeoman service. This man, whose name we do not publish, has organised a secret service with native Christians as his helpers, who have, at the risk of their lives, travelled throughout Shan-si to obtain all the information possible, and to succour any if not too late. Four of his letters are published on pp. 264-268, which letters bear convincing testimony to the faithful and noble service performed by these brave fellows.

For the sake of clearness, all memorial notices and letters concerning this province are arranged under the four divisions mentioned at the beginning of this chapter.

Division I.—The Swedish Mission

One of the members of the above Mission, Mr. Blom, was sent for by an official, who informed him that he had been commanded by the Tao-t'ai (the Intendant of Circuit) to acquaint Mr. Blom with what had taken place at T'ien-tsin, and to request that all the Swedes should leave at once. He said that the Empress Dowager, hoping matters would be successful, had commenced to organise the Boxers, and had notified all officials that foreigners were no longer to be treated as guests. This, of course, only has one meaning according to Chinese diplomacy. The Tao-t'ai,[1] however, promised Mr. Blom that he and his friends should have a special passport and escort, on the ground that Sweden was not likely to be involved in the war.

Not realising the seriousness of the situation, however, the Swedish friends made no hurry about starting, but eventually were obliged to leave in great haste, by reason of the pressure brought to bear upon them by the officials, who refused to be in any way responsible should they delay evèn another day. Sometime previous to this, they had received a large sum of money for the training of evangelists, and this money, not having been used, they left in the charge of a trusted native Christian, for the help of any missionaries who might be in need. This money was God's merciful provision for not a few, as the letters printed on pp. 265, 267 show.

Having started, they made their way into the neighbouring province of Shen-si, crossing the Yellow River at Taking-kuan, and so safely reached Si-an-fu, the ancient capital of China, and the present provincial capital of Shen-si. Here they were most kindly treated by the Acting Governor Tuan. The courage and courtesy of this official are altogether beyond praise (see p. 286). At the risk of his life he dared to disobey the Imperial edict, which he

[1] This official has since been degraded.

suppressed and issued a counter proclamation of his own, in which these words occurred, "If you kill these unprotected and weak foreigners it will be neither humane nor valorous." Words such as these indicate a nobility and independence of mind which would do credit to any people, and are a revelation as to the possibilities possessed by this nation, which is in danger of being misjudged, because a few powerful and evil men have stirred up the viler passions of an easily-deceived people.

No fewer than ninety foreigners owe their lives to Governor Tuan's noble conduct. Many of these received from him presents of tea, provisions for the road, and even personal keepsakes in the shape of old and rare Chinese coins. By his orders they were safely escorted even through territory not properly under his jurisdiction, and he also telegraphed to Viceroy Chang-chih-tong for a gunboat to be sent up the Han river to meet these travellers, who journeyed by boat from Kin-tze-kuan. This friendly action was probably the means of saving the lives of not a few, as Mr. Parker's letter, quoted below, shows.

Belonging to this Mission were three Swedish ladies, who were working in North Ho-nan, in a district connected with the South Shan-si work. The story of their escape, as told by Miss Anderson, one of the three, will be found under the Ho-nan Province section (p. 230), as it geographically belongs to that province, although officially connected with the South Shan-si Swedish Mission.

Extract from Mr. George Parker's letter, illustrating the good result of Governor Tuan's telegram to Viceroy Chang-chih-tong:—

On the highway between Hankow and Si-an is a wedge of Ho-nan with a mart—Kin-tze-kuan. The Hsie-t'ai (major) Leu sent a birthday present to the Chen-t'ai (colonel) at the now notorious Nan-yang-fu. The Chen-t'ai passed on a telegram from the Empress Dowager containing the order, "Wherever you meet with foreigners you must kill them, and if they attempt to escape, you still must kill them." The Hsie-t'ai assured me he had not seen the telegram that his messenger Su had brought and allowed to be freely copied. He

sent another messenger to the Nan-yang Chen-t'ai asking for definite orders, and promised to protect us five days longer. This man brought back a proclamation, a despatch, and a letter. The proclamation licensed riot. The despatch forbade protection, and added that Ho-nan does not recognise the Yang-tsï agreement. The letter ordered utter extermination.

He permitted our escape next day and promised that all the property, about 200 cases for Kan-su and Shen-si stations, as well as our own things, should be preserved, unless he were superseded or a band were sent purposely to work destruction, such as the governor had threatened against the Italian missionaries at Kien-yang, a fortified village near Nan-yang. We purposed to escape during the five days' grace along with the Duncan Shorrock party, but the assurances of the Hsie-t'ai both to them and to us caused us to delay to help the parties that were following them a day or two behind each other. The third party, Mr. Folkes (the Swedish Mission) from Shan-si, arrived an hour later than the returned messenger, and we left next morning with them.

After our boats had started, the Hsie-t'ai gave the Chen-t'ai's letter to his subordinate, the Tien-tsong (lieutenant). He immediately ordered twelve militia to mount horses and fetch us back. Before dark the Hu-peh gunboat from Chang-chih-tong met the party, so that when the twelve horsemen found that our protectors were more numerous and better armed than themselves, they returned and reported that they did not dare to attempt the arrest.

Thus we are able thankfully to record that all the members of the Swedish Mission, together with all Shen-si workers, were safely escorted to Han-kow. This, under God, is entirely due to the firm attitude of the officials concerned.

Division II.—South Central Shan-si

The report of this district unhappily is awful. Of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission labouring here thirty-one have been called upon to suffer the loss of their lives, while nineteen have escaped to Han-kow.

Brief memorial notices of those martyred are given below, followed by accounts of the escape of others as told by some members of the several parties.

MISS EDITH SEARELL.

MISS EMILY WHITCHURCH.

MISS E. M. HEAYSMAN.

MRS. ALICE YOUNG.

MR. JOHN YOUNG.

To face page 24.

MISS E. BURTON.

MISS A. KING.

MISS A. ELDRED.

MR. AND MRS. G. McCONNELL.

To face page 25.

The names of those known to have been martyred in this district are :—

Miss Whitchurch.
Miss Searell.
Mr. and Mrs. McConnell and child, Kenneth.
Mr. and Mrs. Young.
Miss T. A. King.
Miss E. Burton.
Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Kay and child, Jennie.
Miss F. E. Nathan.
Miss M. R. Nathan.
Miss E. M. Heaysman.
Miss Dobson.
Miss E. G. Hurn.
Mr. and Mrs. Peat and two children, Margretta and Mary.
Mr. Woodroffe.
Mr. D. Barratt.
Mr. P. A. Ogren.

Belonging to this district but martyred in Tai-yüan-fu and near Fen-chau-fu (see Division III. p. 126) :—

Dr. and Mrs. William Millar Wilson and child, Alexander.
Miss. J. Stevens.
Miss M. Clarke.
Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren.
Miss A. Eldred.

Belonging to this district but martyred when travelling, or died in consequence of wounds and ill-treatment :—

Mrs. E. J. Cooper and child, Brainerd.
Miss H. Rice.
Miss M. E. Huston.
Ellen and Alice (daughters of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Saunders).
Mary and Edith (daughters of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lutley).
Mrs. A. Glover and infant, Faith.

Still living, and being protected in Tai-yüan-fu :—

Mrs. P. A. Ogren.
Miss E. Chapman.
Mr. Graham McKie.
Miss M. E. Way.

For information concerning those belonging to this district who escaped, see p. 66.

The following brief memorial notices of the above honoured dead have been written by their personal friends, with the desire that God whom they served may be magnified. We would earnestly commend to the prayers of God's people the bereaved parents, orphaned children, and sorrowing relatives, nor would we forget the scattered native Christians now without their beloved leaders.

MISS EMILY WHITCHURCH

HIAO-I, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom at Hiao-i on June 30, 1900.

While we rejoice that now "they see His face," we sorrow for the precious lives cut short in the midst of faithful, joyous service, and for no one more than our beloved sister, Emily Whitchurch, whom we were privileged to know very intimately, and whose life has been an inspiration to all her fellow-workers, as well as a sweet savour unto God, and the means of salvation to many poor, dark Chinese. About sixteen years ago she heard from Mr. Hudson Taylor's lips of the need of China; it was God's call to her, and, with the loving, glad, childlike obedience which always characterised her life, she responded—terrible as the thought of going was to her at first—"If Thou art calling me to go, I know Thou wilt give me strength, and I am willing."

Miss Whitchurch reached Shanghai in April 1884, and shortly after went to Chefoo, where, for a few years, she was engaged in work at the School for Missionaries' Children, in connection with the late Mrs. Russell. With loving intensity and devotion these two sisters laboured in faith and prayer, and many are the testimonies to the deeply spiritual work done—every girl in the school professing to be a Christian when they gave up the work—as well as the splendid educational standard attained by the school during their management. Meanwhile they did what they could for the Chinese women, and several were converted; but their hearts yearned to go forward to the more needy ones beyond, and, in the autumn of 1887, they were set free from school work and went to Hiao-i in Shan-si.

There dear Miss Whitchurch has laboured "more abundantly" ever since, with the exception of one short visit home about six years ago. God has graciously owned and blessed her service of love; and the many precious souls saved, demons cast out, sick ones healed, opium smokers reclaimed, testify how mightily God can use *one* yielded life. Her trust in God was uniformly simple and strong, which made her like a sunbeam to every one round her. She *enjoyed* trusting and serving Him, and, in times of physical weakness and intense trial of various kinds, her child-like faith rose triumphant over every obstacle.

As we think of the beloved home-circle who mourn her loss, the

many friends who feel the poorer now she is gone, and the sorely bereaved native Christians to whom she was everything, our hearts bleed. We cannot understand all our Father allows to happen; we can only trust His love and wisdom, and wait *to know*. May He who came to bind up the broken-hearted pour into these wounded hearts His own comfort.

E. JANE JUDD.

Working at a neighbouring station to Miss Whitchurch, it was my privilege to meet with her constantly. It was always a joy to see her at our house with her bright cheerful countenance, and times spent at Hiao-i have proved of real spiritual refreshment. It would not take her long, wherever she went, to win the affection of the Chinese, and those who once made her acquaintance never forgot her; they would remember words she spoke to them, and I have known many occasions when such words had deeply affected their lives.

But one thinks of her more specially surrounded by beloved Christians for whom she had laboured in prayer and taught for so many years. In the mornings and evenings she would gather the opium patients around her to teach them passages of the Scriptures.

Those who had been in the Opium Refuge some days would repeat all they had learnt before, and then she would carefully explain the meaning to them. This was kept up after they had broken off opium and left the Refuge. It was touching to see elderly men, young men and children, coming in at all times of the day to repeat their lesson.

The Scriptures were as the voice of God to Miss Whitchurch; they shaped her life, and she had confidence in their power to purify and to convert, hence such emphasis on this branch. In the light of what has since happened how clearly God's guidance may here be seen. She says in a letter which only reached us after she had laid down her life: "You will rejoice to hear that four have repeated Matt. v. vi. vii. since my return,—at Chong-kiai two, at Peh-sing-u two." The reading and repeating of Scriptures formed part of the Sunday worship, every one present being expected to repeat some verse or verses. It was her joy to visit the church members and inquirers in their village homes. Good old deacon Heh would accompany her, and so together they would labour for souls. Very beautifully she would teach them to bring all their troubles and needs to God in prayer.

EVA FRENCH.

MISS EDITH SEARELL

HIAO-I, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom June 30, 1900.

On May 8, 1896, after a year spent at the Chefoo School in teaching music, Miss Edith Searell reached Hiao-i, where for four years she was to work with all the powers of her energetic character, and then lay down her life. She was amongst the first to go out to China in connection with the C.I.M. from New Zealand. Her excellent ear for music and her good training in that art enabled her to acquire the language with great rapidity, so that she very soon became a help to Miss Whitchurch in the work of the station. She would surprise the Chinese from other parts by her accurate imitation of their different local dialects.

Hers was a warm, affectionate nature and ready for any sacrifice. Where it was in her power to give help to any, she would give it ungrudgingly, and her more than ordinary abilities often put her in the position of being able to do so. There seemed to be nothing in the practical line of housekeeping which she did not know, and often when visiting one and another of our Shan-si stations, if comment had been made on the excellence of the bread or of some jam, the answer would be: "I got the recipe from Miss Searell." She was so ready to help, and it was characteristic of her that with the letters which reached us after the date of the Hiao-i massacre a parcel of fly-papers was found for one of our number. Her whole heart was in her work, when staying at Hiao-i. How often in the day I would find her in the women's room teaching them and speaking to them earnestly about God. She was very merry, and would amuse them much at times, and by her friendly way win their hearts. Thus from morning till night she was busy. What with teaching, dealing out the medicine for the opium patients, visiting, and housekeeping, there was not an idle moment. Yet in the times put apart and kept for prayer our two dear sisters give us a beautiful example. Herein lay their strength,—every member of the church, inquirer, opium patient, was pleaded for by name. In every difficulty God's guidance was sought. How often I have written to them

about needs in my own work, feeling sure that they would help by their prayers. Constantly were they appealed to by the natives to come and pray for some sick one, and the prayer of faith was repeatedly honoured.

When the warmer season came and the Opium Refuge was closed, Miss Searell finding herself free, delighted to go to the villages and visit the people; great also was their delight to see her come, for she made herself so entirely one of themselves, taking interest in all their affairs large or small, enjoying their food, making friends with the children and teaching them hymns and verses, so that there was no constraint. Mrs. Lo, the Bible-woman, often accompanied her. Miss Searell was not robust, years back she had suffered very much from asthma and pneumonia, and retained this tendency to the end, but this did not prevent her from doing more work than many strong people.

In May of this year when on her way to P'ing-yang, to a conference of workers, she became seriously ill with an attack of pleurisy, which prevented her attending the meetings, but though weakened by it she resumed her work on her return to Hiao-i, and we find from her own letters that she was engaged in village visiting up to her last Sunday on earth. One of her last undertakings was to superintend the construction of a baptistery, which with her great love of flowers she had bordered with flower beds. We heard afterwards from one of the Christians, that after they had been killed, the bodies of Emily Whitchurch and Edith Searell were laid in this same baptistery. "Till He come."

Most thankful have we been to read in their letters, written only so shortly before death, of the wonderful peace and rest which filled their hearts amid already alarming circumstances. "They loved not their lives unto death." EVA FRENCH.

Extracts from one of her last letters, dated June 28.

You speak in your letter of the possibility of one place being safer than another; I think, dear Eva, from the human standpoint all are equally unsafe, from the point of view of those whose lives are hid with Christ in God all are equally *safe!* His children shall have a place of refuge, and that place is the secret place of the Most High. . . . "A mighty fortress is our God," and in Him we are safe for time and for eternity. Shall we murmur if we have less of *time* than we expected? "The less of time, the more of heaven." "The briefer life, earlier immortality."

CONCERNING THE HO-TSIN FRIENDS

Information received from Miss Ulff regarding Mr. and Mrs. McConnell and child, Mr. and Mrs. J. Young, with Misses Burton and King, also native servant.

During the 5th Chinese moon (May 28-June 26) Mr. and Mrs. McConnell, accompanied by Misses Burton and King, left Ho-tsin to spend the summer amongst the hills, at a place called San-heo, about 20 *li* from Ki-chau. At that time everything was peaceful in the immediate and surrounding districts, and remained so for several weeks, till news of the Boxer movement was propagated, and the anti-foreign proclamations of the Shan-si Governor were issued.

About the 16th of the 7th moon (July 12), Mr. McConnell and family decided they had better leave the hills, and so they prepared to return to Ho-tsin, and cross over into the Shen-si border. It is presumed that they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. John Young. No trouble was encountered until they got within a few *li* of Ho-tsin, where a band of men met them, and began to pillage their effects. Thereupon, Mr. McConnell sent his servant to the Yamên to ask for assistance, which was peremptorily refused.

Anticipating further trouble they did not enter Ho-tsin, but passed on their way towards the Yellow River. They had only gone a short distance when a band of mounted soldiers overtook them, and led Mr. McConnell to understand that they had been sent as escort from the Yamên. They advised that instead of taking the main road to Yu-men-k'eo, a quieter road, and a nearer, should be taken to a place called Ts'ing-kia-uan, where a ferry-boat would be provided. Mr. McConnell, knowing that the Yu-men-k'eo people occasionally were turbulent, acceded to the suggestion. Arriving at Ts'ing-kia-uan, the soldiers said they had not come to protect them, but to murder them, except they desisted from worshipping God and preaching against idolatry.

Mr. McConnell was then dragged from his mule and despatched with a sword, his wife and child, it is said, meeting with a similar fate. Mr. McConnell's little boy Kenneth was heard to say, "Papa puh chuen shah siao Kennie" (Papa does not allow you to kill little Kennie). Miss King besought the murderers[1] to desist, saying, "We have come to do you good"; and seeing that the men were relentless, she embraced Miss Burton, and, clasped in one another's arms, they were put to death. At the same time a man and his wife (believed to be Mr. and Mrs. Young) were seen to clasp one another, as they were put to death in a similar way. The native servant, K'eh-t'ien-

[1] These men were hired by three military graduates, who are Boxers, and well known (see p. 265).

hsuen, declining to recant, also met with a violent death. Thus perished in all eight persons, seven foreigners and one native.

News of the tragedy first reached Miss Ulff through a native servant, who was the bearer of a package of silver from Han-ch'eng, addressed to Mr. McConnell. This man, who was in the habit of carrying letters, and was well known as connected with foreigners, attempting to return to Han-ch'eng and report how he had heard of the massacres of eight persons, had been challenged for daring to go to Ho-tsin. Boatmen and soldiers surrounded him when he got back to the river, and it was only after they had received blackmail to the amount of four taels that they would allow him to return. Several days after Miss Ulff succeeded in getting an inquirer Pao-ch'ong to take a letter from her teacher K—— to a Mr. T——, a well-to-do inquirer at Ho-tsin, from whom she received in reply the details of the murders. (See letter attached.)

Copy of a letter unsigned, but believed to have been written by Mr. T—— an inquirer of Ho-tsin, to a Mr. K—— (Miss Ulff's teacher), in answer to one from him, in which he says:—

A short time ago, Mr. Robertson, from Kiang-chow, passed through to Han-ch'eng. He started early in the morning, and a band of robbers followed him, but fortunately they did not overtake him. Later the Governor of Shan-si issued a proclamation, of which I send you a copy, which reads as follows:—"The foreign religion is detestable because it despises the gods and harasses the people. If you are desirous of doing your duty, then you are good people. The Boxers will burn the houses of all Christians, and kill them. Your calamities are very near. Let all mandarins and under officials who are protecting your bodies exhort all followers of the foreign religion to recant. If you do not, your after repentance will be too late. Is it not the height of goodness to turn away from the false and revert to the right? This proclamation is for the information of all. Let all tremblingly obey."

On account of this proclamation the Yamên people have taken possession of all the goods and Mission premises at Ho-tsin. On the 15th of July Mr. and Mrs. McConnell and child, with the two ladies, Misses King and Burton, also Mr. and Mrs. Young of Ki-chau, with K'eh-t'ien-hsuen, came down from Ki-chau. On arriving at Si-yai-k'eo they were attacked and surrounded, and on the 16th of July they were decoyed to the banks of the Yellow River, where they were all killed.

At this time men's hearts are shaking with fear. We cannot rest night or day. All Christians and inquirers are being persecuted.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE McCONNELL,
AND SON KENNETH

HO-TSIN, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom on July 16, 1900.

Mr. George McConnell originally came from the North of Ireland, but was engaged as a home missionary in Dundee when he offered for China. He was one who met the Scotch Council at its first meeting in October 1889, and after acceptance, sailed for China in January 1890. He was designated to the Shan-si province, where he commenced work in Si-chau. From one of his letters, telling of the first baptisms there, we quote the words: "I have been almost three years in China. They have been blessed years, and not one thing has failed of all that our Father has promised."

Subsequently he opened the station of Ho-tsin, and in December 1894 married Miss Isabella Gray, who went to China from Dundee in 1892.

We first met our brother on his furlough in 1897, and were much drawn to him by his sympathetic, kindly spirit, which influenced several to think of China. The work at Ho-tsin lay very near his heart, and many here learned to pray for it, and to enter into fellowship with the workers there.

At the very time our beloved brother and his wife were called upon to suffer death for Christ's sake, we were rejoicing in the news which had come from him of blessed results appearing after a time of cloud and shadow. In this letter he tells of crowds attending the services, of three out-stations being opened, and of fifty-one persons who one evening entered their names as inquirers; deepening interest was appearing among the upper classes, for some of whom he leaves us a legacy of special prayer. In taking up this burden, let us give God thanks for the work which our brother and sister have done on earth, especially for the little company gathered into His name in Shan-si.

GEO. GRAHAM-BROWN.

Mrs. George McConnell, *née* Bella Gray, was born at Gray's Lane, Lochee, about forty years ago. She was brought up in a Christian atmosphere in her family life. Her three elder sisters were young women of exceptionally bright Christian

character, and devoted workers in the Master's service. Their influence told powerfully on Bella, who early gave herself to the Lord and came out very decidedly on His side. Very soon, however, she was bereft of her three dear sisters, one after another fading and passing away from her side. Her father and mother also died, leaving her, except for a brother, desolate and alone.

Through this terrible succession of heart-breaking bereavements Bella stood fast by Jesus, and grew in Christian character and earnestness. For many years she wrought in a Children's Meeting and in the Congregational Missions connected with Dudhope Free Church, of which the late Rev. Andrew Inglis was at this time minister, a man full of evangelistic fervour and earnestness. It was in connection with one of these Missions—Pole St. Mission—that she became acquainted with Mr. McConnell, he being missionary there for a year or so previous to commencing his work in China.

After going out to China and becoming the wife of Mr. McConnell, she had sore trials to endure. First, the crushing news came to her of the death of her only and beloved brother; and not very long after, her first child, a little girl eleven months old, was cut off after a few days' illness. These repeated heavy trials told sadly upon her, and soon her health broke down altogether, and Mr. McConnell, having obtained leave for furlough, brought her home to Scotland.

When Mrs. McConnell left for her second journey to China, about two years ago, accompanied by her husband and her darling son Kenneth, she was greatly improved in health, and was eager and joyous to enter on the work again. After resuming the work at Ho-tsin her health again broke down, and she was seriously ill for a time; but again she rallied, and her latest letters were full of gratitude to God for the success that was attending their efforts. Never was there any hint of impending danger or trouble. Mrs. McConnell had a rather delicate and fragile frame, but the great work in which her husband and herself were engaged was so dear to her, that, to the surprise of all who knew her, she stood its trials and difficulties (and they were not few nor small) most marvellously. "She hath done what she could."

ANDREW GRAY.

Text mentioned in Mr. McConnell's last letter

"I trusted in Thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God. My times are in Thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me."—Ps. xxxi. 14-15.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN YOUNG

KI-CHAU, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom on July 16, 1900.

Mr. John Young was a Scotsman and applied to the C.I.M. in 1894. After a course of study in the Glasgow Bible Training Institute, he sailed for China in October 1896. When he was first appointed to Shan-si, I had the pleasure of escorting him from Shanghai to that province. Although he had only had a few months' study of the language at the Training Home in Gan-k'ing he had made exceptional progress. It was soon apparent, from the rapid way he picked up words and phrases from the muleteers and others during that his first journey, that he had considerable linguistic ability.

After his arrival in Shan-si he was appointed to Ki-Chau, a lonely station among the hills, where the solitude would have been almost unbearable had he not found, like Moses, that when he came "to the back of the wilderness he came to the mountains of God."

It was about a year before we next met, and then when asked to say a few words to the Christians, he surprised us all, both natives and foreigners, by the ease and fluency with which he spoke. Well within his first three years in China he had passed all the six examinations prescribed by the C.I.M.—a feat accomplished by but few.

On April 1, 1899, he was married to Miss Troyer, and returned once again to his station Ki-Chau, looking forward to a long period of useful service. These hopes were not to be fulfilled. Had he been spared, there is little doubt but that he would soon have gained a position of influence both with the native Christians and among his fellow-missionaries.

He was a man of considerable promise, and of a humble, pleasing disposition. To human sight such a hopeful life so soon cut short is a great mystery, but

> God's ways are always right,
> And love is o'er them all,
> Though far above our sight.

MARSHALL BROOMHALL.

Mr. H. W. Frost writes :—

"Mrs. John Young (who went out to China as Miss Sarah

Alice Troyer) was born in Indiana, U.S.A., in 1871. From the earliest days of her Christian life she had the thought of being a missionary. She never lost this desire to serve the Lord, and when the opportunity finally offered, she sought and obtained training at the Gospel Union Bible Institute at Abilene, Kansas.

"Upon the first day of January 1896 she set forth upon her way to China. After the study of the language at Yang-chau, she was designated to Shan-si, first at Lu-ch'eng and then Lu-an. It was in this place she met Mr. John Young."

Of her life in China Miss Gates, with whom Mrs. Young was associated previous to her marriage, says: "Mrs. Young's work in China commenced with self-denial. She and Miss Huston were great friends and had hoped to work together, but they were glad for Christ's sake to be appointed to separate stations where they were needed. The Chinese language was little trouble to Mrs. Young. She soon picked up enough to make a start and the rest came easily. She was always delighted to use what she knew in telling of a Saviour's love, and thus made rapid progress.

"The native Christians were very fond of her and she of them, and it was her delight to get away to the villages amongst the Christian women. She loved to go to the different villages around, starting early in the morning with a Christian woman, and spending the whole day telling of the Lord she so truly loved and served.

"She was thoroughly unselfish. I call to mind her speaking at one of our evening meetings with the natives. The subject was 1 Cor. xiii. She read and expounded from this, but on coming to the words, 'Love seeketh not her own,' she quite broke down and had to leave the room. Her words and manner made a deep impression upon the dear natives, and were much blessed to my own soul. Her whole life whilst with me was most helpful, her one desire being so to live that at any moment she should be ready for the return of her Lord. She loved to dwell on this theme, and talked much to the natives about it."

Extract from one of Mrs. Young's last letters, dated July 5

I feel I must write you a few words at this time. We are so quiet here that we can scarcely realise the trouble you are having down on the plain. But I know that the God of Peace will keep your hearts and minds. The winds may blow, and the waves may roll high; if we keep our eyes off them to the Lord we shall be all right. . . . May God bless and keep you all.

MISS ANNIE KING

HO-TSIN, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom on July 16, 1900.

Born March 16, 1870. There is evidence that in her youthful days Miss King was the subject of deeply religious impressions, although her actual decision for Christ took place, it is believed, after she had reached her twentieth year. From the time of her conversion to God she might almost be said to have entered on her missionary work, for she showed at once that passionate love for souls which eventually in 1898 led her to China.

It was at Chesterfield that she first began to work, and although her time was then largely occupied by business duties, yet the variety of things attempted and accomplished in her leisure hours was truly remarkable. The Ragged Schools were, perhaps, the chief attraction. Her heart went out to the friendless children, and her kindness and ready tact gave her immense influence over them.

So marked, indeed, was her success that a proposal was made to her to continue in Chesterfield as a home missionary. But already she had heard the call to the "white fields afar"; and the cry of the heathen was a burden on her heart.

In September 1896 she entered on her preparatory studies at Doric Lodge, and two years later, on September 22, 1898, the great longing of her spirit was gratified, and she set sail for China, together with Miss Burton, whose companionship and friendship had been one of the many joys of those happy years. It may be mentioned that a Chesterfield friend—one prominent in Christian work, and especially in the work of the Ragged Schools—wished to have the privilege of defraying the greater part of the expense of her outfit, and also, later, contributed generously to her support, wishing, he said, to regard her as being in some sort the representative of her old fellow-workers.

The very first entry in her diary shows with how joyous and praiseful a spirit she began her voyage, and the praise-note was never absent from her letters; indeed, "Rejoice in the Lord" was the password of her Christian course.

B. and I made our way to our cabin, and unitedly knelt in prayer, thanking and praising God for the wonderful way He had undertaken for us in the much-dreaded parting hours; it was indeed wonderful how He took away the sting, and gave such deep, rich joy that words will not describe it.

"Praise the Lord" is the first word from her on reaching Shanghai.

Praise the Lord, I am really in China. . . . With all truth I can write that what I have found here far exceeds my highest expectations; the Lord has been true to His promise, "I will go before you!" She adds (and how welcome now must be the clear, firm statement of her confidence), "I don't know what the future holds for me, but, whatever comes, *I know I have obeyed the will of our God.*"

Miss King entered speedily and heartily into the new manner of life, and it is evident from her brightly-written and vivid descriptions that no sacrifice was counted too large, no personal inconvenience and discomfort too great if only she might win for Christ the dark souls around her. It seems clear that she was at once a favourite, and probably the personal tact and friendliness of the messenger accounted in part for the ready acceptance of her message.

We had such a good time; our chapel was crowded out at every meeting. It did one's heart good to see so many who had left their idols of clay to worship the true God. How interestedly they listen, too, saying—*üeh ting üeh hao* (the more you hear the better it is).

We have a meeting for the women and children every afternoon, they are so pleased to come. . . . In spite of a stammering tongue and a limited vocabulary the Lord gave to-day a very blessed time, and He has said, "My Word shall not return void." Often I wish I could have come before. . . . It is so nice to be in this village, where the people trust us, and love to hear of Jesus, for whose sake and the Gospel's we have come. There are numbers of villages where the name of Jesus is unknown, all in heathen darkness, without a ray of light.

To Annie King there was the ever-present consciousness, amid all discouragements, "He IS the Almighty. . . . Praise the Lord, nothing is impossible with Him! . . . O that their eyes were open to the beauty there is in Christ Jesus; His great, great love; His great sacrifice for sinful, erring man; His patience as He pleads for entrance into hearts He has purchased with His own precious blood. What wondrous love! what mighty love! and how true it is—

> The love of Jesus, what it is
> None but His loved ones know."

Of the "untold peace and joy" in her *own* heart it would be easy enough to give further evidence, but space forbids many quotations.

There is little indication, up to the very last letters, that any serious symptoms of danger had been noticed by the happy group at Ho-tsin; instead, there is the eager looking forward to the near return of the Lord Himself.

LUCY A. BENNETT.

MISS ELIZABETH BURTON

Suffered martyrdom on July 16, 1900.

To write a brief memorial notice of Miss Burton I find mine a task of sadness. Yet in the tribute-wreath here offered there need be only a spray of cypress, the rest shall be white lilies. Like God's people of old, with the willow branches we bring palms. We have not to moan over defeat and death. Here was a life of victory all through—victory over adverse circumstances, over many disadvantages and difficulties, and victory in its final witness. Her life has not ended. In the new call to faithfulness, in the deepened impulses to loving devotion, in the quickened purposes which are ours as we think of her, we find hers to be still a ministrant influence.

My earliest recollections of Miss Burton are of a bright, lively, if somewhat shy girl in the Sunday School of my first pastorate at Sale, Manchester. She was brought to definite decision for Christ by a letter sent to her in common with other members of a Young People's Society.

Quite early in her Christian course she showed signs of a pertinacity of character often evidenced in after-days. Desiring to enter upon active service, she applied for a Sunday School class; but there was not one vacant, and half jocularly she was told that unless she made a class of her own there could be no place found for her. Somewhat to the surprise of the officers, this young girl marched up to the school-door a week later with five mites whom she had herself gathered together. "I've made my class, please, as you told me," was her quiet remark, and forthwith she was installed as a teacher.

After a year or two of steady work in school and church she attended a missionary meeting in Manchester, and was much stirred. Conscious of deficient education, she undertook a course of special study at home, and laboured with persistent effort. After due consideration, she applied for admission to Doric Lodge Training Institute. This training was invaluable in deepening and strengthening her both mentally and spiritually.

At length, in September 1898, her long-cherished hopes were realised, and after a farewell meeting at Oakfield Chapel, Sale, she sailed for China. In what spirit she faced the future her own words will indicate:—

I should like you to have been at the ship, or rather on the docks, when we started. Those on the shore were singing, and we, too, were singing: "*Stayed upon Jehovah, hearts are fully blest.*" I at once began to think: "The past behind," and now only a memory; "the future unknown"; but "Jesus we know, and He is on the throne"; and in my heart all this day there has been a calm joy and intense peace, altogether unspeakable.

Just imagine, after nearly six years' waiting I am on my way to China. I still feel as though I am dreaming. I had such a loving, cheery letter from dear mother this morning; she informs me that though she feels the parting keenly, yet she feels it is an honour conferred upon her by God to have Him choose her child for this work. It is an honour! but oh, I feel so inadequate, so weak, and yet I hear Him say, "Go in this thy might, have not I sent thee?" Yes, He has sent me; if ever I felt God has called me in my life, I feel it to-night.

In this spirit of child-like trust she lived and laboured for about two years and a half, chiefly in Shan-si. Her picturesque letters are full of brightness and hopefulness, and give evidence of steady growth in character on all its sides. One paragraph will show how she realised the unseen Friend's presence:—

Jesus is very real to me out in this land, and I would not change my present lot in spite of loneliness and occasional hardships. Truly, He more than makes up. And now I can understand the people, and they me a little, the joy is very great. Ease and luxury cannot make up for the real and lasting joy one has in this land. The love for the people is great, but when it is returned it is all the more precious, and the Chinese do love, in spite of what some people say.

Her character was sweet and simple and strong. She had a clinging, loving nature and quickly won the love and confidence of her friends. Yet hers was no weakly emotionalism. She was dominated by a high, strong purpose, and possessed considerable energy and practical common sense. Her faith in God was wondrously direct and simple, but—or should one not rather write *and therefore*—was firm and rock-like. Love, deep, lasting love was the mainspring of her nature; love for God, for her friends, for her work. Those who knew her most closely, believed that in this combination of qualities there was material for an exceptionally fine and useful missionary. We thank God for her, knowing that He has worked His work in and through her. We refuse to think that a broken pillar is the emblem of her career, God has no broken pillars. He has transplanted flowers. And the fragrance of *this* flower is still gladdening and helping many souls. His servants still "serve Him." And the service of this martyred maiden is being rendered not only in heaven but here on earth in the many lives uplifted, purified, gladdened, and inspired by her faithful, loving character.

CAREY BONNER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,
56 OLD BAILEY, E.C.

MR. AND MRS. DUNCAN KAY

AND DAUGHTER JENNIE

K'ü-wu, Shan-si

Suffered martyrdom on August 30, 1900.

By the death of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Kay, the China Inland Mission has lost two of its best workers. After a period of work in the region of the Yang-tsï Valley, owing to ill-health, Mr. Kay was obliged to go to the North. Here they were permitted to labour for eleven years, and by them the Gospel has been extensively preached in the district round K'ü-wu.

Mr. Kay was a born evangelist, and in nothing did he delight more than in preaching the Gospel. Possessed of a more than ordinary knowledge of the language, both written and spoken, and with special gifts as a speaker, he could always have an interested hearing, not only from outsiders in the open-air work, but in a special degree from the native Christians in the more regular Church services. He had paid great attention to the art of illustration—an art especially valuable in China—which gained for him considerable fame as a popular preacher. I remember being surprised when I first saw the many books he had filled with cuttings, all being illustrations he had collected for use in preaching. He has impressed his personality upon the native Christians he had gathered round him, and one or two of them have learned from him the gift—most highly to be coveted—the gift of clear and faithful preaching.

Not less successful was he as a school teacher. As the Church grew, the question as to the education of the Christian children pressed upon him. After some years of careful and painstaking labour, he had a school, admired by all for its tone, excellent discipline, and good scholarship. At the last public examination at which I was present, several of the lads astonished their wondering parents, and foreigners too, by the way they construed and demonstrated on the black-board the forty-seventh problem of the first book of Euclid. The elder lads had been encouraged in Christian work and had already become acceptable speakers in the open air.

In all this work he was well supported by Mrs. Kay, who was regarded as one of the best speakers in the province. The women's side of the work, of course, fell to her, both in the city and the villages which she constantly visited.

Zinah. Jennie. Thomas. Stewart.

MR. AND MRS. DUNCAN KAY AND FAMILY.

Jennie died with her parents, the others are at school in Chefoo.

To face page 40.

MISS M. R. NATHAN.

MISS F. E. NATHAN.

MR. AND MRS. W. G. PEAT.

MISS DOBSON.

MISS E. G. HURN.

To face page 41.

The following extracts from two of her last letters reveal not only the motherly instincts of her heart, but true Christian nobility in face of great danger. There is no panic-stricken fear, but calm dependence upon God under circumstances which would try the most courageous. She says:—

"The news is alarming, and it makes one feel sick to think of what may be the result of all this, but God knows. I do feel badly when I think of our dear children at Chefoo—not for their safety, but in case they might be left without their parents. You will not blame me for feeling like this to-night—I do not always feel so. I have a feeling of grudge in my heart to go just yet, especially when it is only to satisfy evil men or even the Empress Dowager."

To another she wrote:—

"Mr. Kay will not leave here till he is driven out. The natives are so good and have declared that they will stand by us till death, if needs be. We have had many friends from the street to comfort us and to tell us not to be afraid. It is from outsiders we fear. Our trust is in God. I want to give you my home address in case we should be taken home to glory. If anything should happen to us, God will make a way for our dear children at Chefoo. I have a desire in my heart towards them—that is to be spared for their sake—but His will be done."

No further testimony is needed to Mrs. Kay's Christian character than the foregoing extracts from her letter. These two able and faithful workers have finished their course, and their works do follow them. Mr. Kay's eager, energetic spirit had already severely overtaxed his bodily strength, and several times I have known Dr. Millar Wilson to seriously warn him of the probable consequences if he would persist in going beyond his strength. One of his last works was the publication in book form of the hymns of the late Pastor Hsi, a work greatly valued by the Christians in the North. The loss of such tried and experienced workers is distressing to contemplate. If the way were open for new workers to go, and the men were ready, it would be years before they could be as well qualified as those whom God has permitted to be martyred; but God's ways are not our ways, and while sorrowing at the personal loss and for the loss to China, the comfort is that they have entered into rest; and as for China, we may be sure that if God buries His workmen He will carry on His work.

MARSHALL BROOMHALL.

MISS FRANCES EDITH NATHAN

TA-NING, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, August or September, 1900.

When Miss Edith Nathan first heard her Master's voice calling her to service in the foreign field, her desire was to go to Africa. Soon, however, it was made plain that it was not there that the Lord had need of her. She applied to the China Inland Mission in 1894, and sailed for China the following September. After the preliminary time of study at Yang-chau, she was in 1896 designated to Ta-ning, Shan-si. There she was joined in 1899 by her sister, Miss May Rose Nathan. Of the circumstances attending their martyrdom we, as yet, know nothing. Up to the 8th July there had been no disturbances at their station. In a letter to Mr. Dreyer (P'ing-yang), dated that (Sunday) evening, Miss Nathan wrote: "Thank you for writing to us and telling of your position. We are in peace, praise God, but we do long for news of you all. The suspense of not hearing is hard to bear. Will you write by messenger all news. Have you heard of the T'ai-yüan people? Our Hiao-i man has not returned. We expected him yesterday, and hope he will bring definite word. I am writing you, because of Mr. Lutley being ill, not to trouble him. Will you please write us of the welfare of friends North and South, and of any arrangements you think we ought to make in case of you all leaving the province? I believe we shall be quite safe here as regards the Ta-ning people, but if outsiders come the case might be altered. Si-chau people are not so friendly or so *lao-shih* (honest, simple-hearted). We have very faithful men about us, who will do their best in case of trouble. . . . I hope I shan't be ordered off anywhere; if my Christians are in trouble I trust I may be allowed to stay and help. . . . We continually remember you all in prayer. On Saturday the natives and we spent the day in prayer."

It was with deep anguish that I received, on September 24, the sad tidings of Miss Edith Nathan's martyrdom. Together we had left the home country, and laboured as colleagues for about two years, until our paths diverged. We were privileged to be located in a district where for some years there had been a flourishing church, the members of which gave us a most hearty welcome. In this encouraging sphere she laboured with untiring

love and energy for the salvation of the Chinese. During the winter months, when the agricultural labour was virtually at a standstill, she took the opportunity of making prolonged visits in the villages, and day by day would sit in tailor fashion on the hard northern *k'ang* (brick bed), teaching the women the way of salvation, often till late into the night. During spring and autumn she conducted Bible classes for some of the inquirers, who were invited to the Mission premises. Her familiarity with the Chinese relations, with their endless ramifications, was a wonder to not a few; she invariably placed a new inquirer in his correct clan and family, and would inspire confidence in him by asking after the various members of his household. This gift—and it was a distinct gift with her—was of great service in her work. Her love for the Ta-ning Christians was very deep, and in her letters to England she frequently made reference to her attachment to them. In one of her last letters, written after returning from a holiday, she says: "I arrived home last night to find it very hot; had such a welcome from the natives. Li and Hsü came out a long way to meet us, and all seem so glad to see us back—and am I not glad to be here! There is no place like Ta-ning; how I love it and the people!" In another letter, after giving expression to a deep desire to do more for the native, she adds: "One never knows, with the unsettled state of affairs, how long foreigners may be permitted to stay in China. One does long for the native Church to be on the right foundation—Christ Jesus." Such an one we, with our human sight, would gladly have kept for Christ's service on earth; but He "seeth not as man," and though we cannot understand His dealings, yet—

Where reason fails with all her power,
There faith prevails and love adores.

FLORENCE C. BROOMHALL.

Extracts from one of her last letters.

If "the very hairs of our head are all numbered," then no man can touch us unless our Father willeth. . . . From earthly powers we shall get very little help, if the Empress Dowager is secretly using these men to rid China of the foreigners. Yet we know the Lord removeth kings. May He indeed keep our hearts in peace, His own perfect peace. We intend staying in Ta-ning. With this drought and the prospect of a famine one does like to be among the Christians. We can help them by our prayers and sympathy.

MISS MAY ROSE NATHAN

TA-NING, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, August or September, 1900.

Born May 28, 1870; *brought to Christ*, 1890; *offered for China, January*, 1898; *sailed for China, January*, 1899; *taken home August or September* 1900.

How different are the associations in the lives of these young missionaries with these words: "Offered for China." In some cases they were so full of joy, it was just the natural outcome of a heart full of the love of Christ that they should want to rush to the darkest, unhappiest place in the world to tell it out. To others, and these perhaps deeper natures, the sense of sacrifice was so intense that the offer meant keenest pain, and dear May was one of these. Not that it was a less willing offering to the Lord, rather was it an overwhelming sense of the greatest love of all that constrained her, and some like her, to break away from the tender ties of home. Very few knew all it cost her to leave home and mother, but He who counts His children's hairs is not unmindful of such sacrifices. It was in relation to this parting that, in her first letter to me, May wrote: "I am sure I'll be glad 'some day' that I had something worth giving up for *His* sake."

A good education at school and college had developed natural gifts, and May Nathan was a very successful teacher, and this power we believed God would use and bless in China. While at the Training Home her presence was a great stimulus to a teacher, for she was so eager over Bible study and appropriated so rapidly what was put before her either of mental or spiritual food.

Mrs. C. T. Fishe, who travelled out with her, wrote: "It was such a pleasure on our voyage to have dear May Nathan with us. Each day it was my privilege to help her with Chinese study, over which she was exceptionally quick, throwing herself into it with keen enthusiasm. Our party had various times of both private and more public gatherings for prayer and Bible reading, and in common with two or three more, May had some children's meetings. I cannot recall any special incidents, but her bright, vivid personality remains with me as a very fragrant

memory, whether on board ship or the time in Shanghai when we were getting into native dress, and went to see her start for the North. I had some bright, characteristic letters, full of joy in her work, and now that the Master has called her higher, it is with *joy* she now beholds Him."

A few extracts from her own letters tell the undercurrent of thought on the voyage: "I do see so forcibly that one's uncontrolled self does dishonour the Lord Jesus. But I am under His control, am I not? Of course I know I claimed it, and I am sure He is working out what it means in my life. It is His business to hold the reins and mine just to answer to them, as you said to me only a month ago.

"It is good of the Lord to have kept me from being intensely home-sick as well as sea-sick; of course one does sometimes naturally just hunger after one's *own* mother, but all anxiety about her and for her He has taken away, and I can indeed say 'I have proved God answers prayer.' It is such an encouragement for me as I go to China to prove God in every new circumstance.

"Just arriving in the harbour of Hong-kong, my *first* sight of China, some one asked me just now how I felt about it, but I did not make my feelings public. *Daily Light* for this morning says, 'I have betrothed thee unto me for ever . . . in mercy,' and 'Who shall separate from the love of Christ?' One does so fear the separation from the dear ones at home that the very thought of the inseparability of Christ from oneself is a rock thought."

May's joy at being sent straight to her elder sister was very great, and each letter told of diligent study and increasing longing to be able to tell out the goodness of salvation. Interspersed with her bright descriptions of the new life were many sentences that proved how God was dealing with her and leading her closer to Himself. We little thought the rapid ripening was not for service down here, but in the courts above. "Thy way, not mine, O Lord."

GRACE ELIZABETH SOLTAU.

Extract from one of her last letters

We hear the McConnells have no silver, and I know the Youngs have very little. We are sending the former a little. Good old Deacon Wang said: "Of course as long as ever I have anything I will share it with you"—but there is no need for that.

MISS MARY HEAYSMAN

TA-NING, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, August or September, 1900.

Miss Heaysman was born at East Grinstead in Sussex on July 29, 1874, and left with her parents for Australia in 1884. Shortly before leaving England, in response to an appeal at a Children's Service, to the surprise of all who knew her shy and timid nature, she came forward, and from that date she has always regarded herself as dedicated to God's service. In 1894 she wrote from Australia saying that Mr. Thomas Cook's mission had been blessed to her. At this time she took a decided step forward in her religious life.

In November of the same year she received her call for foreign work, and applied to the Mission in 1895. At this time she was worshipping in connection with the Society of Friends. After some training at "Hope" College, Adelaide, under the Rev. W. L. Morton, she was accepted, and sailed for China in 1897. From Yang-chau she proceeded to I-ch'eng, where she laboured with Miss Chapman under Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Kay's direction.

Writing from there she says: "It was so good of dear mother to let me go, and much as I miss her company and much as I feel being away from her, I cannot feel sorry for coming, or wish myself back. This is such a dark land, no one can understand how great the darkness till one comes and lives here. The name of God is unknown. . . . It is indeed an honour and privilege to be allowed to carry the glad tidings of Jesus and His love to these poor dark souls."

Just before the outbreak of the present troubles, she was removed from I-ch'eng to take up work with the Misses Nathan at Ta-ning. . . . She retained a strong affection for all connected with her home in England, and wrote once that she could never sing "Jerusalem my happy home" without insensibly connecting that old home with it. Her mother writes, "I thank God our precious one is *Safe Home.*" Her last letter to me was headed, "There shall be showers of blessing."

I. HEAYSMAN.

It was my privilege to make the acquaintance of Miss Heaysman when in the Yang-chau Training Home. She being of a quiet retiring nature, few knew or understood the deep true life under the silent surface. Being designated to the same province, and our stations only lying two days' journey apart, we travelled together.

We separated at Ping-yang-fu, but kept up our friendship by frequent correspondence. Nearly two years elapsed ere I visited her in her station. It was a pleasant surprise to see the good progress she had made in the language, and gratifying to hear of the number of women who had broken off opium, and of the many villages which had thus been opened to the Gospel.

She and her companion Miss Chapman took turns at a month's work in the station with the women, and a month's visiting among the villages around, where they sought to deepen the knowledge of the Gospel among those who had previously broken off opium at the refuges.

Our dear sister's work may have been short, but it was the beginning of great things for some, and God, who has promised, "I will water it morning by morning," will perfect that which was begun in many hearts, that fruit may be found after many days as a result of the seed sown by her.

I have often thought that over their little home at I-ch'eng as it lay amongst the hills, should have been written, "Separated unto Himself," so constantly and faithfully were they engaged in seeking to win souls for the Master.

In May 1900 she came to the P'ing-yang-fu Conference, and from there proceeded to Ta-ning, her new station. Writing from there on July 8 (probably her last letter), she says: "It is very good of the Lord to have sent me here; we are all so peaceful. We cannot help feeling concerned about every one else. Ta-ning seems likely to be free from any disturbance. Should anything arise, the native Christians would do all in their power to help us. What fine men Pastors Chang and Kü are."

Once before, during a little local trouble, the Christians had said to the ladies there, "Before the people touch you they will have to kill us." Their faithfulness is testified to by the pathetic news that "the three ladies at Ta-ning have been killed, together with over ten of the native Christians, and some of the houses have been burned and others robbed."[1]

E. GUTHRIE.

[1] A group of the Ta-ning Christians will be found facing p. 268.

MISS EDITH I. DOBSON

SI-CHAU, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, August or September, 1900.

Edith Isabel Dobson was converted in 1889, shortly after commencing work as a hospital probationer. In the Hospital she received an all-round training, which fitted her for the work God was calling her to do in China. For the last two years she held the post of Matron. In the year 1890 a missionary from China, speaking at a meeting in the church of which Miss Dobson was a member, spoke so strongly of the discomforts connected with missionary life in that land, and of difficulties of the language, that she said, "If I ever go to the foreign field it will not be there." In the Y.W.C.A., however, the great need for workers in the foreign field was brought constantly before her, and in 1891 she gave her life to God for China.

In November 1894 she sailed for China, and, a day or two after reaching Shanghai, went to Chefoo, arriving in time to help the late Dr. Douthwaite nurse the wounded soldiers from Wei-hai-wei. The next two years were spent principally in ministering to fellow-missionaries at Chefoo and in the Sanatorium.

Being appointed to Si-chau in Shan-si, she travelled with Mr. and Mrs. Saunders as far as their station. Upon arriving at Si-chau she had immediately to proceed to Ta-ning and nurse her former friend, Miss Nathan, who was recovering from an attack of typhus fever. Did God permit them to enter into His presence together?

Writing to a Y.W.C.A. Branch she says: "Strangely enough I am in the same province as that in which the missionary lived who first discouraged me; and though there are hardships and difficulties, the more than counterbalancing joys are not to be described in words."

From this time on, we read from the tone of her letters and journals she was indeed drinking in the Master's spirit of love, sympathy, and sacrifice, counting it great joy to minister to those who were sick in body or soul. We look back with thankfulness and see her naturally careless, ease-loving disposition transformed by the Holy Spirit into one of glad self-denial and love for those around her. We gather from her letters that the last two years have been times of real delight in her God-given work and of

fellowship with Christ. The deepened tone made our hearts glad, and now we see how quickly the Master was preparing His servant.

God has called her to share that deepest fellowship of suffering. We know she would join in some words she quoted in a letter :—

> God never does or suffers to be done
> But we ourselves would do if we could see
> The end of all things here as well as He.

In her last letter, April 26, after writing about the unsettled state of China she says : "We are in the Lord's hands, and well we know naught can come to us without His permission, so we have no need to be troubled : it is not in my nature to fear physical harm, but I trust, if it came, His grace will be all-sufficient." We rejoice to know that this will have been abundantly realised before she went in to see the King.

E. A.

As I take the pen to write a few words about our dear sister Miss Dobson, I am thinking how much better one and another of those who worked with her could tell us of her love to her Master and devotion to His work, but that little group has been "counted worthy," and together won the martyr's crown.

What if some of the Chinese among whom she laboured could speak to us ? I know what they would tell. They would speak of weary journeys taken by her to tend them in sickness and of words of comfort and cheer spoken. When at home, besides giving attention to a girls' school, she would be receiving many patients who came to her for help, and thus get opportunities of preaching the Gospel. She showed a more than ordinary aptitude in the study of the language. What always struck me in her, was her evident desire to do well all that she found to do.

Her capacities as nurse enabled her to render service to many of her fellow-missionaries, and in one case when I helped her, I can speak of the pleasant atmosphere of kindness which her presence brought. Not only did she attend to her patient but took upon herself many of the household duties, thus rendering herself doubly valuable.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant : thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things : enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Eva French.

MISS EMMA GEORGIANA HURN

SI-CHAU, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, August or September, 1900.

Hers was a consecrated life; hence its gentle power. "She was a very quiet girl," her sister writes, "but her influence and power amongst those she came in contact with in business was wonderful. I think the one great point with her was, never to say 'No' to anything her Master wished her to do."

I first met her in 1895 at the Folkestone Y.W.C.A., where we were both spending our holidays. It was her brightness and sincerity, and the reality of her Christian life that attracted me. She was at that time engaged in a house of business in Bedford; but whilst longing to take up definite work for the Master, either hospital or missionary, as soon as the way should be made clear, she was ever ready to do the little things that lay close at hand. During her stay at the Y.W.C.A. she was always ready to speak a cheery word to the lonely, to help in welcoming the newcomers, or in singing or speaking at the mission meetings. In endless little ways she showed plainly to all around whose she was and whom she served.

With some other friends we often made little excursions together, and many and pleasant were the walks and talks we all had. One of our number was called home about eighteen months later, after a long and painful illness, and now our beloved friend, Miss Hurn, has passed through much suffering into the presence of the Lord, whom she so dearly loved and faithfully served, to receive the martyr's crown, and the "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

In one of her letters after reaching her station she wrote:—

Si-chau, November 3, 1898:—"'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.' I can truly say they have followed me. God has given me health and strength and helped me in the study of this difficult language. I am just now able to understand a little of what these dear people say, but I do long to be able to speak freely with them. Pray that I may soon be able to speak, and that I may be greatly used in His service, and bring glory to His Name.

"I feel there is the same need here as at home—to be willing to speak or pray when the Lord wants us to. Satan wants to keep our mouths closed as much in the Chinese language as he did in the English; so please pray that I may never lose an opportunity of witnessing for my Master who has done so much for me." M. B.

Our hearts are full of loving memories of dear Georgiana Hurn, born at Peckham Rye, on July 6, 1868, and "born again" in July 1890. She was accepted for training at Doric Lodge, and entered at the Easter term of 1896. During the three months' summer vacation she took charge of the Assembly Hall Branch of the Y.W.C.A., and continued in this work for some months. All the girls loved her and brought their troubles and difficulties to her as to a friend, who was always ready to give loving sympathy and counsel; while several of them were led to know the Lord as their own personal Saviour.

As we look back upon the time she spent amongst us, the one thing that stands out clearly above all else is, that prayer was the key-note of her life, and that the steady, quiet power, which was hers in a marked degree, was born of constant communion with the Lord. A fellow-deaconess used to say, that "it was no use to talk over difficulties with Georgie unless you were willing that the talk should end in taking it all to the Lord in prayer." Her life was so controlled by the love of Jesus, that she continually testified to the truth that "Love thinketh no evil." In her position as monitress there were many opportunities for the exercise of patience, and of obedience to the command: "Exhort one another daily."

It is the testimony of the one who knew her best, that her daily life was a constant witness to the keeping power of the Lord Jesus, for never during the session spent together could she recollect anything in word or action which was dishonouring to the Master.

Miss Hurn left us to enter the C.I.M. Home, and after a little time spent there, sailed for China, January 3, 1898. The letters from her far-distant station breathed the same spirit of prayer as that which had characterised her here. And now the news has come that she is in the presence of the King! We rejoice for her, and we pray for China that soon that poor dark land may be won for Christ.

S. B. DUFF,
Lady Superintendent, Doric Lodge.

MR. AND MRS. W. G. PEAT

SI-CHAU, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, August or September, 1900.

William Grahame Peat was a native of Hamilton, and it was while engaged in an architect's office there, that his Master's voice called him to work in the foreign field, "honouring him," as a friend expressed it, "with a commission to the heathen in China." He sailed on December 1, 1887, as one of the hundred missionaries given to the C.I.M. in answer to prayer during the course of that year.

In his native place he was a zealous worker for the salvation of souls in connection with St. John's Free Church,—of which he was a member,—and the Hamilton Christian Union. One who knew him well at that time has kindly given us the brief notice which we print below of that bright morning of his day of service.

In China, where he worked with like fervour, his sphere was first at P'ing-yao in Shan-si, and then after his marriage with Miss Helen Mackenzie, in March 1891, at Si-chau, also in that province. At Si-chau they made their home, and there they served—with an interval of a furlough in Scotland, June 1896 to September 1897—until from the happy interests of their little flock they were called to the fuller service of their eternal home. With them were gathered their two children, Margretta, aged seven years and nine months, and Mary, three years and ten months.

We knew him and still speak of him as "Willie Peat." There was nothing about him that one wishes to cover. Surrounded at home by religious influences he was always of quiet and gentle demeanour, timid somewhat, but bright withal.

Conversion sweetened and strengthened the good in him, and made him strong where men thought him weak. Physically, he never seemed robust, but faith in God gave to him an energy not always displayed in Christian work by stronger men. The work which lay to his hand—in kitchen meetings or in the evangelistic choir—he gave himself to with all his heart, and his zeal knew

no tiring. This the more surprised us as we considered him somewhat frail in body.

In zeal and consecration going beyond most young Christians, the customary sharp criticism fell on him, only to find him going steadily on, feeling perhaps the injustice of it, but making no plaint. Here, as always, the joy of the Lord was his strength. His was a sunny faith, for salvation to him was a treasure, and he rejoiced in it. Love made him share his joy, and sharing it, he kept it, aye, and keeps it still. J. B. M.

Helen Mackenzie was born in Ordiquhill, in Banffshire, and was the daughter of deeply religious parents, who early sought to lead their children to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. A brother writes of her as follows:—

Leaving home at an early age, she was for several years engaged as a travelling companion, visiting all the principal countries in Europe. An intelligent observer of places and events she certainly was, as any one could testify who was long in her company.

For some years previous to joining the C.I.M. she was wholly engaged in obscure and unofficial Mission work in Edinburgh, the "Carrubber's Close" Mission having a special claim upon her sympathy. She was a most earnest worker during Moody and Sankey's visit to this country, and later, when Messrs. Fullerton and Smith took up the work, she laboured incessantly. Some of the lowest quarters of Edinburgh were constantly visited by her, and I have known of her sitting up whole nights with some poor wretch in these hovels, soothing a fevered brow and trying to reclaim her from a life of vice and sin.

She had for long a desire to go out to the Foreign Mission field, so when the opportunity came of joining the C.I.M. she embraced it eagerly and went out just twelve years ago, going first to Gan-ren, in Kiang-si. In 1891 she was married to Mr. W. G. Peat and went to Shan-si.

She was full of enthusiasm, and withal had such a gift of tact and common-sense. She loved China and the Chinese, and towards the close of their furlough three years ago, looked forward to their "going home" again. G. M.

Extract from one of Mr. Peat's last letters

The 15th of the Chinese month is mentioned here as the date for our destruction. But we are in God's hands, and can say, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

MR. ALFRED WOODROFFE

YO-YANG, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, summer 1900.

Our brother, Alfred Woodroffe, was converted to God in February 1889. After a course of training under Dr. Guinness he was accepted by the China Inland Mission in June 1897, and sailed for China in the following September. After several months at the Gan-k'ing Training Home he was appointed to the province of Shan-si. There he worked for a short eighteen months, and then it was granted him, at the early age of twenty-eight, to seal his testimony by death.

His last few weeks on earth were full of anxiety and suffering. Shortly before his death he wrote, "The great wonder is that I am still here in the midst of so many whom I am sorry to say would rejoice to see the blood flow." Compelled to leave the city, he took refuge among the mountains. Here he wandered about during the day where he was not likely to be seen, and during the night took shelter in caves nearer the city where the wild beasts were less to be feared. The last letter from him told of his great hardships,—his feet being cut and bleeding with his weary wanderings,—but finished with the words, "we count them happy that endure." Of him it may truly be said he was "destitute, afflicted, evil entreated (of whom the world was not worthy), wandering in deserts and mountains and caves, and the holes of the earth."

Mr. Alfred Woodroffe was born at Loughborough, Leicester, where he spent the greater part of his life. After his conversion he became a member of the Baptist Church there, and took an active part in various forms of Christian work in connection with that congregation.

Early in his Christian course he knew what it was to suffer as a Christian and be thrust out upon the world, but the hardships of his way seemed to have done nothing in diminishing the joy of his heart.

The three years before he entered college were spent at Cardiff, where he became a member of the Tredegarville Baptist Church. His time at Cardiff was well occupied with study and

MR. DAVID BARRATT.

MR. ALFRED WOODROFFE.

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TERRACED HILLS IN SHAN-SI AFTER A SLIGHT FALL OF SNOW.

It was among hills such as these that Mr. Woodroffe and Mr. Barratt suffered and died.

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evangelistic work. He took great interest in the Town Mission, and for two years went regularly to a branch of Dr. Barnardo's Homes to address the boys.

Previous to his being accepted by the C.I.M. he had three years' training at Harley and Cliff Colleges. Leaving England in September 1897, it was barely three years he was permitted to serve Christ in China; but these were by no means fruitless years. Latterly he made a number of preaching tours, of a month or six weeks each, around his station at Yo-yang, in some cases visiting places entirely new to the missionary.

His was a loving nature; he had been moulded by the text: "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son." He loved mankind; he loved the Chinese. A man of prayer and intense piety, he walked with God, inheriting the promises. He regarded himself as given up to the Lord. I remember him saying at one time that since he had entirely yielded himself up to God, he had enjoyed much more blessing in his work and had been more successful in winning souls.

I cannot do better than give an extract from a letter of his, dated February 1899, to show the spirit of the man and the martyr. It was written just after an adventure with a Chinese mob, during which he got battered about and only escaped after great struggling:—

"At the present time there is in China a clever man, U-man-tsi by name, who is working out a systematic scheme to blot out the name of Foreigner from the land. The Chinese Government have actually rewarded him, and made him a great man in the eyes of the people. To what result? One cannot tell; but only this month we had news of an old missionary being killed. Are we also called to suffer? Are we called to die? The poor, feeble heart says: 'Oh, no; never.' But, to bring blessing into the world, what has it always meant? What to the Saviour? What to the Apostles? 'This is the way the Master went; should not the servant tread it still?'"

Our brother was called upon to tread in this way; and we believe he gave his life, not grudgingly, but freely. For him, we may be sure, there was light in the valley, and for the other martyrs also who met their death with the same high faith.

ARTHUR H. CHAPMAN.

MR. DAVID BARRATT

YO-YANG, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, summer 1900.

David Barratt was accepted as a candidate by the Australian branch of the C.I.M. He reached Shanghai in the spring of 1897 and proceeded to the Gan-k'ing Training Home. I can well remember the warm welcome and hearty hand-grip he gave those of us who reached Gan-k'ing the following autumn. He was always ready to help, and even while in the Training Home was very zealous for the salvation of the Chinese. His earnestness in prayer, his readiness to assist in any way, and the touching appeals in his letters to his friends, all sprang from a deep sense of the needs of the people around him.

In the spring of 1898 he left Gan-k'ing for the north of China, and in December of the same year I was again privileged to meet him at the city of Kie-hiu. Here with Mr. Lutley's help, Graham McKie, Alfred Woodroffe, David Barratt and I spent several months at study. Although Mr. Barratt always found the study of Chinese difficult, the perseverance and prayer conquered, and he was always "ready" to speak a few words for his Saviour.

Early in 1899, after the P'ing-yang-fu Conference, we spent a fortnight together in work among the hills, where he has since laid down his life. This trip revealed his real character. The many discomforts and trials seemed hardly ever to move him, his faith and assurance in God kept him cheerful and happy amid the most trying circumstances. All thought of personal discomfort and inconvenience was lost in his intense desire that as many as possible should hear the joyful news. Once when, in order to reach a certain city before dark, we had to pass several villages without stopping to preach or sell books, he felt it keenly.

Soon after this trip he was stationed at Yo-yang with Mr. Woodroffe. His letters gave encouraging reports of his journeys and work among the schoolboys or opium patients. The last letter I received towards the end of May spoke of the threatening troubles and of the disturbances round Hung-tung. His closing

words were, "I am like the ox, ready for either—the plough or the altar."

After writing this letter he accompanied Mr. William Cooper on his journey toward the coast, as far as Lu-an. Here on June 29, at night, he and one or two faithful native Christians fled to the hills for safety. Among these hills at T'ang-ch'eng he passed away, in consequence of his sufferings and privations.

His last letters, although written under the shadow of the dark cloud so soon to burst, and with the full knowledge of what had happened at T'ai-yüan-fu, were full of faith and confidence, knowing that whatever happened all would be well.

A. J.

The following are some extracts from his last letter :—

Letter to Dr. Hewett, July 6, 1900

We took some of the half-hundred "fear nots" of God this morning and had a blessed time indeed. I send you a few, especially helpful to Christians now. . . . An hour ago Deacon Sï, who knew you in T'ai-yüan, came to tell you of the awful things in T'ai-yüan, etc. The news nearly made me faint, but His peace filled, and still does fill my soul. . . . We got together after he had left and prayed about matters, and sang *Je-su-liag O*,— "He leadeth me." I never knew its full meaning till this hour. . . . It seems the whole affair comes from the Empress Dowager. The Empire is evidently upside down. Now "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin" is written on the old Middle Kingdom. Our blood may be as a true cement (for the foundation), and God's kingdom will increase over this land. Extermination is but exaltation. God guide and bless us! "Fear not them which kill," He says, "are ye not of much more value than many sparrows." "Peace, perfect peace," to you, brother, and all at Lu-ch'eng. "We may meet in the glory in a few hours or days,—a nearer way than to go to Lu-ch'eng. . . . Not a sleep, no dinner, a quiet time with God, then sunset and evening bells, then the dark (moonlight), and I know there will be "No moaning at the bar when I put out to sea," because "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee." Let us be true till death. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

MRS. E. J. COOPER

LU-CH'ENG, SHAN-SI

Died on August 6 at Ying-shan Hsien, about 100 miles north-west of Han-kow, in consequence of injuries received when travelling.

My acquaintance with Mrs. E. J. Cooper began in 1887, when she (then Miss M. Palmer) was called to the Mission field at the same time as myself. We did not know each other; our calls were different, although to the same work, and on the 20th October 1887, as members of the China Inland Mission and also of "the Hundred" called that year, we sailed for China. Miss Palmer had a real missionary spirit, and though suffering much from sea-sickness all the six weeks of the voyage, did what she could when able to speak to souls around her.

We landed on the 5th December in Shanghai, and after spending four months at Yang-chau to learn a little of the language, we returned to Shanghai to begin work in the Home. This Home is intended for our workers as they pass up and down to and from the inland work; but members of other missions often stay with us, and by many of these friends my dear fellow-worker is very lovingly remembered. She was ever kind and loving to all; and did all in her power to help the Chinese servants.

In 1891 she was married to Mr. E. J. Cooper, who had joined the Mission in 1888, and as he was engaged in directing the building of our new Home, being an architect, they continued to live in Shanghai, and did a good work among the sailors who landed there. Their house in the compound was a very happy centre for these men, who so much need help when on shore; and a good many date their conversion from the evenings spent with the Coopers. After a time they (the Coopers) were stationed at Han-kow, where a new Home was to be built. She and her husband would have much preferred inland work among the Chinese, but the building was needed, and seemed to be "the next thing" the Lord had for them to do.

Their eldest little girl was born in 1892, and in 1893 or 1894 they went to Che-foo, again to superintend mission buildings—this time schools for the children of missionaries—and Mrs. Cooper had charge of the Sanatorium for a season. Two children

were born at Che-foo, of whom one, little Jackie, died when about eighteen months old. It was arranged in 1897 for Mrs. Cooper to come home with her two little girls, and Mr. Cooper to follow in a year's time. It seemed a wise plan, as she had felt the death of her little boy very much. It was a great joy to meet my dear fellow-worker again in this land. She and the children spent part of the time at Brighton with Mr. Cooper's parents, and part in Scotland with old friends; and in February 1898 Mr. Cooper joined her.

A year and eight months passed all too quickly, and in November 1899 they again left for China. In addition to the two little girls they now had a very precious baby boy, Ernest Brainerd, who was born December 30, 1898. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper hoped now to get among the people, and when they reached Shanghai, it was arranged, after a short delay, that they should go to Lu-ch'eng, in Shan-si, where Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Lawson had been working. Amy, the eldest little girl, remained at Che-foo school; Edith and Brainerd went with their parents. The journey there was a very long and weary one.

They remained at Lu-ch'eng until last July, when they and the two lady missionaries working with them, Miss Rice and Miss Huston, and also Mr. and Mrs. Saunders and their children, and other friends from P'ing-yao, had to leave owing to the disturbances in that neighbourhood. Their journey to Han-kow was terrible; they were driven from village to village, in the sun, and deprived of all they possessed. Three of the ladies and two of the Saunders children died on the way, one of the ladies being my dear friend. Little Brainerd died on reaching Han-kow, so the mother and her two little boys are now together at rest "till he come." Few knew how earnestly dear Margaret Cooper took the Mission and all its needs to the Lord in prayer; nothing was too small to be remembered. May all who read this very imperfect notice remember it is such workers that are needed in dark, sad China; and will they ask the Lord in His good time to send forward other workers to take the places of those who have fallen in the work? The work is His and must go forward.

KATHERINE I. WILLIAMSON.

Extract from Mr. E. J. Cooper's Letter to his Mother (*see p.* 80)

Although wounded and suffering, Maggie said to me, "If the Lord spares us, I should like to go back to Lu-ch'eng if possible." Devoted soul,—she never turned in purpose and desire to win some of the Chinese for Christ.

MISS HATTIE RICE

LU-CH'ENG, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, July 13, 1900.

Miss Hattie Jane Rice was a native of Massachusetts, U.S.A., and was born in 1858. In 1888 she attended the Northfield Convention, where she heard Mr. Taylor speak upon the subject of service in China. It was there and thus that the Lord met her face to face, and from that experience she went back to her home a changed woman, and with no other desire than to follow Him who had spoken to her into the regions beyond. No sooner had she reached this point than obstacles seemed to multiply, and, finally, days of discouragement came, which brought great darkness to the soul. At this crisis a kind friend came to her and suggested her going to Mr. Moody's Bible Training School at Chicago, telling her, at the same time, that her church stood ready to provide the necessary means.

In December 1892 she started for China, and after a time at Yang-chau was designated to Lu-ch'eng, Shan-si. Miss Rice was associated here with Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, but when they left for furlough in 1896 Miss Huston was designated as her companion. Shortly before the trouble Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cooper had been appointed here. Few stations in Shan-si had brighter prospects before them than this one, but the band of faithful workers were soon to be honoured by the privilege of suffering for and with their Lord.

In July the Edict of the Empress Dowager to persecute and kill the foreigners went forth, and Yü-hsien, the governor of the province, took up the mandates of his royal mistress to fulfil them to the greatest possible extent. Thus the weary flight began (see p. 70). Between Kao-p'ing and Tse-chau Miss Rice became so exhausted by the sufferings through which she had passed, that she declared she could go no farther. Here she was cruelly beaten by the Boxers. Happily she did not suffer long, for as her heart was weak she soon succumbed. Thus poor China lost a friend whose prayers and service for its salvation had meant not less than infinite good.

H. W. FROST.

I feel it a great privilege to write something about my dear friend Hattie Rice, and yet words do not come freely to tell of her who was so truly His in all things.

It was in the spring of 1895 I first made her acquaintance, when I returned to China after my furlough. From the first her quiet gentleness struck me as something out of the ordinary, and as I came to know her I found her one who truly walked with God and sought to glorify Him in all things. How she loved the Lord and trusted Him! It was always a great lift heavenwards to me to be in her company even for a little time.

All loved and honoured her, both the native Christians and fellow-workers. She was one we all looked up to, and felt the helpfulness of her quiet influence.

Always a busy worker in the villages, I am sure there are many who have been led to know Jesus as their Saviour through her instrumentality. During the autumn and winter of 1895 she was much alone (Mr. and Mrs. Lawson were home on furlough). Then it was that the Lord spoke to her through those words, "If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday: and the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, etc." Blessed by these words she was from that time forward increasing in her work amongst the dear women and native Christians.

In time of deep trial she was a great comfort to me, and always ready with some word to help and encourage. And now she rests from her labours, and great will be the crown of rejoicing

CAROLINE GATES.

Miss Rice was a worker in a neighbouring station to ours, and my wife and I have known her for six years past. For about two years we were pastoring the station in Mr. Lawson's absence, paying monthly visits to Lu-ch'eng. Miss Rice bravely carried on the work alone, which must have been no light strain to one naturally nervous as she was. That she could do this was owing to her deep heart-rest in the Lord. She was much respected by the people and most conscientious in steady plodding work, both among the opium patients at Lu-ch'eng and in visiting the church members in their homes in the country.

STANLEY P. SMITH.

MISS MARY E. HUSTON

LU-CH'ENG, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, August 11, 1900.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Huston was born in the State of Pennsylvania, U.S.A., in 1866. In 1894 she entered the Gospel Training School at Abilene, and was a fellow-student with Miss Troyer, afterwards Mrs. Young. In December 1895 she sailed for China, and after some time of study at the language at Yang-chau she was appointed to Lu-an, Shan-si, where she came into the companionship and under the influence of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Smith and Miss Gates.

After this time, it was arranged that Miss Huston should proceed to the station of Lu-ch'eng, and become associated there with Miss H. J. Rice. This arrangement proved to be a most suitable and happy one, and a friendship was formed between Miss Huston and Miss Rice which ripened more and more, and became ever increasingly helpful to each. Through varying changes of station life, these two sisters went on in their service, sometimes in trial and sometimes in more open blessing, but always in the joy of the Lord.

Then there fell suddenly upon them the heavy stroke of persecution, and in the terrible heat of summer, when the workers would fain have sought something of quiet and rest, Miss Huston and her companions were forced to flee.

The story of this journey is told elsewhere (see p. 70). Miss Rice, her companion, was beaten to death and she severely wounded. Miss Huston, after doing what she could for the body of her dead friend, made her way towards Tse-chau. On the way there she met some men who had been sent by the official to give her some garments and to bury Miss Rice. Miss Huston was then taken to a temple where the gods were consulted as to her fate. The decree being favourable she was spared, and was carried on a stretcher until she rejoined the other members of the party from whom she had been separated. Two days before reaching Han-kow the gentle spirit took its flight heavenward and homeward. The precious remains were taken to Han-kow, and there laid to rest in the foreign cemetery to await the coming of the Son of God.

H. W. FROST.

Miss Huston was very bright and affectionate. She was always ready to shower love on all who came within her reach. She thus soon won the love of all around her. From the first the children loved her dearly, and long ere she could make herself fully understood she gathered the little ones round her on Sunday afternoons and taught them what she could. It was sweet to hear the little school-children call her "auntie." They would climb on her knees and kiss her just like English children do, playing with her clothes and fondling her.

Though quick with the written language, she found the spoken more difficult, but her bright and loving ways with the natives spoke more than her words. When able to speak she had classes with the women opium-patients and later she visited the villages around, which by her and Miss Rice were thoroughly worked. Through her loving ways not a few were caught in the great Gospel net and truly saved.

When she, Miss Rice, and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cooper left Lu-ch'eng for that long journey to the coast, many of the dear native Christians were present. Some of them begged them not to go, saying they were sure they would be killed on the road. They said, "Stay, and we will die with you here, we will not deny the Lord." It was with heavy hearts they told the native Christians that the best thing for them was to scatter and hide if possible.

On that dreadful journey after she had been most cruelly treated, she said to me again and again, that it was a great joy to her to be counted worthy to have fellowship with Christ in His sufferings. I had the sad honour of being with her when she passed away to glory, two days before we reached Han-kow.

CAROLINE GATES.

Miss Huston joined Miss Rice during the time of loneliness, and their hearts were much drawn to one another from the first. A woman with a big warm heart, devoted to children, she found scope for her motherly love and unselfishness in nursing up the opium patients when under her care. She worked hard at the language and made good progress. Latterly she spent much time in the villages, and we could hardly ever get her to Lu-an, even for a day's holiday, owing to her reluctance to leave her work amongst the Chinese women.

STANLEY P. SMITH.

MRS. A. E. GLOVER

"Entered into rest," Shanghai, October 25—after privations and sufferings endured in the flight from Shan-si.

Flora Constance Kelly was the second daughter of the Rev. J. A. Kelly. Born on New Year's Day, 1872, she was the child of much prayer, and her father and mother, from the very first, dedicated her to the Lord.

Her nature was singularly loving and pleasing, and her enjoyment of life, as a girl, intense. It was just at the time when the world held out the strongest fascinations that she gave up trying to serve two masters, and very definitely and unwaveringly yielded herself to the Lord Jesus. From this time she realised the need of entire separation, and every trifle which came between her and her Lord was let go. Her growth in grace was marked and rapid; her witness for Christ, by life and word, clear and unmistakable.

With an intense love for the Word of God, her one and great desire was to know Him. Christ was not only her foundation but her goal; the "chiefest among ten thousand," the "altogether lovely." As with St. Paul so was it with her: "This *one* thing I do." She seemed to realise more than most the shortness of this little life, and weighed everything in the light of eternity, longing for, and living in constant expectation of, the return of the Lord.

When her father left Dover in 1892 for the parish of Preston Gobalds, near Shrewsbury, she engaged very actively in the Lord's work—in deep dependence on the Spirit's power alone, —holding classes and meetings for men and women, and visiting. Most remarkably were her efforts owned of God, and many in that little place rise up to-day and call her blessed. Her lovely gentleness, strong faith, humility, and heavenly-mindedness were very marked. All loved her. Here it was, in 1894, that she became engaged and married to the Rev. A. E. Glover, M.A., then one of the Rev. Prebendary Webb Peploe's curates. One of the links which drew them strongly together was their common desire to work for Christ in China, each having received the "call" to go, quite independently of the other.

After ten months as private chaplain at Cally, near Gatehouse, N.B., Mr. Glover left for China in 1896, where he became attached to the China Inland Mission, and was located with

MISS MARY E. HUSTON.

MISS HATTIE RICE.

MRS. E. J. COOPER.

MRS. A. E. GLOVER.

To face page 64.

MR. W S. FLEMING.

(See p. 198.)

To face page 65.

Mr. Stanley Smith (one of the "Cambridge Seven") in the city of Lu-an, in the province of Shan-si. A year later Mrs. Glover and her little boy and baby girl joined him, and from that time to the spring of this year she, with her husband, has gone quietly on, working at the language, holding classes for the women, and visiting. How little she thought that for only three brief years of her life was she to have the joy of holding up Christ before the Chinese, and that it should be by her *death* rather than by her *life* she should magnify Him there!

On p. 81 will be seen Mr. Glover's account of the outbreak of hostilities in Lu-an, and of their consequent flight on July 6. Of the horrors of that forty days' journey we need not now speak. But most marvellously, most miraculously, did our prayer-hearing God deliver them. There was, as one of His servants expresses it, "a great volume of prayer" in all parts of the world going up for them. Mr. and Mrs. Glover and the two little ones arrived at Han-kow on August 14 in safety, but very shattered in health after their terrible sufferings.

Here, at the C.I.M. Home, they were surrounded by love and kindness, and were carefully nursed. To use Mrs. Glover's own words: "The sufferings are almost forgotten. All is deep praise to God, for the experience has been so blessed—the experience of His power to cover and keep in perfect peace, only seeing glory when face to face with death—the experience of His tender carrying and enabling love when brought nigh unto death on the road. *All* has been a blessed experience of Him."

Four days after their arrival at Han-kow their little daughter (Faith Edythe) was born, but the little one only survived her birth eleven days. Mrs. Glover's progress towards recovery, though slow, seemed sure and well maintained. So much so, that a few weeks later she was able to be removed to Shanghai. Here, however, a change for the worse set in, and on October 26 her parents, who were looking forward to the joy of seeing their child so shortly, received a cable saying, "Mrs. A. E. Glover is with Christ."

Truly we can add "far better," as we think of her with her martyred friends and fellow-workers, now with the King—"abundantly satisfied"—"faultless before the presence of His glory." This young life has not been thrown away. Christ has been magnified by it, and she has left behind her a lovely memory which must stimulate all who knew her, like her to "*Press* toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

KATHARINE A. M. KELLY.

NAMES AND SUMMARY OF THOSE WHO ESCAPED FROM SOUTH CENTRAL SHAN-SI (DIVISION II.), ACCORDING TO THEIR PARTIES.

Party I.—From P'ing-yao

Rev. A. R. and Mrs. Saunders and four children.
Mr. A. Jennings.
Miss Guthrie.

Making a party of eight who started from P'ing-yao and travelled to Lu-ch'eng, where they joined Party II.

Party II.—From Lu-ch'eng

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cooper and two children.
Miss Rice.
Miss Huston.

Making when joined by the P'ing-yao party fourteen in all.

Party III.—From Lu-an

Rev. A. E. and Mrs. Glover and two children.
Miss C. Gates.

Making a party of five.

These were joined at Sin-yang by parties I. and II., whence they journeyed together to Han-kow.

Of these nineteen, fourteen reached Han-kow after a journey terrible beyond description.

Mrs. E. J. Cooper, Miss Rice, Miss Huston and two children, Ellen and Alice Saunders, were murdered or died in consequence of ill-treatment when travelling. Brainerd Cooper passed away shortly after reaching Han-kow, and we grieve to hear that Mrs. Glover, and babe born only four days after arrival in Han-kow, have also joined the martyred throng.

Party IV.—From Ping-yang

Mr. and Mrs. A. Lutley and two children, Mary and Edith.
Miss E. Gauntlett.
Mr. and Mrs. F. C. H. Dreyer.
Miss A. F. Hoskyn.
Miss E. French.
Miss Edith Higgs.
Miss E. C. Johnson.
Miss A. Hoskyn.
Miss R. Palmer.
Miss K. Rasmussen.

Making a party of fourteen.

The route taken by this party was quite different during the earlier stages from that taken by parties I., II., and III., but they joined the same road at Cheng-chau (see map). In the mercy of God all these reached Han-kow with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Lutley's two children, Mary and Edith, who died and were buried on the road.

Without further introduction beyond this brief classification for the sake of clearness, we give the following personal narrations of some of those who have escaped. Such a record cannot fail to awaken the deepest interest and the earnest prayers of all God's people for that country for which these sufferings were patiently endured.

PARTY I

AN ESCAPE FROM P'ING-YAO TO HAN-KOW

By Rev. A. R. Saunders

"He declared unto them how the Lord had brought him forth."
"And he said, Tell these things unto James, and to the brethren."

China Inland Mission, Han-kow, China,
August 23, 1900.

Dear Mr. Broomhall—By the good hand of God upon us we have been permitted to arrive here in safety. A terrible journey we have had, as you will see from the enclosed copy of a letter I have written describing it. Two of our darling children have been taken from us, and oh! how we miss them. We cannot doubt God's love and His

wisdom. He doeth all things well. How we longed that they might all be spared through that terrible journey. Dear E. J. Cooper too, his loss is great, but the Lord wonderfully sustains him. We are hoping to go on to Shanghai soon, when my dear wife and children are able to be around again.

At the earnest request of Dr. Griffith John, Mr. Gillison, and other dear friends here, I have written the letter of which the enclosed is a copy, and by the French mail I sent the first copy direct to the Editor of *The Times*, and I now send this copy to you. . . . I firmly believe that God has brought us safely through that we might magnify His name, and I desire the record of His mighty dealing with us to go far and wide. The more I think of it the more wonderful it seems that we are here. ALEX. R. SAUNDERS.

The letter referred to above we here reprint in full from *The Times* for September 29, 1900.

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE TIMES*

SIR—The "Boxer" agitation in the Northern Provinces of China has for some time past occupied the attention of the people of England, and friends in Han-kow have urged me to send you an account of a journey we were compelled to take from the Northern Province of Shan-si through Ho-nan and Hu-peh to Han-kow.

The Boxer Rising

We did not anticipate much trouble in Shan-si from the Boxers till we heard that Yü-hsien, the degraded Governor of Shan-tung, had been appointed to fill a similar office in Shan-si. Our fears were not groundless, for the Boxers followed close on the heels of Yü-hsien, if they did not actually precede his arrival in Shan-si.

The first indication we had of their presence in the province was the appearance in several cities of a poster which informed the people that the present drought was due to the presence of the Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries, who taught the people to leave idolatry and the worship of ancestors, and that before long the armies of Heaven were to make war against and exterminate the propagators of these religions, and calling on all to aid in carrying this out. Immediately after this poster appeared, the house of an elder in the Hung-tung Church was attacked and looted, and the elder badly injured. Threats followed that certain chapels were to be burned, but for a considerable time things remained quiet.

The station where we have carried on missionary work without any manifestation of unfriendliness on the part of the people for the past thirteen years is P'ing-yao—a city centrally situated in Shan-si about sixty miles south from the capital, Tai-yüan-fu. We were con-

sidered the most secure from trouble of all our stations in Shan-si, owing to the decided action of the local magistrate in issuing a proclamation condemning the Boxers.

The P'ing-yao Riot

All went well with us till Tuesday, June 26, when our place was attacked and looted, and we, with our four children, had to escape to the Yamên. The attack was sudden and unexpected, and there are, perhaps, two causes for the precipitation of events. First, a high official returning to the south of the province from paying a visit to the new Governor was passing through P'ing-yao, and, seeing the proclamation that had been issued by the local magistrate, advised him to withdraw it, as such would not be favoured by the new Governor. On Monday, June 25, the proclamation was washed off the walls by order of the magistrate, and the next night we were attacked. Secondly, a communication was received by the magistrate from the new Governor stating that China was at war with foreign nations and the Imperial troops had joined the Boxers in efforts to drive the foreigners out of China, and calling on the people to aid them. A private communication was also received instructing the magistrate to withdraw all protection from the foreigners. Private as well as public communications get to be known by the people in China, and the result of such communications as the above becoming known can be well imagined.

Our street chapel inside the city was first attacked. The doors, windows, furniture, and books were all piled on the street and burned. They then came to our mission compound in the west suburb, and, after breaking down a portion of the wall, they looted the place. We took our four children from their comfortable beds, and, without even dressing them, we carried them to the Yamên. On arrival there we were told that the official could give us no protection, and it would be best for us to leave P'ing-yao at once for quieter parts. After some further talk it was thought best that we should go under official escort to Tai-yüan-fu, and a start was made at daylight.

The flight—P'ing-yao to Lu-ch'eng

In the villages we passed through *en route* the youthful recruits of the Boxer society were practising their mysterious art quite openly on the streets, but we passed on without any molestation. On Thursday afternoon, June 28, we got within seven miles of Tai-yüan-fu, where we met a convert who told us that we had better not go there, as the large compound of the Shou-yang Mission had been burned the night before, and Miss Coombs burned to death. He also told us that all the foreigners (over thirty, including children) had taken refuge in one of the houses of the English Baptist Mission, occupied by the Rev. G. B. Farthing, which at that time was surrounded by

several thousands of people, who were to set fire to it that night, leaving the inmates no chance of escape. The city gates were closely guarded by soldiers to prevent the escape of either foreigners or native Christians.

In the face of such facts, it would have been madness for us to go on to Tai-yüan-fu, so we turned southward again and set our faces towards Lu-ch'eng—a city in the Lu-an-fu district, 133 miles south-east from P'ing-yao, where there is a station of the China Inland Mission, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cooper and the Misses Huston and Rice. We experienced great difficulty in reaching that city, having lost the escort that had been given us for Tai-yüan-fu only. In one village at the entrance to the hills we were attacked three times in the inn where we were staying by a band of Boxers. We had to pay a sum of £5 to the man in charge of the Imperial courier stables at that place to escort us safely out and on to the next stage, and in this way we had to buy protection nearly all the way to Lu-ch'eng. We arrived at that city on Thursday, July 5, and stayed until Saturday, the 7th, when that station also was rioted. The mission station at Lu-an, thirteen miles distant, had been rioted the same morning, and the missionaries there had already started for Han-kow.

We asked the magistrate at Lu-ch'eng to give us an official document entitling us to an escort from city to city right through to Han-kow, but the same reply was given us as at P'ing-yao (that he had received orders to withdraw all protection from foreigners), and we had to start on our long journey of nearly 700 miles through what in the past few weeks had become an enemy's country without any escort whatever.

From Lu-ch'eng to Ch'ang-tz

Our party when we started from Lu-ch'eng was composed as under:—Alexander R. and Mrs. Saunders and four children, Miss Guthrie (of Ping-yang), and Alfred Jennings from P'ing-yao; E. J. and Mrs. Cooper and two children, Miss Huston, and Miss Rice from Lu-ch'eng, or in all fourteen persons, including six children. The youngest of the children was eighteen months and the eldest seven and a half years. We had to leave secretly at midnight, and we walked all night, carrying on our backs the younger of the children. Our baggage was all carried on two donkeys, one of which we never saw again after leaving Lu-ch'eng.

Soon after daylight on Sunday morning we reached a village where we hired donkeys on which the ladies and children were to ride four miles, but when we had gone about half that distance we were met by a band of nearly 200 men who had come out from the village just ahead of us and who robbed us of all we had, donkeys, silver, and goods, and taking even the clothes we were wearing. Most of us were left with only a pair of Chinese trousers on, the upper half of our

bodies and our heads being entirely unprotected from the awful burning of a July sun. We trudged on as best we could, carrying the smaller children, the others walking, and all of us exposed to the full blaze of a semi-tropical sun, all that and the two following days, through village after village, where we were subjected to the most cruel treatment, till we reached the nearest city, Ch'ang-tz, forty miles from Lu-ch'eng, where we hoped to get official help and protection.

Although we were now almost naked, without either shoes or stockings even, the people would not believe that we had no silver secreted about us, and we were beaten most unmercifully in the hope that such treatment would bring some confession as to where the silver was secreted. The people of one village would follow us to the boundary of the next, stoning us and throwing hard lumps of clay and beating us on the back and head with sticks and bricks, and this was kept up almost incessantly from village to village for the whole of those three days. In one village Mr. E. J. Cooper was dragged to the outside of the village by a rope and left by the roadside as dead. If we sat down anywhere to rest a little while we were stoned and beaten all the more, and the only rest we got was under cover of darkness, when we retired to some lonely spot and slept on the hard ground outside. Even then we were disturbed once at midnight by a gang of men who came out from a village to seek us, and, finding us asleep in an open field, compelled us to move on.

The first two days we had nothing to eat and no one would even give us water to drink, and we were compelled to drink of any water we came to, and sometimes it was only a dirty, stagnant pool. Towards evening of the second day we were stoned into a large market town, and, sitting down by the side of the main street, we told the people that we could not go farther till we had something to eat. They did their best to get us out of the village, but we refused to go, and at last they gave us some bread and water and then escorted us safely out of the town. When we had gone about two miles, a man, altogether unknown to us, came up with us, and after some conversation he took about three dozen hard-boiled eggs out of a bag he carried and gave them to us, so, even at this unfriendly time in China, God raised up friends to succour us.

Ch'ang-tz to Kao-p'ing

At the next city—Chang-tz—the magistrate had evidently already heard of us, for on arrival at dusk we were met outside the city by some of his underlings, who told us that we could not go into the city, but the magistrate would give us carts and would have us escorted to the boundary of his district. We told them that we could not go on till we had a few hours' sleep and a little food. After a while they brought us some bread and water, and after partaking of this we went to sleep by the roadside near the city wall, but even there we were not free from molestation, stones being thrown at us

from the city wall. About midnight the carts and our escort came, and we were hurried on to the boundary of that county, from which place we had to walk to the next city—Kao-p'ing—fifteen miles farther on. A little money was given us by the magistrate at Ch'ang-tz with which to buy food, but we had not gone more than a mile when we were robbed of it, and were again without either food or money.

Slowly we trudged on with sore and weary feet for a day and a half through unfriendly villages, receiving the same treatment as before, till on Thursday, July 12, we reached Kao-p'ing. One night we took shelter in an unused house by the roadside, but we had just got settled in when some men came with lanterns and said it was a pity that the children should remain all night without some food, and that they had come to take us to a place where we would get food and shelter. As we had eaten nothing all day we gladly followed the men, but when we got to the village we found the streets lined with people carrying lanterns and torches, who had come out, even at that late hour, to glare at us, and we saw at once that there was no intention to give us either food or shelter. At first we suspected treachery, but they led us on right out of the other end of the village and sent us on the road again. We afterwards learned that, on the following day, they were to have a rain procession and did not want us to be passing through their village the same day lest we brought ill luck. At this stage of our journey we were again stripped of some of the few garments we had, and I was left on the road completely naked, but fortunately I was supplied with a garment at once. Mrs. E. J. Cooper's death at a later date was largely due to the exposure caused by the loss of her upper garments at this time.

Kao-p'ing to Tse-chau

We reached Kao-p'ing, north suburb, about noon, and being extremely hot we could walk no more on our blistered bare feet on the burning sand, so we lay down under a tree till it became cooler. About 4 P.M. we went to the Yamên, followed by a howling mob that completely filled the large courtyard. After explaining the object of our visit we had a quantity of bread thrown down to us as we sat on the ground in the courtyard, and a bucket of cold water was brought with which to quench our thirst. I insisted that we should be properly escorted to the next city and not to the boundary of the district only, and this they promised to do, but, like most official promises in China, with no intention of carrying their word out. We were supplied with carts and hurried on the same night without any rest, and we were as before left by our escort at the boundary. It was then about 10 P.M. of Thursday, July 12, and we walked on to find a quiet spot to rest for the night. Early next morning Mr. Cooper and I went on to a village a mile distant to hire a cart on which Miss Rice, who could walk no farther, and the children could ride. We had in our

possession 700 cash, equal to about 2s., and, leaving 200 of these cash with Mr. Jennings, we took the remaining 500 to pay for the cart. Passing through the village to the farther end, where the inn was, we were overtaken by some men, one of whom gave me a sharp blow with a stick and snatched the money from us, the others drove us on with sticks out of the village and separated us quite from the rest of the party. After we had left the party it began to rain, and Mr. Jennings with the ladies decided to move on to a little empty hut by the roadside, fifty yards distant, and there await our return with the cart.

Death of Miss Rice

Misses Huston and Rice said they would go more slowly and join them as soon as possible. Just as the ladies had settled into this hut a number of men came up, and, beating them with sticks and whips, drove them on through the village in the direction we had gone, and they came up with us a few miles farther on. Misses Huston and Rice were now left behind, and, it being impossible for us to go back to their help, we deemed it best to push on to Tse-chau, the nearest city, twenty miles off, and ask the official there to send a cart back for them. We learned afterwards, when Miss Huston rejoined our party in Ho-nan, that Miss Rice was beaten to death by the road-side that day. Miss Huston also received very serious injuries, which resulted in her death nearly a month later, just two days before we reached Han-kow. They even ran a horse and cart over her to break her spine.

At Tse-chau

Twenty long miles on foot in a pouring rain was no easy day's work for the ladies and children, but we pushed on and reached Tse-chau, the border city of Shan-si, about 11 P.M. We passed through many towns and villages, and it was in this district our suffering reached its climax. This is one of the districts where the Peking Syndicate have been planning to open mines and railroads, and the people seemed infuriated at the action of one of the Syndicate's agents, who had spent some time there last year making observations. Taking these observations had ruined the *feng-shui*, and so caused the drought this year. Unfortunately, they thought I was this person, and my life would certainly have been taken that day had I not been able to prove in each village we passed through that I was not the person they took me to be. As we went along the roads, crowds would follow us, and several times most of us were lying on the ground with men pounding us most unmercifully with sticks and even bricks. In the villages the howling mobs would shout as we walked along, "Yes, that is he. Kill him. Beat the foreign devil to death," etc.

In every village I had to single out a few gray-haired men and address them as follows: These men think that I am a man who was here last year on mining business, but I can prove that I am not.

1. He could not speak Chinese and I can, and you understand me. 2. His hair was cut short and I have a queue, and a queue the length of mine, as you all know, could not grow in a year. The people were convinced, and a queue saved my life. In one village they had bound my hands together intending to tie me up to a tree and beat me to death. Even the dear little children were not spared, and sore and swollen were our bodies when we arrived that night at the city gate of Tse-chau. They refused us admittance to the city, so we slept in the gateway. Next day I sought to see the official, but we were denied that privilege, and we were not even permitted to enter the city, but had to remain in the gateway till noon. We were told that the Roman Catholic cathedral there had been destroyed two days before, and the soldiers were guarding the city gates to prevent the escape of the priests. The enmity of officials and people alike seemed to be chiefly directed against the two classes—Roman Catholics and mining and railroad engineers—and we had all along the road to prove that we were neither one nor the other, but being Protestant missionaries we were allowed to escape with our lives and advised to make all haste to Han-kow. Having our children with us was usually enough to prove that we were not Roman Catholic priests.

From Shan-si into Ho-nan

At Tse-chau we got a road-pass and, as we supposed, an official document entitling us to an escort from city to city right through to Han-kow, but we afterwards learned that it was a paper stating that we were to be conducted as common criminals. At noon of Saturday, July 14, we left Tse-chau on mules with common wooden pack-saddles only, and the torture the ladies endured riding on the animals for two days to Huai-k'ing, in Ho-nan, no one could describe. They are in bed now at Han-kow, being treated medically for the sores caused at that time. We reached Huai-k'ing and were treated tolerably well by the officials there and at our next stopping-place, Wu-chi. There were many of the better classes who had much sympathy with us, but dared not show it too much, fearing the anti-foreign officials.

We had now suffered eight days' cruel treatment at the hands of the Chinese in Shan-si only, and the sole cause was a vicious governor setting the hands of the rabble loose on a number of defenceless men and women who are foreigners. We had now travelled 140 miles, mostly on foot, with very little food and no proper rest, and our bodies exposed to the full power of the sun, but from this point onwards we suffered no more at the hands of the people.

Three times across the Yellow River

From Huai-k'ing on for the next fifty miles we had good treatment, and travelled in carts which, though far from comfortable

(we had neither bedding nor straw with which to pad the carts), protected us from the sun, and the sores on our feet began to heal. Money was supplied us at Wu-chï freely, and we began to hope for a rapid journey to Han-kow. Disappointment met us, for at Yong-tse, fifty miles east of Huai-k'ing and on the south bank of the Yellow River, the magistrate would not pass us on as, he said, the official document we had got at Tse-chau was not a proper one. We had no other course open to us but to return to Wu-chï. On our return there we found Miss Huston, who had been brought on by the Tse-chau magistrate, and who was very badly wounded in the head, the brain being actually exposed.

The Wu-chï hsien magistrate told us that he could do no more for us than to escort us to the south bank of the Yellow River, and leave us there to make our own way to Cheng-chau, where we could go to the Yamên and ask assistance. Carts were again provided and we went to the north bank of Yellow River, and there we were deceived by our escort, who left us and returned with the carts to Wu-chï, leaving us in a hopeless condition—the Yellow River to cross and no passport. We remained on the bank of the river two days and one night with but very little hope of getting across unless we got an official pass, but at last, on Sunday afternoon, July 22, the man in charge of the ferry told us to get into a courier boat, and we crossed, being put ashore about 100 yards below the proper landing-stage.

Cheng-chau to Sin-yang

We walked thirteen miles to Cheng-chau and went direct to the Yamên to plead our cause. The magistrate himself came out to see us, and he proved to be very anti-foreign. He stamped his feet as he spoke to me, and said: "Fortunately for you an edict has come to-day ordering that all foreigners be sent under escort to Han-kow, and I can send you on. Had you come here yesterday I would have had you all killed; now there is no need to kill you." He had the necessary document written, and we were sent on by cart, but as common criminals, lodged every night, men, women, and children all together, in the common gaols with only a division of wooden bars between us and the chained criminals of China. This treatment continued for six days till we reached K'io-shan, where we were taken to a temple, and the mandarin's wife sent round sweetmeats for the children. At Sin-yang, the border city of Ho-nan, which we reached on Monday, July 30, we were treated well and clothes were given us. We stopped at Sin-yang three days, because soldiers were passing through *en route* for Peking, and it was feared that if we met them on the road trouble might arise. It was here, too, that we overtook Mr. and Mrs. Glover, two children, and Miss Gates, who had fled from Lu-an the day before we left Lu-ch'eng, and we learned from them that they had met with similar treatment to ourselves.

We found in passing through Ho-nan that it was our greatest pro-

tection from the wrath of the people to let them know that we were Protestants, and on arrival in Han-kow we learned that the missionaries of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, driven from Ho-nan earlier, had a similar experience.

In the Hu-peh Provinces

Now we had come to the Hu-peh Province, ruled over by Chang-chih-tung, and we were treated well by all the officials, and instead of travelling as before in carts, we had sedan chairs provided for us. We found, too, that the native Christians were in favour with the officials, and the rest of our journey to Han-kow was accomplished in comparative comfort, arriving at our mission house on Tuesday morning, August 14, in all forty-nine days since we left P'ing-yao.

In addition to Miss Rice, whose death I have already mentioned, four others of our party died on the way. Two of our own dear children died from fatigue and want, and were buried in Ho-nan. Mrs. Cooper and Miss Huston died in Hu-peh after terrible sufferings, and their bodies were sent on to Han-kow by the officials. Mr. Cooper's baby died soon after arrival in Han-kow from the effects of the journey.

It is a wonder to all that any of us ever reached this place, but we know that our escape has been due to the marvellous power of God on our behalf, in protecting us these many days when we were exposed to the sun without any covering whatever, so that there was not one case of sunstroke among us, proving the promise, "The sun shall not smite thee by day." Our way, too, was opened up sometimes in almost a miraculous manner, for all of which we give God the praise.

We feel also that great credit is due to the Viceroy of Hu-peh, Chang-chih-tung, who persistently telegraphed to the Governor of Ho-nan that safe-conduct should be given to foreigners passing through that province, and we trust that his firm attitude on behalf of foreigners at this time will not be forgotten by the Powers when the China question is being settled.—Yours truly,

ALEX. R. SAUNDERS,
China Inland Mission,
P'ing-yao, Shan-si, North China.

HAN-KOW, CHINA, *August* 18.

P.S.—On arrival in Han-kow the surviving members of the party were nearly all suffering from a severe attack of dysentery, but were at once put under medical treatment and all are progressing favourably. A. R. S.

PARTY II

THE LU-CH'ENG PARTY

By Mr. E. J. Cooper

Our station at Lu-ch'eng is one of the three forming an isosceles triangle, the apex of which is Yü-wü, Lu-an and Lu-ch'eng being each about thirty miles from it and thirteen miles from each other. Mr. and Mrs. Glover and Miss Gates were stationed at Lu-an, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson and Dr. Hewett at Yü-wü, Miss Rice, Miss Huston, and ourselves at Lu-ch'eng.

God's Preparation

Very soon after our arrival at Lu-ch'eng we were looking forward to seeing the Rev. William Cooper, our district being the last for him to visit in Shan-si. He had entered the Province by way of T'ai-yüan-fu and visited a large number of stations. When it was known what day to expect him, the monthly meeting of the Yü-wü Church was arranged, and invitations sent out to both the other churches to be present at it. I went with quite a number of the Lu-ch'eng Christians to Yü-wü, and I was greatly struck with the zeal and devotion shown by them in walking thirty miles each way, and providing their own food, in order to be present at these meetings. Some came from a village even ten miles farther away.

Mr. Cooper's words were greatly appreciated by all. He seems to have been apprehensive of coming trouble by reason of the long-continued drought. The keynote of his message was the likelihood of the churches in China being called upon to suffer for Christ. At the Lu-ch'eng monthly meeting held a week later, at which he was present, he spoke on the great change in the Apostle Peter's character, comparing the words he spoke to our Lord when he was told of the coming cross, and his epistles, which are so full of reference to fellowship with Christ in suffering. It cannot have been long after Mr. Cooper left us, before we had news from Mr. Bagnall of the breaking up of the railway by the Boxers at Pao-ting-fu.

Signs of Trouble Ahead

A day or two after the arrival of this news, the first signs of coming trouble appeared at Lu-ch'eng. An anonymous placard, purporting to come from the Boxers in Shan-tong, was posted on the East Gate. The Protestant and Roman Catholic religions were charged with being the cause of the long-continued drought, and the people were told

that the gods had come down to the hills to give supernatural powers to those who would exterminate the Christians or destroy the religions. It then went on to say that foreign steamers had all been destroyed at the coast, and that France was in a state of great trepidation on account of the feats of the Boxers, and that the subjects of Russia, England, America, and Germany and Japan had all been driven into the sea. It closed with an appeal to the people to join in the movement, otherwise they would incur the penalty of death.

Yü-hsien's Responsibility

This naturally caused great excitement in the city. I sent a copy of the placard to the magistrate and received a courteous reply, in which he said he would look into the matter. Nearly a week afterwards a favourable proclamation was posted outside his Yamên, but the original placard was not taken down. The officials at this time seemed, on the whole, to be favourable to us and to be willing to protect us.

We had a striking instance of this at Lu-an. Miss Gates was at this time alone in the station, Mr. and Mrs. Glover having gone to Shun-teh with the intention of proceeding to the coast, though they had subsequently to return. Word came to me that a riot was threatened at Lu-an in connection with the rain procession, which was to pass the doors of our premises. Owing to the exceptional drought a number of villages joined to send to the Water Dragon Mountain, some distance away, to fetch a bottle of sacred water to be scattered outside the city walls, and on their return from the mountain they would be met by thousands from the city and villages, and it was most probable that they would attack our own and the Roman Catholic premises. I called the attention of the magistrate of Lu-an to this procession. He sent me a reply promising to send soldiers for our protection. As a matter of fact he and another civil magistrate and also a military mandarin were themselves present with a number of soldiers outside our house. After such action as this we had good reason to believe that we were safe in the district.

It was, however, but a week later that the same magistrate sent word to Mr. Glover, who had returned in the meantime, to say that he had secret orders to withdraw all protection from foreigners. These secret orders, no doubt, came from the source of all the trouble in Shan-si, the Governor of the Province, Yü-hsien.

We, at Lu-ch'eng, had no idea of the serious nature of the situation until Mr. Saunders, of P'ing-yao, arrived with his family, Miss Guthrie and Mr. Jennings, on Thursday, July 5. Their coming to us created a great stir in the city, and the three soldiers whom they brought with them no doubt told the story of the doings at T'ai-yüan-fu.

As the story of what transpired subsequent to the arrival of the party from P'ing-yao has been given in Mr. Saunders'

letter on p. 70, only the few closing sentences of Mr. E. J. Cooper's account can be printed here.

True to His promise He gave grace more abundant. Those who suffered most, endured the most patiently. Truly to all outward appearance we were as "the offscouring of all things," and "a spectacle to men and to angels," and yet in the hours of greatest suffering there was no sign of defeat, and after I have seen what I have of God's grace in those who have thus laid down their lives for Him, these verses in Romans viii. 35-37 (R.V.) have a new meaning—"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Even as it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we were accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." "This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith."

God's dealings, so mysterious and inexplicable, can yet be borne when we remember that it is for the glory of God, and that the Son of God may be glorified thereby, and that the Lord Jesus calls us by name and loves us with an everlasting love. On August 14, we arrived in Han-kow, and the mortal remains of my wife and Miss Huston were laid in the cemetery, there to await the redemption of the body at the coming of the Lord. Three days afterwards our little boy Brainerd was laid beside his mother. We feel it indeed a solemn thing to be brought through such experiences as these and saved from the very gates of death. May the Lord give us grace to live in greater measure as seeing those things which are invisible and eternal!

By special permission Mr. E. J. Cooper's private letter to his parents is given below. This letter cannot be read without calling forth the thanksgivings of many for the grace of God bestowed upon His servant when passing through such deep waters of affliction.

From Mr. E. J. COOPER to his Mother

HAN-KOW, CHINA, *August* 18, 1900.

It is now nearly three months since I wrote you last and as yet I have no letter from home, my last arriving about the end of May. I believe a cable was sent from Shanghai last Tuesday to London. If this was so, you will have learned that dear Maggie has gone to sleep in Jesus. I may as well tell you the worst first. She died at Ying-shan, about 100 miles from Han-kow, on August 6, after a month's pain and suffering for Christ.

The Lord has honoured us by giving us fellowship in His sufferings. *Three* times stoned, robbed of everything, even clothes, we know what hunger, thirst, nakedness, weariness are as never before, but also the sustaining grace and strength of God and His peace in a new and deeper sense than ever.

We fled from Lu-ch'eng on July 6 and reached Han-kow (700 miles' overland journey) on August 14. My strength will not allow me to enter into details as to the journey. The escape of any of us is a wonderful thing, and the story is so remarkable that Han-kow friends have asked one of our number to write to *The Times* describing it. It probably will go by the mail, and I think it is likely to be printed, but in any case a copy shall be sent to you next mail.[1]

Dear Maggie's body was kindly sent down to Han-kow by the Ying-shan magistrate and was buried here last Tuesday (August 14), another of the party, Miss Huston, who had died still nearer to Han-kow from the effect of wounds received in Shan-si, being laid beside her. Dr. Griffith John conducted the service. Dear wee Brainerd, who had come through in a wonderful way, was, within a few days of Han-kow, attacked by sun diarrhœa, and after his arrival here rapidly sank and peacefully fell asleep yesterday at 2 A.M. Dear, wee boy, so changed, oh! so thin. He was buried yesterday evening in the same grave as his dear mother.

Billow after billow has gone over me. Home gone, not one memento of dear Maggie even, penniless, wife and child gone to glory, Edith lying very sick with diarrhœa and your son weak and exhausted to a degree, though otherwise well. I have been at the point of death more than once on the road. In one village, after a heavy stoning with brickbats, they put ropes under me and dragged me along the ground, that I might not die in the village itself.

And now you know the worst, mother, I want to tell you that the cross of Christ, that exceeding glory of the Father's love, has brought continual comfort to my heart, so that not one murmur has broken the peace of God within.

If God spared not His own Son—all is love—but now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Although wounded and suffering, Maggie said to me, "If the Lord spares us, I should like to go back to Lu-ch'eng if possible." Devoted soul, denied by her Master of doing the work so near to her heart, she never turned in purpose and desire to win some of the Chinese for Christ. The Lord has accepted her desire and honoured her in her death for Him.

How much it means to me, I hardly realise, and do not know how the Lord will guide. China is in confusion, and probably a twelve-month, at least, must pass ere inland work can be resumed.

All missionaries are called to the coast and find terminus in Shanghai. I heard 200 were in our compound there, and this is but a quarter of our number. For a few days, at least, we must stay here

[1] See p. 68.

on Edith's account, and after that I hope the Lord may open up some haven of rest where we may both recruit. I shall not be fit for work for some time. . . .

. . . The London Mission and others in Han-kow have been most kind to us. Out of a party of fourteen who left Lu-ch'eng six have died or been beaten to death.

PARTY III

FROM LU-AN TO HAN-KOW

Rev. G. E. GLOVER'S Letter to his Parents

August 17, 1900.

It is only through the infinite mercy of God that you see my handwriting again. Since you last heard from us, we have been literally "in deaths oft," and have experienced deliverance after deliverance where all hope of escape seemed cut off.

This record (necessarily now only a running diary of events) will, I trust, be a simple reminder again and again that "the Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and that He knoweth them that trust in Him."

Lu-an to Shun-teh and Back

I will go back to June the 6th. Owing to the continuance of the drought, a rain procession attacked our place shortly after midnight. They passed on, however, without doing any real mischief, but it was sufficient to show me the temper of the people's mind, and came to me as a distinct warning from the Lord to take dear Flora away to a place where she would be set free from such a long nervous strain as she would be subjected to were I to keep her at Lu-an.[1] After much careful waiting on God, we decided to leave at once for Chefoo, and started June 9 for T'ien-tsin with two mule litters. Reached Shun-teh, June 13, to find it in a very disturbed state. The Griffiths kindly received us, but we had to keep out of sight the eleven days we were there.

News from Pao-ting-fu got worse and we found the road to T'ien-tsin impossible, as it was held by the Boxers. Decided to return to Lu-an and if things got really bad at the station to take the southern road through Ho-nan, which as yet was reported peaceful.

Ten miles from Shun-teh we were stoned and captured and given over to death at a place called I-cheng, but the Lord delivered, after a manner which I cannot account for except on the ground of direct

[1] Mrs. Glover gave birth to a daughter at Han-kow on August 18.

unseen interference. I contrived to get off a line to Mr. Griffith at Shun-teh by one of our muleteers, asking him to get me an escort from the mandarin; but he sent back word to say that the city was rioting and they were themselves fleeing that day to Lu-ch'eng. That is the last we have heard of them. They never got to Lu-ch'eng, and we can only fear they were all killed.[1]

I must not dwell on the series of trying incidents and escapes we had on the way back to Lu-an. A mile from I-cheng we were detained and only let go on payment of fifteen taels, which enabled us to secure an escort from Wu-an. Got back to Lu-an on July 3. Found that Miss Gates, who had chosen to remain on at the station during our absence, had lately been much exercised as to what to do owing to the increasingly disturbed state of the city, and had decided to flee to the hills.

Officials Protect Lu-an Mission Premises

An uproarious rain procession of some 10,000 people had passed our doors the Sunday previous and threatened attack; but the three highest officials in the city guarded the place in person, and the attack was averted.

Next day, July 4, word came from Mr. Cooper of Lu-ch'eng that Mr. Saunders and family, with Mr. Jennings and Miss Guthrie of P'ing-yao, had been rioted and lost all, and were escaping to Lu-ch'eng. I saw then that at any moment our own stations might be similarly dealt with.

Meantime the reports on the street grew more bitter and menacing, the very day (18th of 6th moon) being fixed for our destruction. I went to the Yamên to know whether these reports had any foundation of truth in them, resting, as we heard they did, upon a secret edict issued by the Empress Dowager, that all official protection was to be withdrawn from foreigners. The mandarin refused to see me, but his deputy assured me suavely that there was nothing to fear, it was only mere talk, etc. However, that night he sent a messenger to say that he had a private communication to make, if I would send a man round to him but not come myself on account of the notice my presence would attract. All our natives had gone, except two—Sheng-min and Pao-rï, and I sent the former, who brought back the mandarin's message to the effect that he had secret orders to withdraw all protection from us, and that we were therefore no longer to look to him in any emergency that might arise. We might do as we chose about going or staying, but if we chose to go, he would not give us openly the escort we asked, but would send the soldiers secretly to follow us. We never saw these men, and it is doubtful if they were ever sent.

In Flight

We left Lu-an at daybreak, Friday, July 6, in the mule-litters hired to Chau-kia-k'eo. From there we intended to go on by boat.

[1] They were rescued (see p. 160).

Terrible as the experience was which prevented us from carrying out this intention, yet we saw in it the over-ruling hand of God, as had we gone on to Chau-kia-k'eo we must certainly have all been killed.

We had to pay 10,000 cash to get out of the city gate. Every few hundred yards our litters were detained by troops of men, who wanted money before they would let us go on. In this way, we made thirteen miles, getting as far as Hau-tien, where we put up for the mid-day meal and rest. We were not allowed, however, to leave.

People began to come in from all the villages round, and to be very loud and abusive in their talk. The Hau-tien people also came, in the old spirit of hostility. It was decided to demand 200 taels (£30) before they would let us go. What was lacking in silver was to be made up in value by our personal effects. This was not enough. During the night—the memory of which is a nightmare—they held a council to put us to death. A mock trial was gone through and we were brought in guilty. When morning broke we were ordered into our litters and taken in a sort of sacrificial procession, to the beat of a gong at regular intervals, to a place outside the village.

Face to Face with Death

The road was lined on either side with spearmen, and nearly every male carried some implement or weapon. At a given signal they then fell upon our litters and fought like wild beasts over our baggage. Before the mêlée I jumped down with Hedley, but dear Flora with Hope were literally buried under a heaving mass of human ferocity. I never believed she could possibly come out alive. To my amazement she presently came out, and Hope with her, pale and dishevelled, but perfectly calm and uninjured. Miss Gates, too, was miraculously kept. Amid fiendish noise and fighting, the spoiling of our goods went on, till all were disposed of.

The people then went off, leaving us to our surprise alone and untouched. Thanking God for the life that was yet whole in us, we wandered back to the village, and sat down to wait for Sheng-min, who with Pao-rï had elected to come with us on our perilous journey. The riff-raff began again to collect around us, and we were thankful when at last he came. The only thing we could now do was to walk on in the forward direction. To go back to Lu-an was certain death. So we went on towards Kao-p'ing.

We were presently surrounded by a following of evil men from Hau-tien and a crowd from a village we were nearing, all of whom were armed with agricultural implements. For several hours we sat by the roadside near a little food-shop, hemmed in by these people, who freely discussed our death, sharpening their instruments on stones before our eyes.

In Hunger, Nakedness, and Peril

At last the long suspense was ended by their suddenly seizing us

and with cruel violence tearing the clothes from our bodies. Where garments did not readily give way, it was as if we were being torn in pieces. Flora and Miss Gates were stripped of their upper garments, the dear children had nothing left to them except their combinations, while I myself was stripped naked, my socks only being left to me and a flannel binder. Again, to our surprise, they went no further. No attempt was made to take our lives, though I do not doubt they longed to do so. Pao-rï gave me a pair of old pants, and some one in the crowd threw me a beggar's coat of filthy rags, and in these I went till I got to Kao-p'ing, where the rags were exchanged for an old gown of a Yamên official, who recognised me as one of the two pastors who had recently been preaching near the city.

We were then told to move on, and we wandered to the next village, where we were met as before by large crowds, who became noisy and abusive and were clearly bent on mischief. They told us to take a certain road where evidently they meant to attack us, the measured beat of the gong having already begun. But the Lord's Providence led us by a side path down to a torrent bed. As soon as we began to take this path, the whole procession came to a dead halt, and not a single man ventured to follow us—*to this hour I cannot tell why*—and soon we were left alone. It was now night with a bright moon.

On we walked until we came upon four men, sitting by the way, armed with mattocks, and waiting for us. As soon as they saw us they got up and told us to follow them to a temple, where we should get a good night's shelter. On our refusal they became abusive, demanded money, or failing that, they would take our last garments from our persons. We again refused, indeed we had not a cash on us —and they then fell savagely on all except me, my beggar's rags were not worth taking—and snatched their remaining upper garments. Flora and Miss Gates were thus stripped to the waist.

I remonstrated with the men, and to our surprise they sullenly threw the women's garments back. After some further angry talk they went off to fetch more men, and as soon as they were out of sight we fled along the torrent-bed till we came to a grave-yard, where we lay down under the shadow of the yews and slept till midnight. Then we got up and tramped across country to hide in the Wang-fang hills. We found a depression on the top of one of the highest points, and here we crouched down together and were soon asleep again, despite the bitter cold.

The next day was Sunday, July 8. The sun soon became hot and we had no shelter from the heat on that mountain height. Our thirst became intense and the heat at last unbearable. A river ran at the foot of the hill and we sent Sheng-min to see if he could get us water. He never returned to us. Meantime dear Flora seemed in danger of succumbing, and as Miss Gates was nearly fainting I felt we must go to the water and get under shelter somewhere, even if it meant discovery. At last we reached the river, thick with yellow

mud, but to us as sweet as the purest well-water. Then we lay down to rest under trees in a cemetery near by.

In a small temple not far off worship was going on, and soon a mandarin's procession came out and passed along to the spot where we were lying. They turned to see who we were, and in a few moments a cart was at our side with an official and two Yamên runners, who told us at once to enter it, as they had been sent by the Lu-an mandarin to find us and take us to Kao-p'ing, from whence we were to be sent on to Han-kow.

Here for the present my narrative must stop. Next week I hope to give the remainder of our forty days' wanderings. We arrived here (Han-kow) Monday night, August 13, but were not taken off the boat till the next day near noon. Friday, August 18, dear Flora was graciously delivered of a girl about 7 A.M. It is another miracle of Divine love and power that after such extraordinary hardships and sufferings neither mother nor child seemed to have suffered physical injury. Baby is a beautifully healthy-looking child. Dr. Parry (of our Mission) is delighted at her appearance, and reports most favourably of her condition as well as of dear Flora's. Hedley and Hope are suffering from sun-fever, but are better to-day. Hedley is very thin. We long for home-news, having starved for close upon three months. It is feared that only Lu-an, Lu-ch'eng, and P'ing-yao friends have escaped massacre in Shan-si, and even of these Miss Rice was murdered, Miss Huston died of her wounds, Mrs. E. J. Cooper and infant son also succumbed.[1]—Fondest love to each and all, your most affectionate son,

ARCHIE.

Mr. Glover's Letter Continued

August 31, 1900.

I am sorry for the long interval that has come in to separate the two portions of the story of our escape from Shan-si. Since the date of our last letter it has pleased the Lord to call our precious little infant to Himself. She passed away on Tuesday last (August 28), eleven days old. Dr. Griffith John conducted the funeral service in the dining-room at nine the next morning; and Mr. Bruce of Hu-nan, and Mr. Tull of Shen-si, kindly went with me to the cemetery, carrying the tiny coffin. The grave lies close by the other Shan-si graves (Mrs. E. J. Cooper, her infant son, and Miss Huston's), all from the Lu-an district, the memorial here, "till He come," of "lives lost for His sake and the Gospel's" in China.

. . . . . .

I left off at the point where we were discovered in our resting-place under the trees of a grave-yard, Sunday, July 8, noon. The Yamên cart (a small covered one) was there, and we were ordered to enter it. At first I refused, thinking it to be a ruse of the Boxers to carry us

[1] We regret to add that both Mrs. Glover and child have since passed away.

off to death. But the papers had the official seal, and seemed genuine enough, and besides, I thought that, if it was for death, well, we should die anyway; for we could not possibly live on, tramping the road as beggars (by this time I looked as professional a beggar as ever tramped in China), and if the matter was *bonâ fide*, then it was of the Lord, and we should live to praise Him. This latter thought took hold of me, as a true hope and expectation, and was, I believe, divinely given. I never lost it, even under circumstances where all escape, from a human point of view, was utterly cut off. It sustained me, strengthened me, and kept me in perfect peace, even when I was brought near to fainting. O the comfort of the "exceeding great and precious promises" breathed into the heart by the Holy Spirit Himself at such times!

We had lost our Bibles when we lost our all. I could almost say, we lost our all when we lost our precious Bibles. For the first time in my life, I had no Bible of my own. But, blessed be God that I could say then, "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart." Though we often had literally only "the bread of affliction, and the water of affliction" for our bodily needs, yet, as the Spirit brought to our remembrance the things that Christ had said, spiritually we fed upon saintly fare. I think the last article of ours that we saw in the hands of the wicked men who robbed us was dear Flora's tiny pocket Oxford Bible, which she had put in her pocket for the road. If only we had had that! Flora pleaded with the man to give it her back, but in vain.

We decided to enter the cart, putting our trust in the Lord. True, it was bare boards and a rough road; but it was shelter from the heat and progress towards the goal. We were halted at Wang-fang for the mid-day meal, where we were taken to the inn. You have often heard us speak of Wang-fang. Many a happy visit have the Lu-an workers paid to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chin. The people became very excited when they saw us, and swarmed to the inn. It soon became clear that we were in the hands of Boxers. The door of the room we were in was guarded by a Boxer, and hundreds of men were there wearing the Boxer badge. Time wore on, and the Yamên people did not come for us; several hours passed, and still no move. Meanwhile there was a good deal of activity outside, and we could hear from their talk what it meant. We were to be killed there, and Mrs. Chin was to be brought across from her house (which had been looted of everything the night before) and put to death with us. I did not know it at the time, but Miss Gates told me afterwards that we were to have been burnt to death, and that wood was already being brought in for the purpose. It seems, however, that our Yamên escort did not wish to be compromised. I have every reason to believe they were in heart against us, and with the Boxers. It seems to have been arranged between them that the officials should put the animal in the cart, and drive off before we had time to mount, thus leaving us

behind at the mercy of those murderers. Miss Gates providentially overheard the plot being discussed, and insisted on our all getting into the cart before the mule was put in. The officials were furious; so were the people; for it was a complete frustration of their plans. They cursed us freely, but they were obliged to take us on. The Boxers ran along in crowds, hooting and cursing, and saying, "We will see what will become of them when they get to Yin-ch'eng."

Yin-ch'eng to Kao-p'ing

Arrived at Yin-ch'eng, we were driven into a large inn-yard, and taken to a room, where they wished to lock us in. A rain-procession was on, and soon the inn-yard was thronged with men and lads, their heads wreathed with green fillets, and all (according to custom) carrying a stout stick. We came outside to gratify their curiosity, but were told to go in again, as they were getting rowdy. They crowded to the windows, and then broke into the room. The noise increased, until the landlord feared a riot; and the officials then came and told us we must leave the inn, as the people refused to have us in the town at all: our presence would interfere with their prayers. Not knowing what this might mean, I demurred; whereupon they seized me by the arm and dragged me from the *kang* out into the yard, into the middle of the crowd. Dear Flora and Miss Gates at once jumped down and followed close behind me with the children, determined, come what might, to keep together. We were then hustled out into the road (not put into the cart, as we ought to have been), and told to follow the officials outside the gate. There must by this time have been a crowd of several thousands, who surrounded us and pressed in upon us till dear Flora was quite faint with the heat and buffeting.

Evidently there was mischief intended; and Flora saw that our only hope lay in hanging on to the principal Yamên official. So she seized one of his hands, and Miss Gates the other, and never let go; while we all linked hands, and thus kept together. In this way we were brought out into the open, and told to sit down at a certain stony place. We refused, and were carried along by the moving stream till the official stopped and seemed at a loss to know what to do with us. We told him to send for the cart from the inn, and bring it to us that we might find a night's shelter elsewhere. After some time, to our intense relief, the cart appeared, but not before the officials had again tried to elude us, and slip away among the crowds, leaving us in their hands.

They drove us to a village about four miles farther on, where the innkeeper refused to take us in. So they took us to the temple, where we were put down and left to sit on stones in the theatre area, while the official talked with the village elders as to giving us sleeping room inside. It was late, and we were now very hungry, having had nothing since mid-day. But no food was brought us, and there was no

sign of our escort. The mule and cart were still there,—that was all. After several hours of weary waiting, and being besieged by curious crowds, we saw the escort suddenly take the mule's head, and hurry the cart away at a trot. Flora said at once, "They are giving us the slip, and mean to leave us here in the people's hands. Our only safety lies in getting into the cart and refusing to leave it."

I dashed after them, seized the animal's bit, and told them they had been sent to take us to Kao-p'ing, and to Kao-p'ing we should go. Then we all got in, and were driven back to Yin-ch'eng. It must have been midnight when we got there. We were taken just inside the gate, and put down at the beggars' sleeping-place close by. There we were told to pass the night, and to crouch down in a corner where we could not be detected; for the front was open to the public street, and I need not say, to the chilly night air. Five other beggars were sleeping there, and an old crone among them sat over us half the night, bemoaning that next day we were all to be executed. The filth of the place was indescribable. We had nothing to lie down upon, and nothing to cover us. Also we had no food—and no sleep.

Next morning (Monday, July 9) we looked in vain for our official and our cart. Hour after hour went by, and no sign. We had no food brought us. A kind man in a shop near by was sorry for us, and gave us as much water as we wanted. The Lord remember those cups of water. After a long, long while, to my intense relief, the official appeared, bringing us bread, and telling us we were soon to start. About noon, after a weary morning, two small trolly carts, peculiar to those mountainous coal districts, were brought, and we were told to take our seats. Call them coal trucks and you are not far from the mark. On these we went that day twenty miles, representing a ride of from seven to eight hours, with no protection from the burning sun, and *nothing* between us and the bare boards of the truck,—over a mountainous road of rock-boulders and stones. It was twenty miles of crash, crash, crash. I do not remember much about our Kao-p'ing experience, beyond the fact that, for prisoners (as we actually were), we were kindly treated. Here my beggar's rag was exchanged for a decent-looking gown (though they would not allow me the luxury of a barber), and 1000 cash (a little over two shillings) given us for food money next day.

I am obliged to stop again, very unwillingly. I don't think I should delay to send you on even this instalment, short as it is.

On October 25 Mrs. Glover "entered into rest" (see p. 64). As Mr. Glover has not been able to complete his narrative we give Miss Gates' more complete account. She was one of the same party.

FROM LU-AN TO HAN-KOW

By Miss Gates

"Now I know of a truth, that the Lord hath sent forth His angel and delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people."

In the beginning of June, after my school-children had gone home for the summer, I thought I was going to have a beautiful autumn's work in the villages round. I went to one near by, but had only been there a few days when Mr. Glover sent word to me saying that on the previous night there had been a riotous crowd throwing stones and causing disturbance outside our premises at Lu-an. He said that he must take Mrs. Glover to Chefoo [1] at once, and asked me to come back. When I returned they made preparations and left in a few days. After they were gone, reports were very bad and the people said Mr. and Mrs. Glover had gone because they feared to be killed, but those left should not escape.

Village Work

The Christians were troubled about it and did not wish me to go to the country again, but I felt the Lord had given me an opportunity —being free from the school—so I decided to go. I went to one of the villages near and had a good time, but whilst there our boy, who was preaching on the street, came in to me one day and said, "Kiao-si, the evil reports are very bad, they have actually said to me that you and I were already killed." I was sorry to hear that such reports had come to the village, but still remained for a week and then returned to the city, and found the Christians very anxious, for they, too, had heard that we had been killed. As things were so bad I thought it better not to leave again, besides I had all the Mission accounts to make up, and found my time fully occupied.

The Empress Dowager's Edict

The week passed quietly enough, but the following Sunday, the 5th of the 6th moon (July 1), they threatened to tear down our place. Before this, reports were coming in from the people daily, saying that the Empress Dowager had put out an edict to kill all the Christians and foreigners. The church members who were in the place with me were so frightened that I gave them permission to go to their own homes, and said I would stay quite alone. Three of them went but two would not leave me—my boy and my cook,—who said they would die with me.

The Christians were hiding as many of their things as they could,

[1] See footnote, p. 81.

and persuaded me to pawn[1] a few of my clothes, so I sent some of my sheets, blankets, etc., and also the Mission books, hoping to save them. They would not take the books, because they were afraid of them.

Things became so bad that the cook thought I had better flee to the hills, where most of the Christians were. I wrote a note to Mr. E. J. Cooper at Lu-ch'eng, and told him the condition of things, but before his letter returned I felt I had been wrong in sending my things away to be pawned, and I also felt it was lack of faith to go away, so stayed on. Mr. Cooper replied to my note, "By no means leave, because if the Empress Dowager has issued an edict to kill all foreigners, you will be just as safe where you are as anywhere else."

Before Mr. and Mrs. Glover left we read the 91st Psalm for morning prayers, and as Mr. Glover read it I felt the Lord speaking every word of it to my heart, and felt He was going to do something very wonderful for me. As Mrs. Glover left she gave me that verse, "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." And the Lord just kept me resting on that verse all through. They were very trying days, because the Christians were so fearful and were constantly coming to me with evil reports. I tried to comfort them and the Lord helped me wonderfully.

The Day appointed for the Riot

On Sunday the 5th of the 6th moon (July 1), when the place was to be destroyed, there was no one on the compound but I and the boy, as on Saturday night I had sent off one of the boys with a letter to Mr. Cooper to ask him what I should do. He wanted me to go over to them, but I did not feel it right to leave lest I should be needed by the Christians. On Sunday morning my boy and I met for prayer to ask God to keep us through this day on which they were to pull down our place, and we felt Him very present with us. Before we had quite finished our little meeting one of the Christians, who had been afraid to stay at our street chapel, came in and said, as this was the day on which they had threatened to destroy the place, he felt he must come back and stay with me. Just at the end of the meeting two or three more came, making five in all. We made it a day of fasting and prayer before the Lord. During our second meeting we heard the beating of the gongs and knew the people were coming, and cried to the Lord to put forth His power and make the hands of those who would harm us powerless. As they were passing we were on our knees; some bricks and stones were thrown in and the noise was kept up outside our door, but the people did not touch our place. We were told, however, that on their way back they would break down our house.

We continued in prayer, and after dinner met again—were still on

[1] The Chinese frequently send things to the pawnshop for safe storage.

our knees when we heard the people returning. I shall never forget the feeling as that yelling, howling mob came past our door and went off into the distance and we were again left alone. Our prayer was turned into praisé at once. That day's experience gave us peace and courage for the next, for while it was on July 1 when they were to destroy the premises, July 2 had been fixed on which all foreigners were to be killed. We just continued to look to God. After we arose from our knees those words came to me, "To-morrow shall be as this day"; and the sixth day also passed peacefully.

The next day (July 3) I heard that the Glovers had been having a very hard time and would be back with us shortly. They came, and when Mr. Glover heard the reports he at once went to the mandarin, but he would not see him. He asked the official if the reports were true, and they said, "No, they are not, do not take any notice of them." As Mr. Glover was leaving the Yamên, however, one of the officials said to the man who accompanied him, "You come yourself in the evening and we will tell you something." So he went to the Hsien mandarin, and he told him that the Fu mandarin had issued orders that the foreigners were not to be protected. He said he was very sorry, but could do nothing.

When Mr. Glover heard this he said he thought we should leave as soon as possible, for Mrs. Glover's sake. He told the mandarin we would leave, and asked for an escort. The mandarin replied, "If you want to leave you may do so, but there is no fear, you need not leave; and as for an escort, you do not need one, but I will give you one secretly, not publicly," which meant, of course, that we were to have none.

The Flight

Early on the morning of June 7, about 4 o'clock, we started in litters which we had hired over night, but at the gate they would not let us out. There were twenty or more men guarding the gates, which had been closed for two days, and they wanted a large sum of money before they would open them. The cook and boy, who had stayed with us all the time and were willing to go to Shanghai, persuaded them to allow us to pass out. Out of the city we thought everything would be right, but we had not gone far when a man stopped us, wanting money. There was nothing for it but to give him some, and this happened several times during the first seven miles. Somebody then came wanting taels 200 (£30), but we had not this sum, and needed all we had. Our donkey had already been stolen. At last we got to an inn about thirteen miles from Lu-an, where we stopped. I thought we had simply gone in for the mid-day rest, but when we got inside we found that this matter of the taels 200 had to be settled. They had determined not to let us out until we gave it them. We knew the mandarin would not help us if we were sent back, and so decided to go forward, but the village people would not permit us to move.

In the Hands of False Friends

We remained there until the afternoon, when two or three soldiers came, who said they had come to help us. We were glad to see them and they appeared to be really willing to assist, so I told them all we had passed through. Night came on and we were still in the inn. After dark Mr. Ma, a small mandarin, whom the soldiers welcomed, came in and assured us he would get this matter settled. The soldiers had already asked for taels 100 (£15) to give to the villagers, saying that if we did not give them this amount they would rob us of all we had. We decided to give it them and get help farther on. However, after we had given the taels 100 they said it was insufficient, and the soldiers themselves wanted taels 60 (£9) before they would take us on to Kao-p'ing. They also wanted 25,000 cash (£2 : 10s.) to give to a man who had been beaten by the Boxers. We had not so much money left, but we gave them what we had and they divided it amongst themselves.

Then seven or eight of the wicked men who had shared in the money came into the room and bore false witness against us, saying we were worthy of death, and the soldiers and mandarin ought not to let us go from the village. Several times the soldiers turned to me and said, "Now you have given this money, we will see what we can do," but they turned to each other and said, "We have not got enough, so we will just take them outside the city and rob and kill them." I had said before to Mr. Glover that if the Lord wanted me to lay down my life, I longed to glorify Him, and long before morning we rejoiced in the thought of so soon meeting the Lord and suffering for Him, and we said good-bye to each other.

In the morning, before Mr. and Mrs. Glover got into their litter, Mr. Glover prayed, that if the Lord did not intend us to lay down our lives there for Him that He would put His fear upon the people, so that they would not be able to touch us, and as they took my litter down the yard I was surprised to see how quiet they were. Mr. and Mrs. Glover went first, but I was detained a long time in the inn. The muleteer said money had not been given for the animals, and that the innkeeper had not been paid. I had no more money, so they began taking the things out of my litter and then took me out to the street. There were crowds of people who during the night had been very rude, but now, as we moved through the village, they were quiet. Mr. Ma (the small mandarin) kept turning round to the people who had been bearing false witness against us and saying that he did not understand why the village people were so quiet and peaceable. "It is no good, they won't do anything to them," said he; and I heard the others reply, "Never mind, you keep the villagers back and we will kill them ourselves." I do not know what they had done with our boys.

Robbed of All

They took us outside the village, to a quiet place, and then fell upon

our litters, taking everything we had. Mr. Ma ordered me to come down from the litter, and tore my clothes and took my watch and everything I had. I thought it strange that they should kill me in this way, but felt quite calm, and presently they left me. When I found myself alone I looked round to see where Mr. and Mrs. Glover were, and saw their litters quite near, but not seeing Mrs. Glover I went towards her litter and found her just creeping out. We were left alone, and sat together wondering what we should do. We did not know which way to turn.

After a little I thought it would be a good plan to go back into the village where the people had been so quiet. We turned and went back for a short distance and sat down on a stone by the roadside, where a few women were gathered together. We asked them to give us a drink of water as we had had nothing to eat or drink since the noon before, but they were afraid to give us any.

We rested there until most of the people who had been following us had returned to the village, and then retraced our steps and enquired the way to Kao-p'ing. After a while our boy appeared and said, "It looks as if the Lord is going to save you, since He has protected you so far—what are you going to do?" We replied, "We are going to Kao-p'ing." Then he told us that there was a man who would give us some food and hide us for a few days if we would go to his place, but he looked such a wicked man we were afraid to go. We heard afterwards that he wanted to rob us of our clothes. Finally, however, we went to the village in which he lived, as there was nothing else to be done, but we did not get any food. We sat down in a shady place, but a crowd gathered, talking of robbing us of our clothes, and in a little while a great shout of "rob" was raised.

Catching hold of me, they dragged me for what seemed to be a long distance, and as my head had been knocked, I became unconscious. The cook thought they had killed me, but I was soon able to speak to him. They kept us sitting there for a long time and then told us the Boxers were coming to kill us. They also began talking among themselves as to what they would do with us. Some said "beat," while others said "kill them outright." The Lord restrained them and also gave us wonderful peace. The boy told us afterwards that they were afraid to touch us, God having put His fear upon them.

In Hunger and Nakedness

Late in the afternoon, the boy got us some *mien* (native macaroni), but we did not feel hungry, nor did I hear the children ask for anything. We had had a drink from a pool as we came along and that seemed quite enough. My head was aching so badly that after an attempt to walk we were obliged to lie down by the roadside. We had not been there long before a crowd gathered and some of the villagers ordered us off, but we replied that we were not able to go on any farther.

Before leaving this village the cook gave me one of his garments to wear, and the other servant gave Mr. Glover a pair of trousers. The man who in the morning had promised to take us to his place and keep us for a day or two, told us that our clothes were too good, and that we should get robbed on the road. He also said to Mr. Glover, "You cannot go on like that, you have not sufficient clothes on. Here, I will give you my garment," and he handed Mr. Glover his own ragged dirty gown, a thorough beggar's garment, and said, "Now you will do, they won't rob you now." We started off but had not gone very far before it began to rain, and we had to carry the children, which was very difficult, but the Lord strengthened us, and before we had gone far my headache was completely taken away.

"A Cup of Cold Water"

About this time we heard our boy shouting to us to stand still, and presently he came with a man from Lu-an city. This man gave Mr. Glover a tin of milk, which had been stolen from us in the morning, and also twenty or thirty cash. He was the first friend we had met, and we wept as we received his gift. He told us not to go to the village which lay before us, but, he continued, "it is very hard for you, as you won't get far without losing your lives, because the people are all planning to kill you." We therefore went in an opposite direction to a village where some of our Christians live. On the way we were constantly meeting bands of excited and angry men, and one of these bands took hold of our boys, who had managed to keep a little of our silver quite unknown to us, hoping to find help in some way. These men took all the silver and also the tickets for the clothes which I had pawned at Lu-an, and left us without a cash. The Lord gave us a friend amongst the women, who lent us a needle and cotton, and when the people talked of killing us in the next village she set up such a howling that I think they were afraid to touch us; however, they would not allow us to stay in their village. They asked as where we were going, and we said to Ing-ch'eng. We had not gone very far when our servant was called back, the other had already been separated from us, and we never saw anything of him again. They told our boy that the Boxers were going to kill us down at the bed of the river.

Presently four men with instruments like pickaxes stopped us and asked where we were going? After telling them, we were allowed to pass on, but we had not gone many steps when they stopped us again, and we sat down by the roadside, not knowing what they intended to do. They began asking us for money, and when we told them that we had none, they replied, "Well, we must have your clothes.' It was quite dark by this time, but they stayed for several hours and then tried to force us to return to the village, which we refused to do. They went off saying that they would bring the Boxers back with them to kill us. As soon as they got quite out of hearing we got up

and found our way through ploughed fields to a grave-yard, which the boy thought would be a safer hiding-place. Having to sleep here, with stones for our pillows, reminded us very forcibly of Jacob.

Only Weeds to Eat

Before daylight next morning I suggested that we should go up among the hills, and we managed to get up to the top of a steep hill, from which we saw flames in the distance ascending from a village in which some of our Christians lived. We lay there until the burning sun just poured upon us, for to descend would probably mean death. By this time we all felt we wanted to live, as the Lord had brought us through so much. We tried to shield Mrs. Glover and the children, who were now crying for water, from the scorching sun. Having had nothing but a mouthful of *mien* for two days, we took some of the weeds which we knew the people gathered, and boiled them for food and tried to eat. About noon our boy went down the hill and found a small river. Being faint for thirst we felt we must get some water, but when we reached the river it was thick with mud and dirt. We waded through the thick mud into the stream and drank and drank, and notwithstanding its filthiness we were much refreshed thereby. On coming out of the stream we found ourselves in the grave-yard where we had spent the previous night.

I was now feeling so ill that I could scarcely lift my head up, but I heard Mrs. Glover say there were a company of soldiers coming along. Seeing us they cried out, "There are the foreign devils," and presently some of the Yamên runners came and said that the Fu mandarin had sent them with a *wen-shu* (a kind of passport), a covered cart, and some clothes for us. They had orders to take us on to the next *Hsien*. We did not believe it, and thought they were deceiving us, but they said again, "It is perfectly true, here is the *wen-shu*, and here is the cart. Get up and we will take you on." I was then too weak to get in the cart myself, and one of the Yamên runners helped me. They said they would take us to an inn and get us some food, and by the time we got to the inn I was feeling much better. Here they gave us some of the best food they could get, but we found they did not intend to take us to Kao-p'ing.

A Plot to Burn Them

Outside of the room in which we were, the people had piled up some wood, and said they were going to burn us to death. We were not long in the room before they began removing all the bedding, mats, and some of the tables and chairs, and it seemed quite true that they did intend to burn us. I told Mr. Glover what I had heard, and he said that as the man had a *wen-shu* to take us on to Kao-p'ing, we were safe as long as his horse was there. When they began untying the horse we got up and went out through the back door. The people gave a shout and were very angry. We got into the cart

before the horse was brought out, and I told the people we had heard all their plans and knew they did not intend to take us to Kao-p'ing, but since there had been a *wen-shu* issued for our protection to Kao-p'ing, we determined to remain in the cart until we arrived there. They asserted that there were money and other things in the cart which they wanted. When we had given them their things they took us on, but said that though we had escaped out of that village they would still take our lives.

Attempt to Trample them to Death

We were taken to Ing-ch'eng, the place to which we had wanted to go the night before. Here we were left in an inn, which soon became so crowded with people that the landlord would not allow us to stay, and we had to go out into the street, which was thronged with people. The official told us to sit down by the roadside, but, as I had overheard them saying the people would then trample us to death, I advised Mr. and Mrs. Glover not to do so. They were very angry because we would not sit down, and, after several vain attempts to get us to do so, they brought the cart once more, and took us on to another village. At this place, however, we found that the people would not receive us, so we were taken to a temple. Here the man with whom we were travelling had a long talk with the temple-keeper, and then he and the Yamên runners attempted to leave us, but we got into the cart again. He would not take us on to the next city, but took us back to Ing-ch'eng. Near the city they wanted us to get out of the cart and sit by the roadside, and promised to bring us food in the morning, but Mr. Glover said that as this cart was sent for us, we would remain in it. We had to stay there until about midnight, and then they took us to a place where theatricals were performed. It was a filthy place and a family of beggars were staying there. The man threw us in some bread but did not give us a drop of water, though we had been without any since noon. We tried to get water from the beggar woman, but she said that every one was in bed and it was impossible. All through that night the people of the place were planning how they could do away with us, and the woman was keeping watch lest we should run away.

Taken as Prisoners to Kao-p'ing

The men who had promised to come early in the morning did not appear until about eleven o'clock, and then brought us some dry bread. At noon two men appeared with swords, and the cry was that they were going to take us farther on to kill us. They brought two little open carts and told us to mount them, and they took us on to Kao-p'ing in the burning sun. Nothing occurred all along the road except that the carters told the villagers they were taking us on to Kao-p'ing as prisoners, where we were going to be put to death. We reached there in the afternoon and asked to be taken to the Yamên,

which was done. Several small officials came and spoke to us, and in reply to their questions I told them our story and asked them to take us to Tse-chau.

Sympathy from Official and People

The mandarin at Kao-p'ing treated us very kindly, and gave us 2000 cash with which to buy clothes. He also sent us a beautiful supper, plenty of rice, bread, and eggs, and early in the morning they took us on. I really think that the mandarin at that place was friendly to us, though the people were trying all night long to harm us. Early in the morning two small carts came, and again we proceeded on our way, with nothing on our heads to protect us from the burning sun. We went about seventeen miles before stopping for food. All along this journey the men said they were taking us on to Tse-chau to kill us, as foreign blood must be spilled because of the dearth. If only rain would fall, they said, it would be all right.

At the next village they did not take us into an inn but left us out amongst the people, who expressed much sorrow for us and crowded round the cart asking if the children were to be saved, and whether the women would be killed or just the man. It was so good to see the pity and kindness of the villagers. For a time we thought they were going to put us to death there, but they ultimately went on to Tse-chau.

At Tse-Chau Fu

Arriving at Tse-chau in the evening we asked to see the Fu mandarin, but were not allowed to. They told us that whatever we wanted to say to the mandarin must be written down. The officials assured us that we should be taken to a place of safety, and finally we arrived at an inn where we were told that a party of missionaries from T'ai-yüan had stayed a short time previously, but this appears to have been untrue, as no one has heard anything of them since. It was very late before we got any food that night, and the whole night long the people surrounded the inn, beating gongs and shouting, "Bring out the foreigners, kill the foreigners." Some women in the yard were apparently arranging with the men to take our lives, but early in the morning a company of soldiers came, who said they had been sent to escort us. We were rather unwilling to go, but they assured us it was all right, as the mandarin had sent them, and they would not hear of our waiting any longer. They said the Roman Catholic place had been burnt in the night; no one had been killed, but some forty people escaped.

As we passed through the city, crowds of people followed us saying that the soldiers were taking us to the camp to kill us, but nothing particular happened. We gave our escort money to buy hats for us, but they only kept the money, so we had to travel bareheaded in the burning sun.

From Shan-si into Ho-nan

We went on from this place to Lan-chen on the Shan-si border. We were so thankful to be getting to the last place in Shan-si, for several people had said that as soon as we got out of Shan-si we should be safe. At this place the escort took us to a small official office, and set us down outside, telling the people that they had no pass for us. The place was full of opium smokers, and all night long they were talking among themselves as to how they could get rid of us. They said they could not send us into Ho-nan as we had no passport, and besides our own mandarin had said we were to be escorted out of Shan-si, never to return, which they said meant we were to be killed.

All along the road there was evidence of very great need of rain, and before next morning, July 12, the rain poured down in torrents. They said it would be all right now, as they had got rain, but later on the officials began talking with the people in the inn, and saying that they could not let us go as they had not had sufficient rain. About noon we asked them to take us on, but they said the roads were too bad, which was doubtless true, as the next day when we did go on we found them in a terrible condition.

The Plottings of the Wicked

That evening I found the people in the inn were talking of putting us to death, simply because none of us understood Chinese, though I had talked a little. When I heard this, I thought it was time to let them know I understood what they were saying. A small official who had come in had brought some guns, which he put down outside the office, and told the men in the inn that they would lead us to a place outside and then shoot us. I went up to them and asked them what they meant by talking thus, and explained that we had done nothing worthy of death, but had come to preach the Gospel. I also told him that we were not willing to die there, and that they must take us before the Fu magistrate before putting us to death. That was all I said, and in a few minutes they got up and went out, and ordered the men with the guns to move away and leave us in peace.

Attempts to Poison Them

About midnight, however, they came back again and said, "It is no use, these people must die." He told the people in the inn to poison us; mentioning something they could get to suffocate us. When he had gone they poured water on some stuff, the fumes of which filled the air with a suffocating smell. I lay still for a while, but could not sleep, as I knew the man had told them to poison us that night. They were waiting until we were unconscious, but each time they came to look at us I sat up and aroused the others. Thus we passed that night. In the morning they said, "These people have

been praying, and have just upset all our plans." They seemed to know that our prayers would hinder their attempts to harm us.

After two days' waiting at this place they brought the animals and took us through the village. We had only one muleteer, the one who had been unkind to us the day before, but he now turned to be our friend. They sent two or three men as escort, and after we had gone a mile or two, these men wanted to leave us, but the muleteer said, "No, they have let these people go free and I am going to take them on to Ho-nan." We went on that day until we got into Ho-nan and then this muleteer set us down in the middle of the road, and said that if we wanted food we must go to the south suburb of the city for it. Several of the villagers told us that the Boxers were there, so we decided to stay where we were. We managed to buy a little bread and some fruit, and waited until the muleteer returned, but he did not seem pleased to see us. When we got to the south suburb the Boxers called out to him to set us down, but he replied, "No, I have waited all these hours and you have done nothing, you will have to wait now till we get to the next village." Several followed as we proceeded along the road, but the Lord kept them from harming us.

Huai-K'ing Fu—A Friendly Officer

Arriving at Huai-k'ing we asked to see the mandarin, and he came out in his chair to meet us. He had us taken to a splendid inn, provided beds, water, and tea for us, and also gave us plenty of food. He sat down and heard the whole story. He was very kind, asked all about the journey, where we were going and why we left our stations. We replied, saying that we were going to Han-kow. "Well," he said, "you will never get there." In the morning he sent us on to Wu-chï with a splendid escort. This time, instead of being in open carts with no coverings for our heads (as we had been from Lu-an), we had good covered carts, which was a great comfort. The mandarin gave us 1500 cash, and some of the people gave us shoes to wear. The soldiers took good care of us all the way. At Wu-chï the people crowded round the inn in which we were staying, but I think only out of curiosity. The Tao-t'ai here was very kind, and gave us money to buy clothes for the children, and I think it was at this place that Mr. Glover was given a gown and a pair of shoes. They sent us off next morning in carts with an escort of soldiers, who escorted us through several cities, in some of which we were treated well, while in others we were put in the common prison next to the ordinary prisoners. The last three days from Wu-chï to Sin-yang we travelled in wheel-barrows, and the jolting and the insufficient covering to the head were very trying.

In Good Hands at Last

When we reached Sin-yang the mandarin treated us with the utmost kindness and gave us coffee, cake, lemonade, and meat. He kept us in the Yamên yard so that the people would not trouble us.

Towards evening he took us to a small temple, still in the Yamên enclosure, and provided men to buy all we wanted and keep the door shut that the people could not come in. He also asked us if we would be willing to stay there a few days, as, owing to soldiers passing through, it would be dangerous to travel. Feeling ill, we were only too thankful for the opportunity to rest. We remained for eight days, during which time new clothes were made for all of us. To Mrs. Glover, who was extremely weak, they gave a bottle of wine. They also brought beef and fowls, the latter for making chicken broth for those who were ill and weak.

Joined by the Saunders and Cooper Party

After we had been there for about five days they told us that another party of foreigners were a little distance off and would be there soon. In the evening they arrived, and it just made us ill to see these dear ones. I never saw foreigners looking as they did, nor could I have believed they could look so. They came tottering in like poor old weak people. We were very glad to see them, and to be able to minister to them. We stayed three days longer, still receiving the utmost kindness, and then he sent us off in wheel-barrows to the next place. He intended us to have chairs, but our company being so much larger, and many soldiers having passed through, he was not able to engage them. For Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Saunders he had lounges made.

Baptized with His Baptism

We went on from Sin-yang to Ying-shan. On the way we stopped at a small village. While here I went to dress little Edie Cooper's wounds, and found one of Mrs. Saunders' children just dying. When the people realised the fact that she was dying they made us carry her out on to the street. Towards morning we buried her in a pretty little spot on the top of a hill, and journeyed on to Ying-shan. The mandarin at Ying-shan was exceedingly kind, and took us right into his room, ordered water for us to wash, and gave us everything we needed. Mrs. Glover got very faint, and he gave her wine, and finding that many of us were too poorly to go on, he had us taken into a little orphanage next to his Yamên, and allowed a Christian evangelist to wait upon us. It was such a joy to meet that dear man there. We were there several days, as more soldiers were passing. Each day he provided us with two meals, besides having several fowls killed that we could make broth for the weak ones.

Mrs. Cooper's Death

One afternoon Mr. Cooper called me to go to see his wife, as she was in a fainting condition. When I reached her side I found that she was very near her end, and he asked me if I thought she was going to leave him. When I said I thought so, he turned to her and said, "Jesus

is coming for you," but she replied, "No, I am too strong to die. I just want to rest a little while." In a very short time she passed away. The mandarin offered to send the coffin and to pay all expenses, but Mr. Cooper refunded the money for the coffin at Han-kow. That was the second death since we had come together, and Miss Guthrie was so ill we all feared she too would also pass away.

Death of Miss Huston

We remained there a good many days, and then continued on our journey, but had not gone very far (about two days' journey from Han-kow) when Miss Huston died. She had been very severely beaten, and had some terrible wounds, but suffered very little then. She became very feverish, and asked me to call some others and have prayer with her, which we did, but we did not think she was so near her end. She became less feverish and fell asleep, but wakened suddenly, and Mr. Glover called me. I went and found death written on her face. We had a little more prayer together, and she passed away without a word. The mandarin prepared a coffin, and offered to send it to Han-kow. We left the following morning—Sunday—in chairs and arrived at a place where the London Mission have a station.

Sympathy of Native Christians

When the Chinese brethren at this place heard that we had arrived they came and insisted upon our staying with them. They prepared food, and did everything that brethren could do. Their kindness was just unspeakable. We remained there for dinner and supper, and then several of them escorted us to the boat, and we came on to Han-kow, with hearts full of praise to the Lord for the marvellous way in which He had brought us through all the dangers and difficulties of our long journey.

PARTY IV

FROM KIE-HIU TO P'ING-YANG-FU

By Miss Eva French

I had recently gone from P'ing-yao to Kie-hiu with Miss Johnson, and four other ladies from Hung-tung—Miss Gauntlett, Miss Higgs, Miss Rasmussen and Miss Eldred—had joined us to spend the summer months. Miss Eldred afterwards went to Fen-chau with Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Lundgren, on a visit, leaving the five of us still at Kie-hiu. On the morning of the 27th of June a courier came from

P'ing-yao telling us of the riot which had taken place the previous evening in that city. The news of that trouble had evidently reached the natives in Kie-hiu at the same time as it reached us, and this precipitated the attack.

The Kie-hiu Riot

About three hours after the news came crowds began to gather insisting upon coming into the front court, which was used for an opium refuge. They banged at the doors and finally entered the court. Knowing there was no time to lose, and having no native to send to the Yamên for us, we decided quickly to go ourselves. They had not gathered at the back door, being all at the front, so we went through the small door, and when they first saw us they gave one great shout, and it seemed as if they were coming right down upon us, but they stopped suddenly and we went on unmolested to the Yamên, which was not a little distance from the Mission house.

We demanded to see the mandarin and obtained an entrance. He told us that he could give us no protection, and that he had Imperial orders not to protect foreigners, but that he would have us taken safely either to the capital, T'ai-yüan, or to Fen-chau, or to P'ing-yang. We felt that much depended upon our decision, and we were guided to go to P'ing-yang.[1]

Kie-hiu to P'ing-yang

The next morning early we started off in carts with an escort of soldiers to Ling-shï, and were taken to the Yamên, where we spent the night. We heard that the Boxers had been three times to the Mission premises in Kie-hiu, and they no doubt destroyed all of our belongings, we having taken very little with us. The people at Ling-shï were very rowdy, and we did not know when the Yamên might be broken into. The following day we went over the Ling-shï pass, but we kept concealed and had no trouble. We passed through Ho-chau and, after being at the Yamên, we were permitted to go to the Mission house with Yamên protection.

On Saturday afternoon, June 30, we reached Hung-tung and got so quietly to the Mission house that we thought it would be safe to spend the Sunday there. The Christians gathered as usual, but while we were at worship the crowds outside began to assemble and went on increasing until near dark, when they began banging at the doors to break them down. The magistrate would give no attention to the elder who had been several times to him during the day, so I called for a cart and went myself to the Yamên. I saw the magistrate, who

[1] Had they gone to either Fen-chau or T'ai-yüan they would certainly have been murdered. When the Empress Dowager passed through Kie-hiu this official was "cashiered and dismissed for ever from the public service." The Edict says this is because he encouraged the Boxers, but the real reason is that he befriended these ladies.

Mr. Lutley. Mr. Dreyer.
Mrs. Lutley. Miss Palmer. Mrs. Dreyer. Miss Rasmussen.

Miss Johnson. Miss Hoskyn. Miss Higgs. Miss French.
Miss A. Hoskyn. Miss Gauntlett.

PARTY IV. WHICH ESCAPED FROM SHAN-SI.

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SANG-SÏ-FU.

One of the natives who came all the way to Han-kow with Party IV.
They travelled by cart.

PART OF THE HIGH-ROAD FROM PEKING TO SHAN-SI.

Showing the ruts worn in the solid rock by the wheels of the springless carts.
This will give a slight idea of what travelling by carts in China means.

To face page 103.

told me of the burning down of the Mission premises at T'ai-yüan on the 27th of June, and warned me that there was no hope for us but to try to escape to Han-kow. He also warned the elder who went with me that he must leave his religion and go back to the worship of idols. He promised to send carts for us as soon as possible, and between eleven and twelve we started for P'ing-yang, reaching there next morning, where we joined Mr. and Mrs. Lutley, Mr. and Mrs. Dreyer, the Misses Hoskyn and Miss Palmer.

The subsequent experiences of Miss French and party after reaching P'ing-yang, will be found in the following story by Mr. Dreyer.

THE BOXER TROUBLES IN SHAN-SI AND OUR ESCAPE FROM P'ING-YANG TO HAN-KOW

By Mr. F. C. H. Dreyer

As we look back over the events of the past months we see how graciously God prepared the hearts of His servants in Shan-si for the troublous times through which they were to pass. The threatening famine with its myriads of difficulties had long been weighing heavily upon us, keeping us reminded of our utter dependence on God. The visit of Rev. William Cooper during April and May was also an important factor in our preparation. After visiting the stations in central and south Shan-si, Mr. Cooper came to P'ing-yang, where thirty-two missionaries gathered in conference on May 17 and 18. All hearts had been solemnised by the report that the Boxers had signalised the beginning of their campaign in Shan-si by plundering the house of Elder Sï, a prominent Christian, at the village of Fan-ts'uen, near Hung-tung. Mr. Cooper's messages were full of comfort and strength; especially so were his thoughts on the words: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."—Heb. xiii. 5, 6; and also on Matt. v. 10-12. His words proved a stay in our subsequent experiences.

Native Christians Attacked

The Boxers had been drilling secretly in Hung-tung city for some time, and on the 14th of May, after a public drill at the river front, they announced their purpose to begin by killing Elder Sï, the native Christian leader. Setting out at once to fulfil their threat, they went to Mr. Sï's village, plundered his house, carrying away the silver and

valuables, and breaking or offering to the by-standing crowds what they did not want. The elder received a serious sword wound in his side, and for some days it was feared that it might prove fatal. The case was at once reported to the official, who, however, took no energetic action beyond giving the village elders a beating. Meantime the Boxers leisurely made their way to the neighbouring Lin-fen Hsien, and lived for some days at a village temple, not seven miles from P'ing-yang.

The band originally numbered about sixteen, but increased, so that by May 23 they numbered twenty-eight. On that day they plundered the home of the late Pastor Hsi, ten miles south-east of P'ing-yang. Again hundreds of villagers looked on. The Boxers publicly stated that they had come by Imperial orders, under Gen. Tong-fu-hsiang's command, and were going to exterminate the foreigners and those who followed them, but would injure none other. They were very liberal with the things they did not want. They threw them to those who stood by, and offered the wheat at ridiculous prices to the villagers, who were wise enough to decline. One neighbour accepted a large heap of old clothes, and after the Boxers had gone he returned them to the family. Mr. Chang, the manager of Mrs. Hsi's affairs, ran away when he saw the Boxers, leaving Mrs. Hsi's mother to their mercy. The old lady was severely beaten, but managed to get away and hide in an outhouse until they had gone. The Boxers were about to set fire to the house, but an adjoining neighbour prevented this by arguing that they had promised not to trouble any but Christians, and if the Hsi's house was burned, his must go also. They brutally gashed an old mule with their swords, because he was not worth taking, but they used the horse to carry away their booty.

The Boxers and Officials in League

The Hsiang-ling magistrate was notified at once, and so was the prefect. Nice promises were given, and next day a few soldiers made a mock search, but were, of course, unable to find the offenders. The Boxers had simply moved on a few *li* to the east, and again put up at a temple in a village, openly boasting of their successes and future expeditions, which included our extermination. They carried with them an idol, which was hung up at every stopping-place. A table was placed before it, and their swords were arranged on the table, on either side, with incense burning in the centre. When they worshipped this idol their gods apparently took possession of them, and they would begin to drill. They boasted that they were bullet and sword proof. They also prided themselves in being very just in their business transactions with the villagers, paying good prices in cash for all they bought. The prefect was informed of their number and whereabouts, and next day messengers were sent out to see if it was so! We learned that these messengers were most cordially received by the

Boxers. All the proper ceremonies were gone through—the bows, the greetings, the yielding of seats, the tea, wine, and food were all in evidence. It was also particularly noted that the saddle-bag, which was empty, was taken down and returned full—the inference is obvious!

Meanwhile other companies were drilling more openly in various places in Hung-tung, K'ü-wu, and in Yi-ch'eng. The rumours on the street were becoming worse and worse. The dates of attack on Hung-tung and P'ing-yang were repeatedly said to have been fixed, and affairs were daily becoming more and more serious.

One night about a week later, a band of armed men entered the dye shop of Mr. Wang, a Christian at Ma-kü, twelve miles north-west of P'ing-yang. Mr. Wang and a servant were the only ones present. Two or three men approached each of them, and putting a sword or pistol to their throats enjoined perfect and quiet submission, while others walked away with 2000 feet of cloth and 7000 cash, and gave Wang a beating into the bargain.

It was decided to send a statement of facts to the Rev. G. B. Farthing, of the B.M.S. at T'ai-yüan, and leave it to his discretion whether or not to report to the Tao-t'ai. An accurate and detailed statement was therefore written out and sent. Mr. Farthing, knowing the governor Yü-hsien's anti-foreign propensities, and not being sure of the Tao-t'ai's position, thought it best to lay the plain statement of facts before the latter without comment or appeal, and this he did. The copy of the Tao-t'ai's reply, which he was able to secure, was very satisfactory. The Tao-t'ai, in conjunction with the Fan-t'ai and Nieh-t'ai (Provincial Treasurer and Judge), enjoined that the offenders be brought to justice at once, and that Christians be protected. Later Mr. Farthing was able to secure a copy of the governor's reply to the report of the Hung-tung magistrate. This, however, was not so unequivocal.

Meantime the Boxers had sent four men with the stolen goods to Fu-shan to pawn them. The pawnshop-keeper was suspicious, and offered 1000 cash for the lot, at the same time secretly advising the authorities. Runners were soon on the spot: they confiscated the goods, and held two of the men in custody. The two others escaped, and returned to report to their comrades. The band became infuriated, and started at once for Fu-shan to avenge the insult they had thus received, cursing the official and threatening to kill him. They certainly made things hot, for the magistrate sent a special despatch to the prefect, asserting that his life was in danger, and asking for a company of soldiers. The soldiers were sent off at once, but when they arrived the Boxers had already gone.

Ere long, however, word came that they had committed another robbery on their way north. Chase was given, but before the soldiers had gone far a second robbery was reported. Villagers joined the soldiers in the chase, pointing out the way, and by various ways encouraging them in their pursuit. The latter were about to give up

and return when a third robbery was reported. Two, if not all, of the robbed families were Roman Catholics. This spurred the soldiers to renewed effort, and at last they were guided by a shepherd boy to a small temple on an elevation, in which the Boxers were resting for dinner. Ere the soldiers were quite near the Boxers received warning and began to flee. The soldiers opened fire, and gave chase, but were greatly hindered by the villagers who accompanied them. However, two were shot down, five captured, and the others escaped. We heard afterwards that three others were found dead. They had been wounded, but managed to make their escape, only to succumb later. The prisoners and their booty were brought to Fu-shan, and there a confession was extorted by torture.

The magistrate was afraid to keep them in his city, so they were taken to P'ing-yang with their hands and feet in the stocks. The multitudes have, as a rule, very little sympathy and pity for one who is down, and so it was in this case. As they passed through the streets of P'ing-yang a large crowd amused themselves with ridicule and sarcasm, saying, "Hello! How is it you are here? We thought you could ride the clouds! We thought you were invulnerable!" It was currently reported that they would be speedily beheaded, and for the moment the tide was turned. The rumours subsided somewhat, and everybody granted that we had a new lease of life, and that, after all, we had done nothing so terrible as to merit death. Nevertheless, this was only for the moment.

Rumours of War

Soon disturbing reports began to come about the war at the coast. "*U-iang nao Chong Hua*" (five foreign nations are fighting China) was a favourite expression for a time. We heard something about a Japanese Minister being killed, but could get very little definite information as to what countries were fighting. Special imperial couriers came through almost daily, travelling two hundred miles and more on horseback per day. There were reported to be calls for soldiers from Shen-si and Kan-suh. The war was the talk of the town, and the local Boxers and famine were set in the background. One of the Boxers who had participated in the robbery of Elder Sï and had been caught by Catholics was handed over to the magistrate at Hung-tung and also brought to P'ing-yang. This man, with one of the others previously caught, afterwards succumbed in prison, some said to wounds received by beating. On June 25 a special commissioner arrived to examine into the Boxer case, and when he returned to T'ai-yüan, on June 29, it was currently reported that the Fu-shan magistrate had incurred the displeasure of Yü-hsien, the governor, by apprehending the Boxers, and was about to be superseded. It was also reported that the prisoners were to be set free, or rather *t'i-kiai-huei-kia* (officially escorted to their homes).

Dr. and Mrs. Millar Wilson

During the lull Dr. Wilson sent his wife and baby to T'ai-yüan, because the latter was unwell, and they feared to stay on at P'ing-yang during the summer. They left June 1, accompanied by Miss Guthrie as far as P'ing-yao. Miss Stevens and Miss Clarke, of Ho-chau, also started for T'ai-yüan on June 4. Mr. Lutley likewise felt that the continued tension at Hung-tung was too great a strain on the ladies stationed there, and therefore advised their going to Kie-hiu, hence Misses Higgs, Gauntlett, Eldred, and Rasmussen left for that place on June 5. Later, Miss French and Miss Johnson, of P'ing-yao, joined those in Kie-hiu. Dr. Wilson, who was run down in health, was taken ill a few days after his wife started north. Though, fortunately, the disease was checked at once, we felt he was not in a condition to remain during the heat. It was with great difficulty that he brought himself to decide to leave, though clearly seeing the wisdom of going. He finally intended to stay at T'ai-yüan during the summer, hoping to start for furlough in the early autumn.

Before leaving, Dr. Wilson had the pleasure of participating in the opening services of the new chapel at K'iao-kia-üen (on June 17) which had been provided, repaired, and furnished by the native Christians without any financial help from us. Always strongly in favour of encouraging the native church to self-support, it gave him great joy to witness the unity, zeal, and consecration manifested in this young church. The dedication had been delayed some weeks because of the Boxer troubles, in deference to the earnest request of the villagers, who feared the Boxers might be attracted, thereby implicating them.

Dr. Wilson left for the capital on June 19. He received disquieting news on the way, for he wrote from P'ing-yao: "It's all fog, but I think, old chap, that we are on the edge of a volcano, and I fear T'ai-yüan is the inner edge. I'd rather be where you are." However, as Mrs. Wilson and baby were already there, no choice was left him; so he proceeded, and arrived at T'ai-yüan on the evening of June 26, just in time to be with his wife and child during the first riot, which took place next day.

The Tai-yüan Fu and other Riots

On June 30 we got the first news of the T'ai-yüan riot through Mr. Kay, of K'ü-wu. The latter had been called to the Yamên on the 28th or 29th, and was told by the mandarin that he had received a telegram on the previous day from the governor, saying that the T'ai-yüan Mission buildings had been burned to the ground. As to the whereabouts of the missionaries, Mr. Kay could learn nothing. The official also told him of the reported victory of the Chinese at T'ien-tsin, and said he could no longer protect foreigners. Before leaving he was given to understand that he could not see the official again.

Mr. Kay sent messengers at once to P'ing-yang, asking if we had received the same instructions; and tried to telegraph to the capital for confirmation, but the office would not accept the telegram. He also sent to Yün-ch'eng to find out about the condition of Ho-nan, and the best route in case it was found necessary to move south.

Shortly after Mr. Kay's messenger arrived we heard from the Kie-hiu ladies that they were on their way down under official escort. On June 26 there was a riot at P'ing-yao, followed next day by another at Kie-hiu. Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren and Miss Eldred had gone to Fen-chau to visit Mr. and Mrs. Price, of the A.B.C.F.M., just a week before, hence only the five remaining ladies came down. When crowds collected in the court at Kie-hiu about noon, June 27, the ladies, in hurried consultation, decided to go to the Yamên. They went out by a side-door, astonishing the crowds on the street by walking boldly to the Yamên, preceded and followed only by their two brave little boys (servants). The magistrate received them kindly, but told them that he had Imperial orders not to protect them any longer. They remained in the Yamên that night, and left under official escort early on the morning of June 28, arriving at P'ing-yang Monday morning, July 2.

Though we hoped that they would enter unnoticed, some tens of people saw them. Curiosity and rumour were raised, and all day long numbers of people came to our door to see what we were doing. We felt it advisable to ask the Misses Hoskyn to vacate their own house for that of the hospital, so that we might all be together. Mr. and Mrs. Lutley had moved down from Hung-tung for the summer some days before Dr. Wilson left, and were occupying his house. Mr. Lutley was suffering from a severe attack of sun-fever, and each day his condition seemed to become more critical.

As we were sitting quietly in the court that evening, discussing the situation, Mrs. Wilson's nurse came in great excitement, saying that crowds were breaking in the door! What a scattering! Being unprepared for so unexpected an attack we each ran to get together a few necessaries, but were relieved to hear, a moment later, that it was a false alarm. The crowd was simply amusing itself by pulling the bell-rope, knocking at the door, and insulting those who opened. By wise exhortations our natives were able to quiet them, but far into the night we were kept on edge by repeated banging at the doors.

Ordered to Leave

At 10 P.M. the mandarin sent word that the city was full of wild rumours and we must leave. We asked to what place they would take us. The reply was, three or four stages south. We said that unless the magistrate would give us some guarantee of getting safely to Han-kow we would not move. Next day, July 3, they came again, and wished that our request be put in writing. We asked to see the official in person to talk over the situation with him, but word

was sent back that this was not convenient, and again we were requested to put on paper what was wanted. By this time the situation was getting more critical. The youths of the city were taking further liberties. They had heard that the officials were no longer protecting us; now they were going in for "a jolly good time" at our expense, knocking, cursing, threatening, and setting beggars to help to increase the tumult by saying that we would gladly pay ten cash to get rid of them. Our natives were helpless. The prospects were anything but bright, and we did not know what moment might prove to be our last. The thought of the deliverance of Daniel's friends out of the furnace, and Daniel's own deliverance out of the lions' den became very precious, and Phil. i. 20 became the burden of one's prayer, that "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death."

From what the underlings had said, we felt that we should look in vain for help to the officials, so we considered it wisest not to ask for it. But just when the tumult seemed to be nearing its height we were surprised and delighted to learn that men had been sent to guard our door. Immediately order and comparative quiet was restored. Negotiations were continued, but by the afternoon we concluded, for various reasons, that it would be a mistake to go, especially under the conditions offered. We wanted a *wen-shu* (official despatch), and questioned the value of even that in another Province in such turbulent times as these, but they wished only to give us a *lu-p'iao* (road pass). We told them plainly that unless everything was satisfactory we would not move. Rather than go to Ho-nan and perish among strangers, we were prepared to wait for our doom, if need be, in P'ing-yang, where missionaries had lived and laboured for twenty odd years. Mr. Lutley roused himself to attend the interview with the under secretary. He could scarcely hold up his head, but he gave the man a very straight talk. He seemed impressed and returned to report to his superior.

Next day word came that the official would be pleased to have us leave, but we were not to be forced to do so, though no other foreigners were to be allowed to enter the city. Thus our doors were guarded day and night by the officials, and our hearts began to hope once more that we should not only live but also be protected. A well-dressed individual came in to say that he had completed arrangements for a number of Catholic Priests to go to the coast, and asked if we would not also accompany them. We declined on the ground that our party was almost wholly made up of ladies. They had engaged several athletes to escort them to Han-kow.

Faithful under Trial

On July 4 we got the first news of the riot at Hiao-i and the murder of Miss Whitchurch and Miss Searell. The washerman brought their last letters as far as Hung-tung, but the details of their

end were very meagre. It was not until July 7 that we received further particulars. The first news of their martyrdom, which was let out through an excited messenger, almost caused a panic among our servants, and throughout the Church. We were grieved to hear of several who, frightened at the thought of such suffering, had returned to their idols; but again with tearful eyes and joyful hearts we pressed the hands of others as they promised to remain by us at all costs to the very end, come what might. One felt at the time that it was worth coming to this land to see such faithfulness and devotion. Nearly every one of our servants remained with us to the last, though we gave them all the opportunity of returning to their homes, and I fear some of them were scarcely able to get away after we left.

We destroyed all native and foreign Church registers, collection books, lists of children, Chinese letters, etc., etc., and reminded others to do so lest they should fall into the hands of the Boxers, as proof against our Christians, having been told that the Boxers at Hiao-i got the names of many Christians from a silk banner which had been presented to the ladies and hung on the chapel wall. We heard that there was a list of our Christians in the Yamên at P'ing-yang. How it was obtained we cannot say.

On July 5 we received a copy of a letter from Mr. Blom, in which he stated that our friends in South Shan-si had received a special permit to go to the coast from the Tao-t'ai on the ground that Sweden was not likely to be involved in the war. Mr. Blom added, "But you can get nothing of the kind."

The next few pages give information concerning other Shan-si friends. The story of the P'ing-yang party is continued on p. 117.

Concerning Mr. Kay and Party

Mr. Kay feared to attempt the journey to the coast without official escort, especially as there were so many soldiers on the road. They were advised by the native Christians to weather the storm by hiding locally, and decided to divide into two parties, Mr. McKie with the Misses Chapman and Way and two natives forming the first; and Mr. and Mrs. Kay with their little daughter and other natives the second. A place was secured twenty-seven miles south-east of K'ü-wu, and late on July 4 the first party started off. With difficulty they got out of the house unnoticed, and to the cart awaiting them at the East gate. That night they went as far as Niu-ts'uen, about twelve miles, and remained hidden all of the next day in the home of a Christian named S——.

The magistrate at Kiang-hsien sent men to search out the Christians

in Niu-ts'uen, compel them to worship idols, and follow the customs of the people. They forced Mr. S—— to pay 15,000 cash (30s.), and called the elders of the village, ordering them to use the money towards building a new temple. We did not learn whether Mr. Sang worshipped idols or not. Certainly it must have been very awkward to be called on by these people, just when three foreigners were hiding in his house! A man of the same village named Chu refused to worship idols, so they hung him up in a temple, threatening to drag him to the Yamên; but fortunately, somehow they were able to arrive at a satisfactory settlement.

Next night Mr. McKie and party proceeded to their final hiding-place. It has been described as a small, lonely hamlet among the hills, with only two or three families. There are some caves and a threshing-floor below, in which the family (heathen) lives. Above these caves and back against the mountains are the caves set apart for the refugees. The place seems to be considered quite safe by the natives. The Kays remained a day or two longer until another place was found for them, 40 miles S.E. of K'ü-wu among the Ta-ho mountains. This also was said to be a good hiding-place. The only difficulty was that they could not get there before daylight, and were reported to have been seen by several *en route*. We met a man who said that Mr. Kay, though reported to have gone to Han-kow, was hidden away somewhere among the south-eastern mountains, and from the Yamên people at K'ü-wu I gathered that it must be known by them that the Kays were in hiding not far away. Some stores, etc., were wisely placed in the hands of a Christian, who was to forward them in instalments as they were needed. Two of the Christians who helped the Kays to get away came to see us when we were in the inn at K'ü-wu, and one of them was about to take up a supply of stores next day.

A Native's Letter

Mr. Sang, the young K'ü-wu school-teacher, wrote a romanised letter giving a graphic account of his experience the morning after Mr. Kay left. He says: "When the magistrate came to seal the doors many of the underlings busied themselves pilfering the Kays' things. The official called Tong-hsi (Evangelist Wang's brother) and myself before him. All the others had left for their homes. He said 'The chapels in T'ai-yüan, P'ing-yao, and Hiao-i have all been burned, and orders have come from Peking to the effect that you are not to follow the foreign religion. Therefore return to your homes, and if people ask you if you follow the foreigner's religion, tell them "No"; because, if you don't, the Boxers will beat you when they meet you.' We said, 'All right.' The mandarin wished us to return to our homes, but his secretary said, 'Don't let them return home, because it is commonly reported that the foreigners have dug (explosive) mines under the court.' The official asked us, 'Is this true?' I replied, 'No, it is not true.' Then they said many awful things to frighten us. The secretary

said, 'Had we not better take these two men to the Yamên?' The magistrate agreed, and they were taken. He ordered some one to go bail that they might be set free. No one would do this for them—all were afraid. After a long search Mr. Lien-u-lin, a Christian shoemaker, was found and bailed them out. Altogether it cost them about 8000 cash." Mr. Sang returned to guard the chapel, living in a room at the back, left unsealed by the magistrate for this purpose. He continued, "Praise the Lord He did not allow us to suffer any great bitterness, but we were in much fear and trembling. At the time my heart was very sad, because there was not one who did not revile the name of our Lord Jesus. Everybody just hates Christians now. At Kia-chuang there are some Christian women who wish to hide, but they find it impossible. Elder Shang-kuan sent his wife and two children to his mother-in-law's home, but they were not received, etc., etc."

Mr. Kay had reckoned that if they could hide away for two months peace would have been restored, and all would be well. It is sad to think that in this they must be disappointed. It is, however, a comfort to know that besides the tls. 100 (£15) we sent them on July 5, they received tls. 200 (£30) from Mr. C.-c.-h., of Yün-ch'eng, from which source they could also get more for the asking. However, we left another tls. 50 at P'ing-yang, to be sent them as soon as possible. Thus their financial needs seem to be provided for, and they stand a fair chance of getting through, provided they keep in health and are not robbed or mobbed. Mr. Kay is beloved by all the native Christians in South Shan-si, and we feel sure they will risk even their own lives to do whatever can be done to save him and those with him. Messrs. C.-c.-h. and K.-y.-k. are making a special effort to get the party over to Shen-si, where the Governor Tuan has so befriended and protected the foreigners. If this very difficult task can be accomplished we may yet see our friends alive once more.[1] However, Mr. Kay himself wrote on July 4: "The Boxers have a special hatred for me because I obtained a proclamation for their suppression, and they had already fixed the date of attack, the 18th of the 6th moon (July 14),"—one cannot help but feel that the odds are against him.

On July 6 the servant who escorted the Rev. William Cooper as far as Pao-ting returned. He reported that all was fairly quiet when he left Pao-ting. The Boxers and Catholics had fought several battles, in which the Roman Catholics were the victors. He also reported that trouble had been feared in the Lu-an district stations. The same day large crowds gathered at the eastern suburb of P'ing-yang to pull down the telegraph poles. All the officials in the city, both civil and military, were called out to subdue the riot. Their energetic and concerted action nipped the plot in its bud, and the mob only succeeded in tearing down five poles. These were replaced at

[1] We grieve to say they were killed on August 30. See p. 40.

once, and a guard of soldiers was set to keep watch. We were exceedingly thankful when we heard that this outbreak had been quelled, for we knew too well that we stood second on the list, and it is more than probable that his Honour, the magistrate, himself would have come third, because he had incurred the displeasure of the people by pressing heavily for taxes, though a famine was threatening.

Concerning Mr. McConnell and Party

On July 7 we heard from the friends at Ki-chau and the McConnells, who had gone for the summer to Shan-heo, a small village seven miles south-east of Ki-chau. Mr. McConnell wrote on July 5: "We came here a week ago. When we left Ho-tsin all was well, and the people were as friendly as ever. We have not heard from there since we left; but I am sending a man to-morrow. Here we have nice, cool weather, and the people are friendly. We hear no rumours at all, and were so quiet until your letters came." After mentioning Mrs. McConnell's recent illness, etc. etc., he adds: "If I had money, and we could journey, we would leave, as soon as my wife had strength, for the South." By this time we had already sent (on July 5) tls. 25 to Mr. McConnell, and tls. 25 to the Peats, *vid* Si-chau, followed on July 12 by another tls. 30. We wished the messenger to take tls. 100 (£15) at the time, but he positively refused to take more.

We wrote Mr. Peat that we were leaving about tls. 50 (to which we afterwards added about tls. 70) for the west hill friends, and urged that they should find men to take it *at once*. Trustworthy messengers were very difficult to get, and the few at our disposal were constantly employed. We left P'ing-yang a day or two before the messenger returned, but we hope this money may have safely reached them. When we reached I-shī we heard a report that Mr. McConnell and family with four ladies and a native had been massacred on the banks of the Yellow River, near the Yu-men-k'eo ford, on July 14. We know that Misses King and Burton had accompanied Mr. McConnell to Shan-heo, but we can only surmise who the other two ladies may have been if that report is indeed correct.

On Sunday, July 8, Miss Nathan, of Ta-ning, wrote as follows: "I believe we shall be quite safe here as regards the Ta-ning people, but if outsiders come the case might be altered: Si-chau people are not so friendly or so *lao-shih* (honest). We have very faithful men about us who will do their best in case of trouble. We are, in a way, alone here, but, I believe, being only feeble womenfolk are safer, as we are reckoned of not much consequence, besides, as Mr. Peat has enough to look after, we, I suppose, would fall to Mr. Young's share."

Miss Heaysman also wrote on the same date: "So far Ta-ning seems likely to be free from any disturbance, and one almost feels like asking you to come up here. . . . It seems likely that we may be allowed to remain here for some time." These important extracts show that as late as July 8 they were not anticipating any immediate

trouble, and were not intending to leave at once, and yet Miss Nathan's letter points out the direction they were likely to take when they should move. It is important to remember that these words were written *before* they had heard of the murder of Misses Whitchurch and Searell, and the anti-foreign proclamations. The Hiao-i messenger lad had been expected the day before but had failed to come. When he did arrive, the alarming news he brought may have caused a sudden exodus.

Mr. Young wrote from Ki-chau on July 7: "Here things are tolerably quiet. The opposition consists of rumours, but we cannot tell how soon things may present a sterner aspect. At Hiang-ning (our out-station, twenty miles south) the people seem much more excited, and I am purposely staying away from it at present. . . . I believe we are much safer on the hills than on the plain—the people are so much more *lao-shih* (honest). Our courier was robbed at Hiao-i, but fortunately he had neither foreign letters nor silver. If some of us wanted to go elsewhere I am afraid we wouldn't have the *lih-liang* (means). Everybody seems to be about on the rocks. 'The Lord will provide.' We long to hear about the affairs at the coast, and shall be glad of any news. . . . Mrs. McConnell and baby are better. They are living in a delightfully cool place, but very open and unprotected should disturbance arise. . . . The farmers have been very busy the last few days, and I should think the rain will have a wholesome effect upon the people generally."

In a note the same date, Mrs. Young says: "We are so quiet here that we can scarcely realise the trouble you are having down there on the plain. We feel quite safe here, at least for the present."

These letters were the last we received from Ki-chau, and give all we know about the friends there.

From Ho-chau, Chao-ch'eng, and Hung-tung we heard frequently through the Christian elders. As soon as Elder Hsü heard of the riot at Hiao-i he sent Ch'eng-shih-kiu, on July 3, to spy out matters at Hiao-i, P'ing-yao, and T'ai-yüan, and promised to send him to us with the news as soon as he returned. We were daily expecting his return up to the time of our leaving, but had to come away without having seen him.

The officials at Ho-chau, Chao-ch'eng, Hung-tung, and at Kiang-Hsien publicly warned the Christians to either flee for their lives or else to "reject the false and revert to the true" by putting up idols and following the customs of the ancients. At P'ing-yang they told us frankly that they did not like to do anything to the Christians until we were out of the way. The proclamation against the foreigners and Christians was not issued while we were still in the city, but we knew of several who had made copies of it.

Concerning T'ai-yüan Fu

July 12 we received a letter from a native Christian saying that

on the 1st of the 6th moon (June 27) the Schofield Memorial Hospital and Mission buildings at T'ai-yüan Fu were burnt down by the Boxers. Miss Coombs fell, while seeking to escape, and was pushed back into the flames by the crowd. The other foreigners were safe. This was our first authentic news from the capital.

Next day Mr. Lundgren's servant came with a letter, written in German, from Dr. Wilson, asking for some instruments and medicines. It confirmed the report of the fire and Miss Coombs' death, but differed somewhat in details, saying that Miss Coombs had been stoned to death after she fell. It told of the Saunders party reaching Hsiao-tien-tsï, and then turning towards Lu-ch'eng; of the Hsin-chau friends having escaped to the hills; and of the hope that Mr. and Mrs. Piggot were at a village, though their house had been destroyed. The messenger said that several foreigners had used arms and killed a number of people. Many other natives perished while stealing things, being cut off by the flames. He said it was estimated that between forty and fifty lost their lives. The other foreigners got safely to Mr. Farthing's house and were there still, protected by a guard of soldiers. Mr. Beynon (B. & F.B.S.) and the other foreigners' houses were also being protected by the Hsien magistrate.

Yü-hsien, the governor, had been called to the front. He was to have left on the 5th, but the business people prevented him, saying he had done so well that they did not wish him to leave. Very likely this is a usual custom, and therefore an empty form. Up to the morning of the 7th, when the messenger left, all was peaceful. The district magistrate had requested that all the foreigners move to a *kong-kuan* (residence for officials) in close proximity to his Yamên, so as to be near at hand and more easily protected. The messenger did not know whether the missionaries were complying or not. On the 14th we heard from the underlings in the P'ing-yang Yamên that news had been received of the massacre of all the foreigners at T'ai-yüan on the evening of the 13th of the 6th moon (July 9). We could get no particulars. The foreigners were said to have poisoned a well. We heard the substance of this report from the underlings at I-shï, on July 20. At P'u-chou we learned that the number of foreigners killed was thirty-seven, and that of the natives thirty. At I-shï we also heard that the Boxers in the north had been enrolled as Imperial troops, and that 1000 were coming down, under command of a certain military official, to clear the province of Christians.

The messenger also confirmed the report of Wang-shï-i, that there had been trouble at Fen-chau (American Board), and that the official had taken energetic action. The official evidently was in the missionaries' favour, for the messenger said he wept as he told them of the edict refusing them further protection. He put out two good proclamations at their doors, and told them to shoot any Boxers who gave them trouble, without fear of being called to account for it. The

friends at Fen-chau seemed to feel that it was best for them to remain where they were. He passed the chapel at Hiao-i and saw that the doors had been bricked up. He dare not make inquiries, but heard that Deacon Heh's life was despaired of. When he saw the bag of instruments for which the doctor had sent him, he refused to take them. He said it would be impossible to get them to T'ai-yüan. He had been searched on his way down, but having Dr. Wilson's letter sewn into the hem of his boot, it was not discovered. Later we decided to put the bag into a box and send it by some trustworthy carter, but found ourselves unable to take it out of our own house. Strict orders had been given that nothing should be taken out of our premises, though anything might be brought in.

Concerning Yo-yang

On July 4 Mr. Woodroffe of Yo-yang decided to flee to the mountains. Deacon Liu, Mr. Liu-pao-lin, and a boy-servant accompanied him. They hoped to find some lonely place among the mountains where they would not readily be found, but walked for two whole days without finding a suitable place, because of the scarcity of water. Mr. Woodroffe almost gave up in despair. At last a deserted hamlet was found. Here they remained some days, sleeping in or near the ruined caves at night, and retreating into the mountains during the day. Mr. Liu-pao-lin brought us this information, having left the two other natives with Mr. Woodroffe. The night after Mr. Woodroffe left Yo-yang several sons of the officials and gentry entered the Mission premises and stole many things. They were discovered, however, and later on repenting of their actions, brought back the things. The native Christians would not accept them, because they did not know what had been taken. They said the affair must be settled with Mr. Woodroffe himself, and urged the thieves to take good care of the things and deliver up all on his return.

A day before we left one of our men met the little boy returning to his home. He said he could not endure any longer. One night they were peacefully sleeping outside the caves when some one gave them a terrible fright by rolling a large boulder of stone or earth from the top, and it fell near to where they were sleeping. They fled for their lives just as they were, leaving their few belongings, even their shoes and clothing, behind them. At the time he left Mr. Woodroffe's feet were all torn and bruised. Mr. Woodroffe sent a verbal message to us saying that he was "eating much bitterness" among the mountains, and that he would like to come down to join us, if need be, to die together. The previous day we had sent him tls. 37, telling him that there were tls. 180 (£25) in Elder Fan's hand at Hung-tung, upon which he could draw. We had also sent him word that no more foreigners would be allowed to enter P'ing-yang, and that we were about to leave for the coast, and suggested that he do as the Kays—find some family to hide him for a consideration until these troubles

be over. Our hearts were very sad not to be able to give him any assistance, but we were in such a precarious condition ourselves that we dared not attempt more. Our hope is that Elder Fan, who took the silver in person to him, was able to make some better arrangements when he saw his pitiable condition.

From this boy we also heard that there had been a riot at Yü-wü, and that Mr. Barratt had escaped to the Liang-ma hills and was with some aged Christians.

Again Ordered to Leave

On July 9 the official sent several underlings to inspect our premises. Rumours on the street said that we had dug mines from our houses to the Yamên, so that the latter could be blown up. Our readiness to let them see all seemed to satisfy them at once. On the 10th they said once more that we must leave. We refused to do so on the ground of (1) Mr. Lutley's illness, (2) their unwillingness to grant us a *wen-shu* to Han-kow, and (3) their refusal to provide us with carts. They told us that in North Shan-si all the stations had been rioted, and in the South all had been vacated, and the magistrate *must* be able to report that we, too, had gone. For Mr. Lutley and the Kie-hiu and P'ing-yao ladies they professed not to feel any responsibility. These were refugees from other cities, and might return to seek protection and help from the officials in the places where they had lived. Thereupon they exhibited an official document called *üeh-pao* (monthly report), containing the number and location of the P'ing-yang Mission houses, the names of the workers, and where they lived, and the location of all our village chapels, with some other information which I could not see. They said they were only responsible for those whose names were on this paper and were ready to help them on, but as for the others, they should look out for themselves.

We did not argue the point with them, but simply said that we were all fellow-workers, and if any were to go at all, all must go together, for we would not think of separating. When they saw how determined we were to stay, they suggested that we hide either in another house in the city or in the villages. This, however, we felt in our case to be unwise, as it would have enabled the magistrate to search our houses, seal the doors, and report that we had flown, thus relieving him of any further responsibility. Moreover, we felt that being a party of ten ladies and two children, with Mr. Lutley so ill, we could not divide, and it would be impossible for us to remain secreted for any length of time. Therefore we would not entertain this proposal.

The men reported to the magistrate, and next the guard was ordered home and we were to be left to our fate. You may imagine how we felt. It would only have needed to be known that the guards were withdrawn to bring on a riot, so we prevailed on them to wait till evening as the negotiations had not yet been completed, and gave them

a few other reasons besides (in the shape of copper cash) which made them ready to comply. Through Mr. Li we now offered a reward of £300 to £400 to any one who could bring us safely through the present crisis, but were told that there was no way of using our money.

Negotiations Reopened

The discussion with the Yamên people was reopened by our announcing that we were prepared to oblige the officials by leaving, on the condition that he furnish us with a good document to take us *all* to Han-kow. After some hesitation this was finally agreed to, and on the 17th the names were taken down and the draft of the document was shown to us as we requested. It appeared to be good, and all felt that we must run the risks. We were told that we must pay for the carts that were to be hired through to Fan-ch'eng, Hu-peh. We agreed to this provided they would fix a reasonable price, and allow us to sell the wheat which we had bought last autumn to help the Christians who were suffering because of the drought. They were much opposed to this, but we felt it might endanger the Mission buildings to have it there after we had left. The P'u-t'ing mandarin decided that he would take it, and, of course, though cheated right and left, we felt it the part of wisdom to look on and say little. When they found themselves unable to hire through carts, they said, "If we are going to save you at all we might as well do it thoroughly, so we have decided to give you free Government carts all the way to Han-kow." They took good care, however, to get the cart money for the first stage before we left.

From June 30 onward our neighbours began to move out. It was reported that we were to be rioted and burnt out, so they thought it wise to get as far away as possible. We had great difficulty in keeping Dr. Wilson's house, which was of great importance to us because it gave us an outlet to another street. The landlord himself felt that he could not press us, but the neighbours made it all the more unpleasant for both himself and us, the most trouble being made by one of the secretaries in the Hsien Yamên, but perhaps he had his own good reasons for being so frightened. We held all our premises to the last, and by mutual arrangements with the landlords made the mandarin the go-between, handing over to him all the deeds of rental. We also asked for protection for the Mission property, and were promised that they would do what they could; but it was easy to see that they felt our days in Shan-si were numbered, and that it mattered little whether the things were preserved or destroyed.

During these days we were as busy as could be preparing for the journey to the coast, and packing away the doctor's and our own things, storing them in the hospital. About 10 A.M., July 14, the carts arrived at the door and we were told to get ready at once. We decided to call on the official in person and see that there was no misunderstanding in the agreements. He received me kindly, and

as I brought up the various points everything seemed straightforward. I also called on the prefect, who, however, "happened" to be taking a nap and did not wish to be disturbed. On returning we found that the carts had been sent away and we were to start at night, the reason given being a report of a mob awaiting us outside the South gate.

During the whole week the Boxers had been recruiting in the city, and everywhere bands of youths (and girls too) were seen drilling. A certain brief formula, in which the name of the god of war occurs, they repeat over and over again until the god takes possession of the subject, who falls to the ground, foaming at the mouth, and lying for a few minutes as in a trance, then rises to drill or to fight. Our natives felt that though there were doubtless many whose possession was only feigned, there were others who really gave evidence of being controlled by a power and will other than their own. Some suffered for days from injuries received during the time of their possession.

Towards evening a Yamên man called the second dispensary boy aside and said, "We have always been good friends, now I wish to warn you; if the foreigners are not sent off to-night you had better get away." He refused to give any reasons.

The Start from P'ing-yang

About 11.30 P.M. the carts were again drawn into the court. A large crowd had collected to see us off, and soldiers had been sent to keep them in check. Men had come to seal the doors and windows, and one by one the carts were packed. Shortly after midnight we were told to mount. Mr. Lutley, who had improved much by this time, was assisted from his bed to the cart. The others followed, the whole party of fourteen having only four carts. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lutley and two children, and the Misses Higgs, Gauntlett, and Rasmussen, of Hung-tung; Misses French, Palmer, and Johnson, of P'ing-yao; and the Misses J. H. and A. A. Hoskyn, my wife and self, of P'ing-yang-fu.

The soldiers, who were to keep order, were very rough and rude. They gave our servants a good scare while we were getting into the carts, and before we had proceeded 300 paces one of the native Christians who was to accompany us, and who had been introduced to the escort, was knocked off the cart to the ground with a bang. A halt was made at the city gate; the gate-keeper would not allow us to pass without an official order. During the delay a considerable crowd collected and amused themselves by reviling us and our native brethren, whom they spoke of freely as *rï kuei tsï* (secondary devils), and *kia iang kuei tsï* (false foreign devils). Here they also gave another of our men a beating and prevented two of the four from getting through the city gate, at the same time letting out a whole band, who afterwards robbed us.

Our escort, civil and military, numbered thirteen men. The

soldiers carried old blunderbusses with caps only, so these could not possibly hurt any one; they made much noise, however, and fired now and again, perhaps more as a signal to the robbers than to frighten them away. We had scarcely left the city when they informed us that there was trouble ahead and that we must spend money if we would get through. They asked the ladies if we were armed, how much silver we possessed, etc., and when they had gone seven miles they stopped and waited for daylight at an inn. Here they demanded money of us; we saw there was nothing for it but to pay, so after some bargaining we agreed to give them 30s. at the end of their twenty miles' stage, if they should see us safely through, though in the city they had already received all they were supposed to get.

Attacked by Robbers

At daybreak we started off again; a shot was fired by one of the escort and soon after a dozen or more men, armed with long swords, came rushing over towards the first cart. The horses were brought to a stand and the inmates were ordered to alight, but before they could do so Mr. Lutley and Miss French were rudely assisted, being dragged by the hair of their heads; Mrs. Lutley somehow managed to get out herself. With swords at Mrs. Lutley's neck they demanded the silver, and were pointed to the boxes on the cart. In another moment the boxes were on the ground and opened, and all the silver had been taken. This scene was repeated when they came to the second cart, which contained Miss Higgs, my wife, and myself. When this cart had also been cleared, the escort asked them to leave the two remaining ones for us, to which the robbers most generously and readily agreed! In taking leave the escort and robbers bowed most gracefully to one another, exclaiming, "*Hao-p'eng iu, hao p'eng iu!*" (meaning, "We are the best of friends").

Thankful that no lives had been lost we hurriedly replaced our things, which had been scattered about on the dusty road. Before we could get away our "friends," the robbers, called on us a second time. The ladies in the last two carts had also got down; and we were all together by the roadside a little distance away. Instead of going for the carts they came towards us, and with fiendish look and raised sword caught me by the queue, dragged me towards the third cart again and made me point out where the silver was. This time Miss Hoskyn's box was opened and cleared. Miss French's iron box they found more difficult; remembering that a like iron box on the second cart only contained stores, they must have concluded that this, too, was not worth their trouble for they left it unopened. They again bowed gracefully and cried, "*Hao k'uai hoh, hao k'uai hoh!*" (meaning, "What a jolly time we are having"), and vanished. It doubtless was a "jolly time" for them, but it was anything but that for us.

It came so suddenly and unexpectedly, notwithstanding the numerous indirect warnings we had had, that it took us by surprise.

All must have been over in less than fifteen minutes. We gathered our things together as quickly as we could and turned to the inn we had just left. It was ludicrous to see how brave our escort became *after* the robbers had gone. One of the soldiers was specially demonstrative, and threatened to shoot—with his blank caps!—the first man who dare venture near.

We decided to go to Siang-ling city, because the robbery took place in that district, and sent one of our men and one of the escort to report our coming and our grievance. We drove up to the *ta-t'ang* (great judgment hall) with the carts, that they and the boxes might be examined, but we could not see the magistrate. When we had reported what had taken place, they forestalled us by saying that we need not expect the mandarin to refund the silver, for they had no such custom there! There were three things they could and would be pleased to do for us, and we could take our choice: (1) If we wished to return to the Fu, they would take us there under proper escort. (2) If we desired to wait, they would set about to catch the thieves at once. Of course it was difficult to say how long they might take. (3) If we preferred to proceed, they would send a good escort and give us a letter to accompany the *wen-shu*, so that we should not again be asked to pay for our carts nor be troubled for money. We decided that it would be wisest to accept the third proposal, and started off once more for Shih-ts'uen with an escort of about thirty and a *ie-men* (small official).

Our two Christian servants, who were unable to get out of the city with us, had now caught up. They had not seen each other, but each had decided not to forsake us, and had climbed over the city wall before daybreak, and hearing of the robbery on the road, they followed us to Siang-ling. The Siang-ling *ie-men* treated us very kindly, and on taking leave said that we were to give wine-money to no one. Nevertheless the escort from P'ing-yang remained with us in the inn and kept us awake most of the night demanding money, and cursing us because we would not give as much as they asked. Here we found out definitely that the robbery had been all arranged for before we left the city, and had we gone back afterwards, it would most probably have cost us our lives. It was well that we got away that night, or we should surely have been rioted in the Mission premises. They cursed Li and Wang, etc., the native helpers at P'ing-yang, and said that these would yet receive their dues. Under such circumstances it will be readily seen that we were not greatly surprised, though none the less grieved, when on our arrival at Han-kow we learned that a telegram had been received from Si-an saying, "P'ing-yang, Hung-tung, and Christians' homes burned."

The remainder of our journey was less adventurous, yet every stage had difficulties of its own, which were formidable enough at the time. Frequently the Lord allowed us to get almost to the point of despair, hedged in by difficulties on every side, with apparently no possible

way of escape; and yet, like the children of Israel before the Red Sea, at the right moment a way of deliverance was always opened. Our difficulties were of several varieties; not the least of these was the intense heat, cooped up as we were in tightly-curtained carts under the scorching sun, oftentimes scarcely able to breathe. At one time or another nearly every one in the party was ill, and several were in so critical a condition that we almost despaired of their reaching the coast alive.

Cheng-chau to Han-kow

At Cheng-chau, in North Ho-nan, on the evening of August 3, Mary, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lutley, succumbed to an illness brought on by the hardships of the journey. She had a very peaceful end, and was buried that same night, by the order of the magistrate, on the high ground near the city wall. They were once more called upon to pass through deep waters two weeks later, when on the morning of August 20 their only remaining little daughter, Edith, also passed quietly away at P'ing-tsing-kuan, on the Ho-nan and Hu-peh border. The little body was given a resting-place on a neighbouring hill-side to await the sound of "the trump of God" on the resurrection morn. It was beautiful to behold the Christian fortitude and submission with which the sorely-bereaved parents bore their heavy loss, though they themselves were far from well at the time.

From Cheng-chau southwards we followed the path of Messrs. Saunders' and Glover's parties. We heard everywhere of their pitiable condition, but for some time found difficulty in extracting definite and reliable information from the many and varying reports. Several times we were put into the same rooms in which these parties had been housed — the prisons for uncondemned criminals, where the whole party were crowded into a room with a door and one or two small windows, not only without bed or table or other furniture, but with the floors covered with dirt and rubbish. Yet even here we might have found rest for our weary bodies, were it not for the ever-present noisy crowds, who, in their eagerness to see the "foreign devils," blocked doors and windows until we were almost suffocated inside! It was most comical to see them holding their noses and yet standing there for twenty minutes or half-an-hour, breathing through their mouths the bad and poisonous smells, which they thought emanated from us! Whenever we got good escorts, they did their best to keep the crowds at bay and we enjoyed comparative quiet, but many times they found themselves helpless and had to give way.

Causes of Danger, etc.

Another cause of danger, anxiety, and delay was the bands of soldiers passing north. Nine or ten Shen-si regiments had just passed through P'ing-yang before we started. We felt it was very good

of the Lord to have delayed our departure until they had passed. In central Ho-nan we encountered several thousands more, but the Lord graciously gave us careful escorts whenever we passed them, so that, apart from insulting some of the party, no harm was received. We saw sufficient, however, to know that they had no love for us, and would like nothing better than to kill us all, and to learn that there is some truth in the Chinese proverb: "Good iron is not used for nails, and good men do not become soldiers." One can readily understand how they would naturally hate us, when many of them must have felt they were being led as sheep to the slaughter, and would very likely sacrifice their own lives when fighting the foreigners. Yet they were not all hostile. Several were most friendly, and one of these was found to be a relative of one of the C.I.M. native evangelists.

All along we had been warned that the two stages from K'io Shan to Sin-yang lay through a country infested with robbers, and grave fears for our safety were entertained by many. We heard that a few days previously the soldiers had been attacked, and in the fight that followed several had been killed and wounded. We made it a matter of special prayer, at the same time taking what precautionary measures we could, letting it be known (as we did everywhere) that we had already been robbed, and giving a good portion of our remaining silver to our servants to be carried by them on their persons, etc. Here, too, the Lord came to our help and arranged for an Imperial edict to reach the city a day or two before we left, to the effect that we were to be protected. The magistrate had, however, already proved himself to be in our favour, and we overheard them commanding the soldiers who were to escort us to use extra care, so we got through unmolested.

Another source of frequent annoyance was the repeated attempts of the underlings to make us pay for the carts, though the government provided them. Apart from our fear of running out of money, we felt it safer not to accede to their demands, but frequently found no little difficulty in doing this. At I-shï they told us we must either pay for our own carts or remain prisoners until they had sent to the Governor Yü-hsien for instructions. Knowing that the latter would have little mercy for us, we, of course, were ready to pay. At Liu-tien we also were ready to pay on demand, for we saw that it would not go well with us if we were to refuse. At most other places, however, we were able to spoil their scheme by reminding them of the *wen-shu*, threatening to see the official for ourselves to get his own decision.

At Yen-ch'eng iron-wheeled farm-carts, with poor animals and poor coverings, were offered us. The *wen-shu* called for large, well-covered horse-carts, and even these were none too comfortable, especially for those who were ill. We felt we could not accept them, for it would mean that we should get none other at subsequent stages. When we refused to get into them, the men from the cart office openly

invited the crowd of onlookers to do what they pleased with us! Later, the secretary called one of our native Christians, and said that while we were in the right, and while the magistrate must uphold us at all costs, it would lead to great trouble if we were to insist on better carts, as the cart office had made up their minds that they were *not* going to provide them. We felt it best to yield, so we submitted on condition that the coverings be improved.

At Si-p'ing a leaf was taken from the Yen-ch'eng book. A cow-cart was substituted for one of the number. As this was going from bad to worse, we went to the Yamên to entreat the magistrate, for the sake of those who were ill, to at least make an exchange for the cow-cart. Mr. Liu and I got as far as the *rï-men* (second gate) in the Yamên when the underlings demanded to know our mission; we told them kindly, but they at once set upon us furiously and would not allow us to advance a step. After cursing us for a bit they pushed us out by force. I explained that I had come merely to pray for grace at the hands of the official, but they would hear of nothing, and only pushed and cursed us the more. They followed us to the inn, and, in a most rude manner, kept urging us to hurry off, threatening to help us by force, if necessary. We did hurry, and were greatly relieved when we could once again breathe the quiet air of our little prison carts. Somehow we always felt best when we were in the carts and on the move, every place seemed to be infested with difficulties. We afterwards heard that in Si-p'ing district they had tasted blood in the murder of some Catholic Christians, and at Yen-ch'eng they had difficulties with the railway men. It was a miracle that their evil nature did not assert itself in devouring us.

At Sui-p'ing we agreed to pay 6000 cash on condition that they gave us large mule-carts once more, but instead they provided only four cow-carts. These cow-carts are exceedingly slow, and when the passengers must be hidden away from view and are unable to get out, it makes it very trying. The ladies had to remain cooped up in these carts for twenty hours without getting out, and during that time we could only accomplish thirty miles. Though we paid 6000 cash to the cart office, the carters only received 2800 cash, so the cart office cleared 3200 on the transaction.

Friendly Officials

I do not wish to leave the impression that we were thus uniformly ill used. On the contrary, we met with men of all ranks who sympathised with us and showed us every kindness. At T'ong-kuan the tao-t'ai's commissioner very heartily congratulated us on having reached a place of safety. He said he was keeping a sharp look-out for Boxers and would allow none to pass. He also informed us that the Governor of Shen-si was continuing to give foreigners every protection. At Ling-pao, North Ho-nan, the magistrate called on us at the inn in full official dress, etc., and presented us with a generous supply of

fruit and eggs. At Yung-yang we arrived after dark on a very wet day, yet the *shao-ie* (official's son) and several friends called on us, and after a chat presented us with two bottles of Guinness's stout, one tin of Swiss milk, one tin of Crosse and Blackwell's marmalade, and four packages of Chinese sweetmeats.

Though detained at K'io-shan for nearly five days in a wretched place, the T'ai-t'ai (magistrate's wife) showed us every kindness. Before the ladies got out of the carts she sent tea and pears to allay their thirst. This was followed by cakes, rice, water melon, bread, dough-strips, and Chinese sweetmeats, etc. At Ying-shan the magistrate also sent nice food, though very busy moving that day. Among the various underlings at the Yamên, our escorts and the crowds of onlookers, God also raised up friends for us, ofttimes just at the moment when we needed them most. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

Faithful Native Christians

Little has been said of the brave stand taken by the native Christians as a whole, and of the way many of them stood by us in our difficulties, even when they knew that it might cost them their lives. We had the assurance that in the persecutions that have befallen the Church during the past two months, there were many who witnessed a good confession. "Having been faithful unto death," they are now awaiting the award of their martyr's crown. I cannot refrain from mentioning the four men who stood by us so nobly in the varied and trying experiences of our journey: Messrs. Koh-wang-teh, of Si-chau; Liu-pao-lin, of Hung-tung; Sang and Li-uen-huan, of P'ing-yang. To these men our party owes a great debt of gratitude. The native representatives of the London Mission at Ying-shan, Yün-meng, and Shiao-kan, and of the Wesleyan Mission at Teh-an Fu, were also very kind to us. At Teh-an especially did we appreciate the medicines, the fresh milk, and tomatoes supplied us. At Shiao-kan, Mr. Li very kindly put the hospital at our disposal, but being comfortably settled among the huge and ugly idols of the temple of the city god, we felt too tired to move.

Concerning the Route Taken

Those who have followed our course on the map may be surprised at our taking such a roundabout route. This was not from choice; circumstances compelled us to come the way we did. At P'ing-yang we had intended to get through carts to Fan-ch'eng, Hu-peh *vid* Ho-nan-fu and Nan-yang-fu, and then go down the Han river by boat. This fell through, however, because the carts could not be hired, and afterwards we were exceedingly glad that God had thus mercifully prevented us from making so serious a mistake. Though we had to change carts at every stage and wait until the *wen-shu* had been recopied, thus having more trouble and delay, we soon saw clearly that it was much safer.

On Tuesday, August 28, after having been on the road forty-five days, our hearts were filled with joy and thanksgiving as we sighted Han-kow, our haven of rest. This series of trials and difficulties had come to an end, and many prayers and hopes had found their fulfilment.

Division III.—North Central Shan-si

T'ai-yüan-fu, the prefectural capital of Shan-si and residence of Yü-hsien the Governor, is the centre of the missionary work of the English Baptist Missionary Society, the American Board, the Shou-yang or North China Mission, and the British and Foreign Bible Society's headquarters for the province.

Few if any of those labouring in this district have escaped. Though six persons fled on horseback from Hin-chau to the neighbouring mountains, they have since been killed. In consequence of the little one's ill-health, Mrs. Millar Wilson and child left P'ing-yang on June 1 for T'ai-yüan. Miss Stevens and Miss Clarke joined them on June 4, and together they proceeded to the capital. On June 19 Dr. Millar Wilson, who had been very poorly, started from P'ing-yang to join his wife, and entered T'ai-yüan on June 26. The very next day the rioting began, when Dr. Edwards' hospital and home were destroyed and Miss Coombs was murdered. All then took refuge in the premises of Mr. Farthing of the Baptist Missionary Society. At the same time the city gates were closed, that neither foreigners nor native Christians might escape.

For what took place after this we are mainly dependent upon native evidence. From these sources we grieve to learn that upon July 9 all foreigners in T'ai-yüan-fu were murdered in the Yamên by the direct order of the Governor, Yü-hsien—the supposed degraded governor of Shan-tong. Including Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries, probably no fewer than fifty Europeans and

THE T'AI-YÜAN CITY WALL AND MOAT OUTSIDE.

A GATE OF T'AI-YÜAN CITY, FROM WITHIN.

A BROKEN BRIDGE NEAR HWUY-LUH ON THE MAIN ROAD FROM PEKING TO SHAN-SI.

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A SACRED TREE AND SHRINE IN T'AI-YÜAN CITY.
As commonly worshipped in Shan-si.

A TEMPLE IN T'AI-YÜAN CITY.
Photographed from the city wall.

A DISUSED SHAN-SI TEMPLE BELL NEAR T'AI-YÜAN-FU.

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Americans lost their lives on that occasion. The report says that many native Christians were also killed about the same time.

Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren and Miss Eldred of the China Inland Mission with four members of the American Board were murdered while being escorted by soldiers from the city of Fen-Chau on August 15.

We regret that the limits of this book will not allow more than a passing tribute to the memory of the members of the other Societies represented in and around T'ai-yüan-fu. The most cordial relationships existed between all the members of these Societies and the China Inland Mission, and in their death they were not divided. As Societies we have together been baptized into Christ's death, and together the martyred throng ascribe glory and honour unto Him for whom they lived and died.

Since the above was written, three letters from Mrs. Atwater of the American Board of Fen-Chau have reached the coast. As these letters constitute the only evidence, other than native, confirming the above sad intelligence, we print one of these letters—the longest—here. It is written on August 3. They were put to death on August 15 (see p. 136). The letter is pathetically beautiful, and too sacred for comment.

Letter from Mrs. Atwater

FENCHOUFU, *August* 3, 1900.

My Dear, Dear Ones—I have tried to gather courage to write to you once more. How am I to write all the horrible details of these days? I would rather spare you. The dear ones at Shouyang, seven in all, including our lovely girls, were taken prisoners and brought to T'aiyuan in irons, and there by the Governor's orders beheaded, together with the T'aiyuan friends, thirty-three souls. The following day the Roman Catholic priests and nuns from T'aiyuan were also beheaded, ten souls yesterday. Three weeks after these had perished, our Mission at Taku was attacked, and our six friends there, and several brave Christians who stood by them, were beheaded. We are now waiting our call home. We have tried to get away to the

hills, but the plans do not work. Our things are being stolen right and left, for the people know that we are condemned. Why our lives have been spared we cannot tell. The Proclamation says that whoever kills us will be doing the Governor a great service. Our Magistrate has kept peace so far, but if these men come from Taku there is not much hope, and there seems none any way we turn. The foreign soldiers are in Pao-ting-fu, and it is said that peace is made. This would save us in any civilised land, no matter what people may say. The Governor seems to be in haste to finish his bloody work, for which there is little doubt he was sent to Shansi.

Dear ones, I long for a sight of your dear faces, but I fear we shall not meet on earth. I have loved you all so much, and know you will not forget the one who lies in China. There never were sisters and brothers like mine. I am preparing for the end very quietly and calmly. The Lord is wonderfully near, and He will not fail me. I was very restless and excited while there seemed a chance of life, but God has taken away that feeling, and now I just pray for grace to meet the terrible end bravely. The pain will soon be over, and oh the sweetness of the welcome above!

My little baby will go with me. I think God will give it to me in Heaven, and my dear mother will be so glad to see us. I cannot imagine the Saviour's welcome. Oh, that will compensate for all these days of suspense. Dear ones, live near to God and cling less closely to earth. There is no other way by which we can receive that Peace from God which passeth understanding. I would like to send a special message to each of you, but it tries me too much. I must keep calm and still these hours. I do not regret coming to China, but I am sorry I have done so little. My married life, two precious years, has been so very full of happiness. We will die together, my dear husband and I.

I used to dread separation. If we escape now it will be a miracle. I send my love to you all, and the dear friends who remember me.—Your loving sister,

LIZZIE.

MRS. ELSA LUNDGREN.

REV. ANTON PETER LUNDGREN.

MISS J. STEVENS.

MISS MILDRED CLARKE.

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DR. AND MRS. WILLIAM MILLAR WILSON.

To face page 129.

DR. AND MRS. WILLIAM MILLAR WILSON

AND CHILD ALEXANDER

P'ING-YANG-FU, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom at T'ai-yüan-fu on July 9, 1900.

In his native town (Airdrie, Scotland) Dr. Millar Wilson was greatly loved and held in highest esteem by his fellow-townsmen. A son of one of the leading and most highly respected citizens, a gold medallist of the Academy (as was also Mrs. Wilson), a man of strong intellectual capacity, with the brightest commercial prospects, he yet chose to devote his life to missionary labours. Converted to God in his early teens, he entered almost immediately into evangelistic work in connection with the Airdrie Evangelistic Association, of which he soon became the most honoured and best-loved worker. So that when ten years later he left to begin his work in China, his fellow-workers felt that they were indeed giving their best to that great missionary field. To show their appreciation of the sacrifice he was making, and in order to commemorate his going, it was decided by the Association to train, equip, and send out another worker. In the providence of God Miss Guthrie, who had been chosen, ultimately became a valued helper in the doctor's work in P'ing-yang-fu. His example and influence did not end there, as some years later Mr. Christian Bunting went out as a Forward Movement man, while at present three or four young men of the Association are undergoing training for Foreign Missionary service, influenced more or less directly by Dr. Wilson's good example and noble life.

A striking testimony to the general esteem in which Dr. and Mrs. Millar Wilson were held, was given at the Memorial Services held at Airdrie on November 4, when the Public Hall was packed with an interested and sympathetic audience, while the United Free West Church was filled with those unable to gain admittance to the larger meeting.

Among those whose lives have recently been sacrificed through their service for Christ in China, none will be more missed by the native Christians, nor more deeply mourned by

their fellow-missionaries, than Dr. and Mrs. Millar Wilson, honorary members of the C.I.M. Their work was at P'ing-yang-fu, Shan-si—the ancient capital of Yao and Shuen, 2300 B.C.—where opium refuges and a hospital were established by them and supported at their own expense. The next nearest hospital was about 200 miles away. To the Christians in the immediate vicinity, and to many in the more distant stations, the doctor's name was a household word, and many thousands of non-Christians have seen, through his life and work, the practical side of Christianity. Only a few days before his death the native Christians had presented him with a large red satin banner with the inscription in gilt letters, "God's faithful servant."

Did space permit, cases could be mentioned of conversions which have been the direct result of this work. Beside the regular medical work, he had established a small medical school for the training of native helpers, and one of his last requests to me when I was leaving for the Coast was to purchase a number of translations of medical works for this purpose.

How much his fellow-missionaries owe to him it is impossible to say; several owe their lives. He has travelled through blinding snowstorms, although warned by natives against doing so, and through summer heat—when far from well himself—that he might help those who needed him. A man of few words and undemonstrative, in deeds of kindness he abounded, and in times of trial revealed a tenderness and sympathy which only those in close contact with him could know. He was almost too sympathetic for a doctor, and his medical work told heavily upon him because of this.

With Dr. Wilson's kind and genial spirit, and Mrs. Wilson's generous hospitality, P'ing-yang-fu became a centre where all comers felt welcome. Native conferences and conferences for workers were held there, and to many it was like a touch of home to stay with them. The separation from their two children at home in Scotland was a real trial, but a trial not lost to the natives. I well remember one native pastor saying to me upon their return after an absence of only a few months, "That means earnestness indeed." One of his last acts as a medical missionary was to travel twenty miles through the disaffected parts that he might do all that could be done to save the life of Elder Sï, who had been severely wounded by a sword-cut in the side given by the Boxers.

From nearly the last letter he could have written we extract the following. It was written while on his journey to T'ai-yüan-

fu, addressed to Mr. Dreyer, his colleague, at P'ing-yang-fu: "It's all fog; but I think, old chap, that we are on the edge of a volcano, and I fear T'ai-yüan-fu is the inner edge. I don't know how to thank you for all your kindness in these last days; nor did I express, when parting, what I have felt about your continued consideration and thoughtfulness in all our relationship as colleagues in the work. It made my last two years in China the happiest of all."

But for one act of kindness Dr. and Mrs. Millar Wilson would have left China before the trouble commenced. That one fact is characteristic of them both and must be made to speak for many. They had intended returning to Scotland early in the spring of this year, but a threatened famine caused them to change their plans. The doctor said he could not leave when trial was thus facing his people. He stayed and bought up large supplies of grain to meet the coming distress. A local fund was started to meet the coming need. To this he subscribed the lion's share; and when it became imperative for him to leave, his one comfort was that he could serve Shan-si best by his presence for a time in Britain. On the eve of his departure he left at P'ing-yang a cheque for taels 500 (£75) as his first contribution towards a relief fund, promising additional help as the need increased. But for this delay they would have been home ere the storm broke, and now we have to mourn their loss. Is such a sacrifice in vain? From the human standpoint it may seem so; but from the Divine side, never, unless the Cross has lost its meaning, for "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

Ah, well we know
What faith and reason say, that love and power,
Alike unfailing, bless us every hour:
That, that is best
Which God deems so;
That *all* is good which cometh of His will;
Yet "Why, oh, why?" our hearts are asking still,
Nor will they rest.

We can but wait;
Life's mystery deepens with the rolling years,
Life's history, hardly read through blinding tears,
Seems dark and vain;
Yet not cold Fate,
But a kind Father's hand controls our way,
And when that hand has wiped the tears away
All shall be plain.

MARSHALL BROOMHALL.

MISS JANE STEVENS

HO-CHAU, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom at T'ai-yüan-fu on July 9, 1900.

Miss Stevens was converted to God when quite a young girl. Her own account of the great change that had taken place in her life is as follows:—

"I was under conviction of sin for days after reading *The Life of Wesley*. Then I simply took God's words. I believed that Jesus had died for me, and I praise God that He has never let me doubt since then."

For five years prior to her departure for China as a missionary, she worked as a nurse in connection with the Mildmay Nursing Home, and while there, her truly Christlike walk and conversation were a real help and blessing to many of the patients she had under her care.

Miss Jane Stevens went to China in September 1885. From the first she was seriously affected physically by the extreme heat, and the southern temperature proving more than she could bear, she was early sent North, but not before her skilful nursing had been the means, under God, of bringing Miss M. Murray safely through a very serious illness.

It would be difficult to say how often her gift of nursing was called into use, but there are many who can recall with gratitude her kind help in times of sickness, sometimes of a very serious nature.

Much hindered by nursing, and not having any natural linguistic ability, the Chinese language proved a very real obstacle; but by steady perseverance she gained such a knowledge of the vernacular as surprised those who had known her initial difficulties.

The greater part of her life in China was spent in T'ai-yüan-fu, Shan-si, where she received numerous women visitors, visited in Chinese homes, assisted in the medical work, and taught and trained with much care the school-children committed to her charge.

On her return from furlough (which was a time of great refreshment and pleasure, through the kindness of many friends, of whom she always spoke with great appreciation) she with

Miss Mildred Clarke were stationed at Ho-chau, five days' journey south of T'ai-yüan-fu, and here they laboured together among the Church members and inquirers, women and children, earnestly seeking the good of the little church.

Neither of them robust in health, they each lovingly cared for the other, and it was probably to avoid the summer heat, which tried Miss Stevens so intensely, that they had together taken the journey to T'ai-yüan-fu, where they were at the time of the cruel massacre which ended their missionary careers.

To see the face of her Lord and hear His words, "Well done," will more than make up for the sufferings endured—the constant trials and smaller privations of missionary life, which to Miss Stevens' sensitive temperament were peculiarly trying, and the last fierce ordeal through which she was called to pass.

EDITH RITCHIE.

In Jennie Stevens I have lost a very dear friend. It is now sixteen years since she came from Mildmay to nurse me when I was ill, and she remained till I was strong again.

We have seen very little of each other since those days; but the weeks we then spent together did much spiritually for both of us, and the link then formed has always remained unbroken.

I think it was at this time that she consecrated her life to God for China, and I recollect admiring the decided way in which, as soon as she recognised God's will for her, she began to live it out. She was always very practical. To her, following the Saviour was no sentiment; it was reality.

When she came back to England from China for rest—about four years ago—I remember this same characteristic struck me again. Her health was very unsatisfactory, and, as she was staying with me for a few days, I asked her if she did not think some position in England would be easier and better for her.

"I don't feel I have yet finished the work God has for me in China," she answered. "I must go back. Perhaps—who knows?—*I may be among those who will be allowed to give their lives for the people.*"

The way that she spoke of possible martyrdom, and yet returned cheerfully and willingly to her post, made a deep impression on myself and on others who heard her. When the news of the awful massacre reached us, her words and the look of peace and joy which lit up her face as she spoke them, came back to us as a most sacred and blessed memory which we shall ever hold.

M. DUFF.

MISS MILDRED CLARKE

HO-CHAU, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom at T'ai-yüan-fu on July 9, 1900.

It was, I think, in the summer of 1890, my beloved daughter Mildred came one evening and told me she had given herself in entire consecration to the Lord. I have a specially vivid recollection of her words, and I felt convinced of the reality of what she said. Not very long after, while away from home, she received a distinct call from the Lord for Foreign Missionary service, and, as she afterwards told us, she felt thankful the call came when it did, for it would have been more difficult to obey had she been at home. It was after hearing an address by Mrs. Ahok, and also one by the Rev. Heywood Horsburgh, that she was led to decide for China; and after a missionary meeting at the Y.W.C.A., Redhill, in January 1891, she expressed to the Missionary-Secretary of the Association that resolve.

A few months before, it had been suggested that the Redhill Branch should endeavour to support its "own missionary" in China, and all felt that in thus sending one of their own members God had graciously given His assent to this proposal, and His promise of aid and blessing.

Part of the cost of the needed training at Mrs. Menzie's and at Pyrland Road was readily and kindly provided for by Redhill friends; and the rest of the training, with outfit, passage out, and support in China for nearly seven years, it has been the great joy of the Redhill Y.W.C.A. to furnish.

On the 3rd October 1893, a farewell meeting to herself and Miss Sells (another member of the Y.W.C.A. at Redhill, then on the point of starting for Japan) was held, when both members spoke words of deep trust and lofty courage, which went to the hearts of all.

On the 7th October she sailed in company with some other young missionaries for Shanghai, and I shall never forget the joy on her face as—joining in the singing of the words:

> Anywhere with Jesus, says the Christian heart;
> Anywhere with Jesus, so we do not part—

she was gradually borne out of sight! But what will be the joy when we see her face again!

She arrived at her final destination, T'ai-yüan fu, in April following. After two or three years there, she was moved to Hiao-i for a short time; and thence again to Ho-chau, where she and her beloved companion Miss J. Stevens were alone.[1] In her last letter from thence (not written to any one in her own home) she remarks on the appointment of Yü-hsien as Governor of Shan-si, and begs that I may not be told; and with an apprehension of the danger which she plainly saw, she adds these words, "but we are kept safe in the hollow of His hand."

There seems no escape from the conclusion that she was one of those who laid down their lives for the Lord Jesus Christ in T'ai-yüan-fu on the 9th July.

Looking back to the first journal she wrote from T'ai-yüan-fu, how deeply interesting and touching it is to read these words: "T'ai-yüan-fu, April 27, 1894. At last we have reached our destination. . . . Pray that God may be sanctified in my life, and in the lives of all His children here: then the heathen shall know that He is God. I long to live a poured-out life unto Him among these Chinese, and to enter into the fellowship of His sufferings for souls, who poured out His life unto death for us.—Yours in the Master's service, MILDRED ELEANOR CLARKE."

How truly was her desire granted!

(COLONEL) A. R. CLARKE.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

[1] Ho-chau was superintended from Hung-tung, from which it is distant about twenty-six miles—a day's journey. Communication between the two places was therefore easy and frequent.—ED.

MR. AND MRS. A. P. LUNDGREN

KIE-HIU, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom August 15, 1900.

The circumstances connected with Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren's and Miss A. Eldred's death are, as far as we know at present, as follows: In consequence of the disturbances, they had been invited by Mrs. Price of the American Board at Fen-chau-fu to visit them there, where things appeared more peaceable. The mandarin at Fen-chau-fu was friendly, and nothing transpired until the Governor of the province, Yü-hsien, appointed another prefect to the city. This prefect was bitterly anti-foreign, and soon insisted upon all the missionaries leaving Fen-chau-fu. They were offered an escort, and under this pretence of protection they left the city on August 14, on what they thought was a journey to the Coast. They were escorted as far as the market-town of K'ai-chïh, thirty-seven miles north-east of Fen-chau-fu, and were there either shot or slain with the sword by the soldiers who were escorting them (see p. 128).

Mr. Lundgren was born in Denmark in 1870. He went to North America in 1887, and sailed for China in 1891 as a member of the Scandinavian China Alliance Mission. In 1898 he was accepted as a full member of the C.I.M.

"They were counted worthy to suffer shame for his Name."

Among those who have been separated from us for a time through martyrdom are Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Lundgren. I first made their acquaintance at T'ai-yüan-fu, where they had preceded me. By the nature of our work, I came into closer contact with Mrs. Lundgren, helping her sometimes with her meetings for the women and accompanying her to villages. She had a peculiar fascination for the women: her face pleased them; such

black hair and white skin they always admire, and then she spoke the language very well. Above all, she had a gracious manner and real love for them.

At P'ing-yao, where I afterwards was stationed, I found the people had never forgotten "Nieh kiao-sï"—this was her Chinese name before she was married. She had worked there formerly and gained entrance into many homes in the city and neighbouring villages. Many have heard the Gospel from her lips who perhaps have never had another opportunity of hearing it.

In 1896 they left China for America. Mr. Lundgren felt it would be an advantage to him to study in one of the Theological Colleges, so they went to Chicago, where both of them made the most of the two years there. Mrs. Lundgren was clever and persevering, so that, besides attending to all the duties of the house, she followed certain courses of Bible study and taught herself music. The third year was spent in visiting Mr. Lundgren's family in Denmark. Mrs. Lundgren has more than once spoken to me of the happiness of that time.

In spite of the comforts and love of home they again made their way to China in the early spring of 1899. The last year of their missionary service they spent at Kie-hiu, Mr. Lundgren dividing his time between Opium Refuge work and itinerations. He obtained entrance even to several of the high officials in the Yamên and faithfully preached the Gospel to them.

Mrs. Lundgren, with her quiet, genial manner, received many women who visited her, and patiently taught Scripture verses and hymns to the women who came as patients to the Opium Refuge. Being only two in the station, and her husband often absent, the life at Kie-hiu was very lonely for Mrs. Lundgren, yet her strong sense of duty helped her through much trial.

Their concern for those of us who had remained at Kie-hiu while they had gone on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Price of the A.B.C.F.M. at Fen-chau-fu was characteristic of their readiness to help and show kindness. Mrs. Lundgren expresses in her last letter the wish that we might be together to share each other's anxieties. We have been separated, but not for long; and now the thought of these having joined the "great cloud of witnesses" presses us to run with greater endurance the remainder of the race.

EVA FRENCH.

MISS ANNIE ELDRED

P'ING-YANG-FU, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom August 15, 1900.

Born Dec. 22, 1871; *brought to a saving knowledge of* Jesus Christ, *Nov.* 1890; *offered for China, Feb.* 1897; *sailed for China, Sept.* 23, 1898; *entered in to see the* King, *Aug.* 15, 1900.

These were the crisis dates in the life of this young missionary. Would that we could convey to others the picture that they do to those who knew her, of a life lived in the presence of God!

Quiet and quite gentle in manner, it was not till she felt at home that the brightness and earnestness of dear Annie Eldred's nature became apparent. Her unselfishness was very marked, and made her a great favourite in every place—whether at home or at school, as an apprentice in a house of business or as a Christian worker.

It was at Brighton that the great change in her life took place and all things became new. She was then working in a shop, but her spare hours were spent at the well-known Connaught Institute, where her love for the Master found many outlets. Her eyes were quick to find out those who were anxious about their souls; then with what eagerness would she point them to the way of salvation, and patiently meet difficulty after difficulty, never resting till she had the joy of seeing that the seeking sinner had really met the seeking Saviour! Many conversions took place, and the secret of power to deal with souls was a little prayer-meeting held by some of the young workers.

Her life in the Training Home was singularly even in character; she was one of the "ready" ones for every call that came. It might be to prepare for an examination in Christian doctrine, or to take her share in the work of the house; to study the elements of Chinese, or to minister to some sick woman or child at the Medical Mission; to hunt up an absent member of the Bible Classes, or to speak at a mothers' meeting: each to her heart was part of God's will for her, therefore equally important.

Well do we remember her expression at the Friday evening gathering of students in the Training Home. Sacred, blessed

hours were these, when we waited before God to know what He would say to us. If she were appealed to, she almost always had a verse to pass on to us which had evidently been as meat and drink to her own soul.

Then came the partings from home and loved ones, whose lives had so often been cheered by her loving thoughtfulness; good-bye also to many dear fellow-workers; the voyage out, and the arrival at the land of her adoption.

Her life in China was a happy one, though headache sometimes stopped her study of the language, and she wrote: "I wonder what the end of it will be; *it would break my heart to have to leave China*, but I will leave it all to Him, and learn to be content, and gladly say, 'Thy will be done.' I do love the people so, and want to stay with them."

And so it was from the midst of the people she loved that Annie went home. GRACE ELIZABETH SOLTAU.

We first welcomed Miss Annie Eldred as a worker in P'ing-yang-fu, South Shan-si, in May 1899. From the very beginning of her life among us we noticed how deeply in earnest she was to seek the souls of those with whom she came in contact, and to this end she applied herself to the study of the language with tremendous zeal. In her we always found a hand ready to help in any emergency. Hers was always a very practical Christianity. Her first summer in the North was spent with a worker in one of the hill villages in which we have a chapel.

When Annie Eldred returned to the city, she was troubled with continuous headache, and books had to be put away altogether for a month or two. This was not a little trying to one naturally so energetic and quick in study, but the patience exhibited was a lesson to many.

Sometimes in the mornings she would take prayers with the natives, and two or three times in the week she would give the school-children singing classes, while a few days spent in the homes of Christians in the villages were looked upon as a real treat.

Though not permitted to do all the work her heart desired, can we not say that to-day Annie Eldred shines the brighter for the lessons she learned in the Master's school of pain and self-denial? EDITH HIGGS.

FORMER FELLOW-LABOURERS

T'AI-YÜAN-FU, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom July 9, 1900.

This book is avowedly a record of the martyred missionaries of the China Inland Mission, and never before in the history of Christian Missions has any Mission had to place on record such an appallingly long list of devoted labourers suddenly cut off in the midst of their work. A mournfully large number of other missionaries connected with various organisations have also fallen, and concerning them due notices will undoubtedly appear in the publications of their several Societies.

But there was a small band of workers in North China, all of whom had formerly been connected with the China Inland Mission, who at the time of their lamented death were working separately. Of these Mr. and Mrs. Beynon were connected with the British and Foreign Bible Society. Six were associated in the North China Shou-yang Mission until that mission, by mutual consent of its members, ceased to exist as a separate organisation. Of these nine earnest workers not one is now left. Their names swell the painful list of those who have been called to seal their work with their lives. Though during recent years these nine were not members of the China Inland Mission, it is fitting that they should have affectionate recognition in these pages; they had all gone to China in connection with the China Inland Mission, and in connection with it through many years had done much valuable work.

Their names and the dates of their leaving England for China are as under:—

Mr. Thomas Wellesley Pigott, B.A., March 9, 1879.
Mrs. Pigott, *née* Jessie Kemp, 1882.
Mr. W. T. Beynon, August 26, 1885.
Mrs. Beynon, *née* Emily Taylor, December 16, 1885.
Mr. Alexander Hoddle, August 25, 1887.
Mr. James Simpson, December 15, 1887.
Mrs. Simpson, December 15, 1887.
Mr. George W. Stokes, November 26, 1891.
Mrs. Stokes, *née* Margaret Whittaker, December 24, 1891.

The first of the above list, Mr. Pigott, who went out twenty

MR. T. WELLESLEY PIGOTT, B.A.

MRS. T. W. PIGOTT.

WELLESLEY PIGOTT.

MRS. G. W. STOKES.

MR. G. W. STOKES.

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MRS. JAMES SIMPSON.

MR. JAMES SIMPSON.

MR. A. HODDLE.

MR. W. T. BEYNON.

MRS. W. T. BEYNON.

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years ago, was a graduate of Dublin University. Of him Mr. George J. French writes:—

"If ever a man lived who was utterly in earnest it was Thomas Wellesley Pigott. Whenever he returned to this country from his chosen field of labour, his flowing speech, in private and public, was always and only of China and her people, whom he loved so much. It was impossible to remain indifferent or unsympathetic in the presence of such zeal. It wounded his spirit, it grieved him, as something unaccountable, inexplicable, that others should not feel the interest, the sorrow, and the joy with which he was filled. And this was no mere sentiment. It was such a reality that to spend his time, his strength, his mental and physical abilities, and his money freely and wholly in the cause of China was to him the most natural, and for him the only reasonable and possible way to live."

Mrs. Edwards of T'ai-yüan-fu, sister of Mrs. Pigott, refers in a letter to the absorption of Mr. and Mrs. Pigott in their work in China, leaving them but little time for more than the briefest letters home. She says: "They felt especially after the Ku-ch'eng massacre how short the time for labour might be, not that they worked harder after than before, for they never spared themselves. I have never known any one who used all his opportunities for making known the truth more faithfully than my brother-in-law. And they were always full of kindness and serviceableness for all they came in contact with, Chinese as well as foreign."

Mrs. Pigott many times operated for cataract with marked success.

Their son and only child Wellesley began last December teaching a class of Chinese boys in Sunday School. It appears that shortly before going back to China nearly two years ago he said to a friend: "You can't be martyrs in England, but my father and mother and I might be martyrs in China."

Mrs. Edwards says that Mr. and Mrs. Pigott had no apprehension of any such terrible occurrence as has taken place, or they would not have taken Wellesley inland, but would have left him at the C.I.M. school at Chefoo, with the management of which they were extremely pleased. In taking with them a tutor for their son—Mr. Robinson, B.A., and Miss Duval, a governess, they were hoping to arrange for a school for the children of other missionaries. They had already had nine other children for a time under their charge.

Mr. Stanley Smith says of them: "Mr. Pigott was as generous and large-hearted as Mrs. Pigott was capable and courageous.

Their love to the Chinese was a characteristic which showed itself as soon as you knew them."

Of Mr. Hoddle Mr. Edwards says: "He threw himself with energy into the work in T'ai-yüan, taking charge of the book-shop, teaching, preaching, and doing much evangelistic work in private conversation. At one time he partly supported himself by teaching English to Chinese students. He was a truly self-denying man, giving himself heart and soul to Christ for the salvation of the Chinese, who were, many of them, much attached to him."

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were from Aberdeen, where they had been zealous workers in connection with the Melville Free Church, the Y.M.C.A., and the Y.W.C.A., and had won a good report by their untiring and unselfish services.

Mr. Shirreff, of the Y.M.C.A., Aberdeen, writing of them after their return to China, about four years ago, said: "While at home on furlough they have in a very marked and unusual way commended themselves to a large and increasing circle of friends, in town and country, by their singular devotedness to the vast needs of China, and the claims of our Lord and Saviour." There was the same devotedness in their work in China.

Mr. and Mrs. Stokes were valued workers. Mrs. Edwards says: "It was a great comfort in leaving on furlough to know how confident we might be that they would do all that lay in their power for the people."

But for this home-coming of Dr. and Mrs. Edwards we might now have sorrowfully to add their names to the list of the devoted workers whose loss we sincerely mourn.

Of Mr. Beynon, before he went to China, the Principal of Cliff College said that he was "one of their best students, an excellent preacher, a true man, whole-hearted in mission work; that he was gentlemanly, most agreeable, and most obliging." All subsequent experiences confirmed this testimony.

A missionary, writing from T'ai-yüan-fu a year ago, said of Mr. Beynon: "He is so busy, and does and helps so much. He is just everybody's spiritual helper; so many of the brethren have borne testimony to that. His presence in T'ai-yüan-fu is a Godsend indeed."

The following is the testimony of the British and Foreign Bible Society:—

"Since the spring of 1896 he has had charge of the Bible Society's work in the Province of Shan-si, one of the most difficult fields in China. There was little to encourage, much

to depress; but Mr. Beynon's faith never yielded, and he succeeded in organising Bible work on a sound basis and in raising it to a high level of efficiency. His devoted labours and personal worth were gladly recognised by all Christian missionaries in his province, and his relations with his colleagues were always of the happiest nature. The Committee of the Bible Society have placed upon record their sense of loss in the removal of Mr. Beynon. The Rev. G. H. Bonfield, the Society's agent for China, describes him as one of the ablest men the Society ever sent there. His report of his work for 1899 ends with words that read now like a pathetic prophecy: 'We trust that in this coming year the God of all grace will give all of us grace to be faithful.'"

We close this brief and inadequate notice by quoting a few more words from Mrs. Edwards: "'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' I cannot but believe that these words sustained the martyrs in their sufferings. Knowing what their lives were, we can have no doubt as to their triumph in death, without the testimony of eye-witnesses."

B. BROOMHALL.

Jesus, I am resting, resting,
In the joy of what *Thou* art;
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.
Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee,
And Thy beauty fills my soul,
For by Thy transforming power,
Thou hast made me whole.

. . . .

Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
I behold Thee as Thou art,
And Thy love so pure, so changeless,
Satisfies my heart;
Satisfies its deepest longings,
Meets, supplies its every need,
Compasses me round with blessings;
Thine is love indeed!

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT,
Sister of Mr. T. Wellesley Pigott.

Division IV.—North Shan-si

There are three Societies engaged in work in this district: the Swedish Holiness Union in association with the C.I.M., the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and the C.I.M. We deeply regret to say that ten members of the Swedish Holiness Union were murdered near So-p'ing on June 29. This terrible tragedy almost blots out this mission, for only two members who were working in Si-ch'uan and two who were at home on furlough have escaped.

Their names are as follows:—

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Persson.	Mr. O. A. L. Larsson.
Miss J. Lundell.	Miss J. Engvall.
Mr. E. Pettersson.	Mr. G. E. Karlberg.
Mr. N. Carleson.	Miss M. Hedlund.

Miss A. Johansson.

Of the following members of the C.I.M. at Ta-t'ung no certain information is to hand, but the worst is feared.

Mr. and Mrs. S. McKee.	Mr. and Mrs. C. S. I'Anson.
Miss Aspden.	Miss M. E. Smith.

Of the twenty-three members of the Christian and Missionary Alliance it is known that seventeen fled across Mongolia and safely reached a point on the Siberian railway. Here they received moneys which their Society cabled to them, enabling them to continue their journey in comfort. Three of this mission, Mr. and Mrs. C. Blomberg and another name unknown, suffered martyrdom with the members of the Holiness Union.

For most of our information regarding this district we are indebted to a native who has been in the employ of the Holiness Union friends for about eight years, and is known to be a consistent Christian man. We have received from China the two following accounts. There is some divergency

in the details, but they substantially agree. Both are printed that they may be compared.[1]

Wang lan-pu arrived at Mr. Brooks' house in Peking on Wednesday, September 19. He had been in hiding for two months on the way, and just escaped with his life. On arriving at Peking his last thousand cash was forcibly taken from him by European soldiers at the city gates. He tells the following story:—

The Swedish Holiness Union Conference was convened this year in the city of So-p'ing-fu towards the end of June. The workers as a rule met on June 24, the same day as the convention of the Mother Church in Sweden. Thirteen persons in all were present; besides the ten members of the Holiness Union there were of the Christian and Missionary Alliance Mr. and Mrs. C. Blomberg and one child, also another brother whose name Mr. Wang did not know.

On the morning of a certain day during the Conference the people of the street became exceedingly rowdy, and we heard this cry among others, "All foreign places in the neighbourhood are burned, why not burn this also?" Messrs. N. Carleson and S. A. Persson then went to the Yamên and saw the mandarin, with whom they were on very friendly terms. He at once advised all the missionaries to seek shelter in the Yamên, which advice was acted upon.

At first the officials promised to send them by carts to Kalgan, but later in the day they withdrew this promise. At noon of that day the Mission premises were looted by the mob and then set fire to. The servants, Christians, and others friendly to the foreigners were then thrown into the fire by the rioters and burned to death. Wang lan-pu, while being tried, fainted, and thus he escaped the flames. Having made his escape he went to the mandarin, who gave him tls. 10 and ordered him to leave the place immediately, which he did. He believes that the official was friendly, and would have saved the missionaries if it had been in his power.

Later on in the day the missionaries in the Yamên were made prisoners and put into irons. They were kept thus for two or three days and were sent under escort to the coast, but after having travelled only three miles from the city they were surrounded by Boxers and soldiers, when they all were massacred. (The date is believed to be June 29.)

Wang lan-pu learned the facts of this terrible disaster from others, but he has no doubt as to their reliability.

[1] Wang lan-pu's story has since been substantially confirmed by Chang-ru-feng, a native Christian helper, who reached T'ien-tsin about October 19. This man says it is reported that the Ta-tung friends had gone to T'ai-yüan-fu.

Mr. Mills, at T'ien-tsin, has been able to gather the following particulars from the same man:—

The trouble first arose because of the excessive drought. In Hun-yüan prayers and processions for rain were unceasing, and the foreigners were reported to sweep away with a yellow paper broom the approaching clouds. Also the meetings held were said to be to pray to God that it should not rain. On the 20th May[1] there was a great annual fair at Hun-yüan, and on that day the mob came battering at the doors of the Mission house. They eventually broke in and the foreigners fled to the Yamên, where they were effectually protected and treated with great kindness. The mandarin said, however, that it would be impossible to protect them if rain did not fall, and advised their going on to Ying-chau. He gave them tls. 300 (£40), probably as compensation for loss of property, and they went escorted to Ying-chau. There they found Mr. Karlberg. He did not at first think it well to go on to the approaching Conference at So-p'ing, fearing the rowdy element at Ying-chau would take the opportunity to loot and destroy their place, but just about that time Boxers appeared in the city and began to post up threatening placards. Things got worse and the magistrate, who was very friendly, advised their leaving for a time, and they went on to So-p'ing. Two days later the mob attacked the Mission premises, but the magistrate succeeded in preventing their doing much damage, and ordered Wang lan-pu, who was left in charge, to pack six or seven boxes, which were put in the Yamên for security; he himself then started for So-p'ing. At Tso-yün he arrived in time to see the Mission house there in flames. Some Church members were in the Yamên being protected by the mandarin, who was supplying them with food and bedding. On arrival at So-p'ing he found thirteen foreigners and one child. There were also many native Christian members gathered for the Annual Conference, which is held yearly at the same time as one in the Mother Church in Sweden, on June 24. Everything was still quiet, but Boxer placards were being widely posted up, and there was much excitement. After full discussion the foreigners decided, as danger similar to that experienced in their other stations seemed increasingly imminent, that they had better all go to Kalgan if they could get an escort from the mandarin. This was agreed to by him, but before they could get away the mob gathered and burst into the house. The missionaries all escaped to the Hsien Yamên by back ways. Their house was looted and burned. After the work of destruction the mob went to the Yamên and demanded that the foreigners be given up to them that they might kill them. This the Hsien magistrate refused to do, but to pacify the mob he declared that he had orders to send them to Peking to be killed there, and to give colour to his words he had the blacksmith make manacles

[1] We have good reason to believe that this date should be June 19.

and five of the men of the party were handcuffed. The mob seemed satisfied and dispersed. About 10 o'clock that same evening Wang lan-pu was taken out of the Yamên by Manchu soldiers and Boxers and beaten and left for dead. Before daylight, however, he recovered, and two men finding him helped him to escape from the city. When he was about 13 miles from the city he was told that on the night he left all the foreigners had been killed by Manchu soldiers and Boxers, and that their heads had been put up on the city wall. The Church members and servants suffered in like manner at the hands of these same ruffians. This was on the 3rd day of the 5th moon, *i.e.* May 30.[1]

On the day previous at Ying-chau the mandarin had tried to save the Christians, and had given them carts to take them to So-p'ing. The Boxers, however, turned them back into the Mission premises with the carts and carters, and they were all burned together. Among those who suffered at Ying-chau were the mother and little girl of the narrator.

At Hun-yüan he heard that none of the native Christians had suffered martyrdom, but that they had lost everything they had. At Tso-yün it was reported that all of the Christians had been taken to Ta-tong and there, with a hundred others, natives and foreigners, Protestants and Catholics, had all been put to death. While Wang lan-pu was being detained at Fu-ping it was commonly reported that all the foreigners at Kuei-hua-ch'eng had been killed, and so fierce were the Boxers against everything foreign that even vendors of matches were said to have been killed, and no one was allowed to wear anything of foreign-made material.

[1] We have good reason to believe that the real date was the 3rd of the 6th moon, *i.e.* June 29.

"All members of the Swedish Holiness Union killed." So sounded the first message that met me on my arrival home from China. But what suffering, pain, and sorrow were represented in those few words only God knows. Among those ten devoted workers who were called to lay down their lives for the Gospel, were two who, as I write, rise very vividly before me. Miss Engvall and Miss Lundell were in Yang-chau at the same time as myself, and though we only spent six weeks together, the memory of their lives will always remain with me as an inspiration and a call to seek those things which are above. Strong and faithful, meek and lowly, ready for any service, bright, cheerful, and shining for Jesus all the day—truly we who knew them thank God for them.

JANE AF SANDEBERG.

STOCKHOLM, *December* 1900.

TEN SWEDISH HOLINESS UNION MISSIONARIES

By Mr. John Rinman, Stockholm, Sweden

The blood of Christ's faithful witnesses in China "speaketh better" than anything else for the extreme need of China's evangelisation. Amongst a painfully large number of martyrs, there was a group of ten who had to lay down their lives for their brethren, when they—so far as we know—were gathered together in conference in the city of So-p'ing-fu. They all belonged to the Swedish Holiness Union, and were associated with the C.I.M.

It was Mrs. Rinman's and my own great privilege to visit these dear friends in October 1899. We had then some days of happy, unbroken fellowship with them, at the feet of our blessed Master. We shall never forget the eagerness with which they listened, and the hunger and thirst with which they received the message from the Living One. The discourses about things more directly touching the work were exceedingly helpful, and the beaming joy with which our friends sang their hymns left lasting impressions on our minds.

These friends had a splendid staff of native helpers. When I saw both the missionaries and their helpers at work in this district I thought as never before of the fact that "*He gave evangelists.*"

Mr. Nathanael Carleson was the oldest in the field. He was born in 1867 in the province of Nerike in Sweden. His father, still alive, is a godly man, and a member of the Council of the Swedish Holiness Union. 1 John i. 9 was the word by which Nathanael got the assurance of salvation, and when he in 1890 felt the call to go to China, he wrote: "The assurance that God wants me in China brings such an unspeakable joy to my heart." At the end of the same year he arrived in China, where he proved to be a practical and energetic worker. He had the undisturbed confidence of all his fellow-labourers, and was often called: "Nathanael, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." When he went out for the second time he left his wife and two children behind him in Sweden. Now they are left behind in life. The Lord bless them!

Mr. Edv. Karlberg went to China in 1896. Before leaving Sweden Mr. Karlberg did a good work on the island of Gotland.

MISS MINA HEDLUND.

MRS. EMMA PERSSON.

MISS JENNY LUNDELL.

MISS ANNA JOHANSSON.

MISS JUSTINA ENGVALL.

MEMBERS OF THE SWEDISH HOLINESS UNION MISSION.
Affiliated with the C.I.M.

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MR. SVEN PERSSON.

MR. EDWARD KARLBERG.

MR. O. A. L. LARSSON.

MR. ERNST PETTERSSON.

MR. NATHANAEL CARLESON.

MEMBERS OF THE SWEDISH HOLINESS UNION MISSION.
Affiliated with the C.I.M.

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He was dearly loved and appreciated. He had the name of being tender-hearted, and was always able to show his sympathy to the Chinese in a marked way. He suffered a good deal from physical weakness, but endured, and is now "with the Lord for ever."

Mr. Sven Persson went out at the same time as Mr. Karlberg. They were together for three months in London at Inglesby House. Curiously enough they both found it pretty hard to pick up the English language, but had no difficulty, to speak of, in studying the Chinese. Mr. Persson was said to be a good Chinese speaker. His only ambition was to glorify Christ and to get souls saved.

Mr. A. L. Larsson was known in different fields in Sweden as a humble, earnest evangelist, and a never-failing peace-maker. His service in China did not last more than two and a half years.

Mr. Ernst Pettersson did not get more than about five months in China. Though he thus was unable to do any active service, his blood crieth unto God from the ground, on behalf of those who knew not what they did.

Mrs. Emma Persson was an earnest, out-and-out Christian worker. When departing from one of her districts where she laboured as evangelist, she said: "If I haven't been any great blessing to Upland, Upland has been a great blessing to me." Her heart was burning with zeal. The worker is gone, but God carrieth on His work.

Miss Mina Hedlund came to China in 1894, and made herself known to many as a faithful witness of Christ. She just gave herself to prayer and work, work and prayer. In her last letter she says: "As for me, I don't fear if God wants me to suffer the death of a martyr."

Miss Anna Johansson received part of her training as a servant in Lord Radstock's house at Southampton, and went to China in 1898. She did a good work at So-yin, Miss Hedlund's station.

Miss Jenny Lundell and Miss J. Engvall went out together in 1899. They were both good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

"As for the Lord, His way is perfect." If "the death of His saints" is "precious in the sight of Him," who knows and loves perfectly, well may we then be at rest as for the past and trust Him for all that is to come.

Mr. P. ALFRED OGREN

YONG-NING, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, summer 1900.

Mr. Ogren was born in 1874, at a little farm near Jonkoping, the place noted for the manufacture of "Swedish safety matches." When he was fourteen his parents moved into the city. As a lad he showed a disposition for study, but means not being forthcoming he had to take to some practical work. He became a carpenter, and laboured as such until 1892.

Soon after his arrival at Jonkoping he was soundly converted, and from the beginning was out-and-out in his confession of Christ. As a member of the Y.M.C.A., his friends say he was never absent from a meeting, and was a diligent labourer in every department of Christian work. Although busy as a carpenter, he found time for much prayer, Bible study, and other educational pursuits, often reading far into the night.

When Rev. Fr. Frauson visited Jonkoping in 1892 Mr. Ogren responded to the call for labourers abroad. He then entered with greater zeal into his studies.

In China the Lord blessed his work, helping him in his studies of Chinese, also Greek and Latin. He became a successful preacher. His colleagues in China say that when he was spoken of, the Chinese would—as their custom is—lift up the thumb and say, "Mr. Ogren! oh yes, he *is* a missionary."

He was recently accepted as a full member of the C.I.M., which his friends in Sweden greatly appreciated. His day of service was, however, limited. To him has been given the martyr's crown. He leaves a sorrowing widow and child. When the tidings reached Jonkoping a memorial service was held at the Y.M.C.A., where his friends one after another rose and praised God for the blessing Mr. Ogren's life had been.

He was young, of humble circumstances, and not highly educated, yet, full of zeal, meek in spirit, abounding in joy in the Lord, always ready for service, he has left a memorial more precious than is given to many.

EFR. SANDBLOM.

THE PROVINCE OF CHÏH-LI

These are they which come out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God; and they serve Him day and night in His Temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall spread His tabernacle over them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of water of life; and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.—Rev. vii. 14-17.

THE PROVINCE OF CHÏH-LI

SPECIAL interest attaches to this province as being the centre of the Chinese government and scene of the Boxer struggle. The history of the T'ien-tsin bombardment, with the siege and relief of Peking, so graphically described by Dr. Morrison of *The Times* and by Sir Robert Hart in the *Fortnightly Review*, are already well known to all. The following letter from Mr. Mills, who was in charge of the business department of the C.I.M. in T'ien-tsin, will be sufficient to remind us of God's great goodness to all the Europeans and Americans both there and at Peking.

CHINA INLAND MISSION,
TIEN-TSIN, NORTH CHINA, *July* 24.

DEAR MR. SLOAN—You will doubtless have heard through Mr. Stevenson of my preservation here, all through this terrible time.

The Boxers attacked the Concession here on June 16 in the early morning, burning the L.M.S. chapel just outside. On that day I got my wife and children away to Ta-ku, where they were when the forts were taken. I returned by the armoured train, arriving back about 2 A.M. on the 17th. Little did we think here that the Imperial Government would dare to defy the world; but at 1 o'clock that day three shells in rapid succession were fired at the settlement from the arsenal across the river, and shelling continued for some two hours. It was a terrible time—the women and children flocking in hot haste to the Gordon Hall, our strongest building, but which seemed the special mark for the guns. Our troops were soon attacking the enemy, and very soon I found my work, viz. when the wounded were brought in. For a whole week we were cut off from the outside world. Attacks were made day and night. We all seemed to be in the firing line. Bullets whizzed past us on every street and entered every window, while that fearful shelling at frequent intervals did its deadly work. It was a time when all were brought face to face with eternity; when everything that could be shaken was shaken, and oh, the blessedness of being in possession of the things which cannot be moved! Then on Saturday morning relief came, and the word will have a new meaning henceforth. Step by step

I sought to see my duty and do it. I remained through all, and one result is, that our premises here have certainly been saved from being looted and burnt. On the 15th inst. fire, which had often raged near, caught the next block, and was with great difficulty extinguished. Time fails to tell of all the dangers and of all the deliverances of these past days. Our house, although damaged by shells, is not seriously hurt, and we are all safe. I wish I could say as much for the many in Peking, and the band of American missionaries, and our C.I.M. friends in Pao-ting-fu.

Your prayers have not been in vain. God has marvellously intervened, or none of us would be alive to tell the tale. And as for the future, we believe God will out of it all bring new opportunities and new blessings.—Yours in His service, D. J. Mills.

Many other societies having been for long engaged in missionary work in this province, the C.I.M. has done little more than was necessary for keeping open the communications between the Coast and its stations in Shan-si. Pao-ting-fu being the head of the river navigation, and more recently the terminus of the railway from T'ien-tsin, Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall were stationed there for business work mainly. Hwuy-luh and Shun-teh are important cities on two of the main roads from Pao-ting-fu to Shan-si. Here Mr. and Mrs. Green with Miss Gregg, and Mr. and Mrs. Griffith with Mr. Brown, were respectively stationed.

Mr. Wm. Cooper, who had recently been on an official visit to the C.I.M. stations in Shan-si, was returning to the Coast when the troubles broke out. He reached Pao-ting-fu, where he joined Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and child on June 15. On June 30 Mr. Stevenson in Shanghai received a telegram from Mr. Wm. Cooper dated Pao-ting-fu, June 25, saying that further travelling was unsafe, but he did not think there was cause for anxiety. This telegram is the last heard from our Pao-ting-fu friends. In the Viceroy's Yamên at T'ien-tsin, letters were subsequently found distinctly stating that the massacre of Europeans and Americans at Pao-ting-fu took place at the east and north gates on June 30, and at the south gate on July 1. As our Mission premises were situated south of the city, there is every reason to believe it was on July 1 that Mr. Wm. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and child sealed their life's work by death.

MR. AND MRS. BAGNALL AND FAMILY.

The little girl, Gladys, died with her parents ; the two boys, William and Howard, are at school in Chefoo.

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REV. WILLIAM COOPER.
Assistant-Deputy-Director.

To face page 155.

REV. WILLIAM COOPER

ASSISTANT-DEPUTY-DIRECTOR, SHANGHAI

Suffered martyrdom at Pao-ting-fu, probably on July 1, 1900.

Prior to his sailing for China, as a missionary, Mr. William Cooper was Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., Gourock. He received his call to missionary service through reading a copy of a sermon by C. H. Spurgeon, entitled "The Divine Call for Missionaries," on the text Isa. vi. 8. In that appeal Mr. Spurgeon said: "I should not wonder if a hundred young men rise up in answer to this call, and go forth to heathen lands to spread the Gospel." Mr. Cooper was the second person to respond to that appeal, the first being a young man who was a member of Mr. Spurgeon's church.

Mr. Cooper reached Shanghai on January 9, 1881, and went immediately to Gan-k'ing, where he made rapid progress in the study of the Chinese language, and in due course took part in regular itinerant work, as well as preaching in the city. At that time Gan-k'ing was the only station in the province (Gan-hwuy), the other six places being out-stations.

On September 22, 1882, he was stricken down with typhoid fever, from which he did not recover until eight weeks had elapsed. This long and serious illness permanently impaired his hearing. In 1884 he was appointed to Wu-ch'ang in Hu-peh province, where he worked for about a year. With this exception his work, up to his first furlough, which occurred in 1887—he reached England in February of that year—lay in the province of Gan-hwuy. During the furlough referred to he married, and returned to China with his wife and child in November 1888. On his return he was appointed Superintendent of Gan-hwuy and stationed once more at Gan-k'ing. Five and a half years later (July 1894) he was invited by the Council in Shanghai to assist Mr. Stevenson, our Deputy-Director, in his very important and increasingly difficult work at the China Headquarters of the Mission. In May 1898 he once more came to England on furlough, and it was only in the autumn of last year that he returned to China for the last time.

For those who knew our beloved brother, William Cooper, no words will seem adequate to express the quiet, strong influence of his beautiful life; and we fear it will be difficult to convey to those who did not know him, any satisfactory impression of his real worth.

The outward history of his life, as seen from the ordinary standpoint, could not be called eventful or brilliant. His name was not widely known beyond the limits of our own Mission and that of a circle of very attached Christian friends who held him in high esteem. To the discerning eye, however, there was something about the circumstances of this life which made it remarkable. The Lord who loved him had granted him to taste in no ordinary degree the fellowship of His sufferings. We are not thinking now of the final end of his earthly course, but rather of constant experiences in which, as he lived, he was permitted to undergo that chastening which in itself is never joyous but grievous, but which always yields afterwards the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who are exercised thereby. During most of his period of service in China his hearing was permanently impaired, this being the after-effect of a serious attack of typhoid fever, from which he suffered at Gan-king. Having also a somewhat delicate chest, it was no uncommon thing for him to be laid up and unable to enter with full vigour into that work of ministering to others, in which his heart delighted so much. When last in England he was run over and seriously injured, being taken home almost unconscious; while at the same time his wife had just been laid aside and was too weak to see him or render him any assistance.

These are but a few indications of the way in which the Lord wrought with this chosen vessel to make it perfect for the final step of suffering and the glory beyond. Very commonplace experiences, some may say; but if there is one lesson more than another that we may learn as we look back upon the life of William Cooper, it is that the sphere of every-day experience is Christ's training-school for bringing forth the highest aspects of Christian character.

Now let us try and gather up the results of all this as some of us saw them.

"One of the very few blameless lives that I have ever come into contact with"—such was the substance of a letter written to us by a friend who had abundant opportunity of observation during a time when the most trying experiences had to be gone through day after day.

We know well that in this fallen world no absolutely faultless

life is ever seen, but this we can say, that the above testimony would be confirmed on all hands by those who were Mr. Cooper's co-workers in the fellowship of the Mission. He occupied a unique place amongst us, and many of us can bear witness that we have never heard him speak an unkind word of any one; and that of him no hard words were ever spoken. He could be perfectly firm and decided when such an attitude was called for, but he could say "No" in such a way as not to give offence to those with whose proposals he was unable to agree.

When he visited the Continent in 1899 he was brought into contact with many people for the first time, but the impression of his visit left its mark in the hearts of all those with whom he met.

When in Canada last spring we heard of the gracious influence his presence there in the previous year had exercised, and only the other day we heard of how his Christlike character had told in a house in Scotland where he spent some days just before leaving for China. Quiet strength, gentle patience, frank faithfulness, and tender sympathy,—these seem to stand out as the leading features in a life for which many of us shall never cease to thank God.

The loss to his wife and children is of a terrible character, and to us as a Mission wellnigh irreparable.

Had the choice been offered him as to how life should end, we believe nothing would have accorded more thoroughly with his own heart's desire than to be permitted to lay down his life on behalf of the people of China, whom he loved so deeply.

WALTER B. SLOAN.

MR. AND MRS. BENJAMIN BAGNALL

AND DAUGHTER GLADYS

PAO-TING-FU, CHÏH-LI

Suffered martyrdom at Pao-ting-fu, probably on July 1, 1900.

Mr. Benjamin Bagnall went to China in 1873. His earlier years of missionary work were spent in connection with the American Bible Society, and also, later, with the American Methodist Mission at Kiu-kiang. He married, in 1886, Miss Emily Kingsbury, having previously joined the China Inland Mission. After his marriage, he, with his wife, went to P'ing-yang-fu, Shan-si. For several years he was Missionary-Superintendent of this province. His first and only furlough was taken in December 1891, after nineteen years' missionary work. Mrs. Bagnall had been in China twelve years without furlough. They only spent nine months in England, returning to China in the early autumn of 1892. On returning to China, they went back to Shan-si, but did not remain in the province long. In 1894 they left it to take up work in Pao-ting-fu, the provincial capital of Chïh-li. It was here they met their death at the hands of the Boxers, on or about July 1.

One who knew Mr. Bagnall for twenty-four years writes thus of him :—

"He laboured with all his powers in most difficult and self-denying positions of trust, for the glory of God and the good of his brethren and sisters in Christ. He was a very humble man, having a full measure of a rare grace—namely, the grace of esteeming others better than himself. He was very considerate in all his dealings with the Chinese, having a deep sympathy with the poor among the people and with the weak Christians."

Mrs. Bagnall (Emily Kingsbury) went to China in 1880. She belonged to Walthamstow, and was for many years a member and worker in connection with the Wood Street Chapel there. The following appreciation of her, and also of her husband, is written by one who knew her well in China :—

After five years' residence in China, our sister Mrs. Bagnall wrote : "My life has been a very happy one since I came to this

land—indeed, the last five years have been the happiest I have ever spent." *Happy!* that just expressed her. There was always a smile, always a welcome for every one. No hour seemed inconvenient—nothing too much trouble—whether for Chinese or foreigner. Wherever she went it was the "glad tidings" she preached, not only by her voice, but by her smiling face and winning manner, while her intense sympathy won the confidence and love of the poor women who came to her for help. And yet withal one could often see how greatly she suffered from natural anxiety and loneliness while her husband was away visiting the distant stations, frequently being absent many weeks at a time.

After the united term of their residence in China had amounted to something like thirty years, they returned to England for their furlough. Here they remained nine months, and then set sail once more for their distant home beyond the sea. They arrived in T'ai-yüan-fu during the winter of 1892. How well we remember their expressions of joy at being "at home" again! It was an intensely cold winter, and the long journey over ice and snow had been an exceptionally trying one; but all that was as nothing in comparison with the pleasure they felt at being in dear, dirty North Shan-si once more, and seeing the familiar faces of the Chinese around them.

After about two years spent in this district, they took up work in Pao-ting-fu, overseeing and arranging for the arrival of the various parties of missionaries from T'ien-tsin—entertaining them in their home, and then helping them forward on the commencement of the long, long journey into the interior. Genial, kindly, hospitable souls! It were hard indeed to find two more eminently fitted to fill such a position. And now to what honour has God raised them! Even to be reckoned among "the noble army of martyrs," to whom belong that joy unspeakable—that eternal weight of glory—only to be realised by those who suffer for His Name.

E. M. G.

SHUT UP IN CHENG-TING-FU

Of Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and Mr. Brown at Shun-teh our information is but scanty. Rioted out of their city and driven from place to place, they arrived at Cheng-ting-fu, where they took refuge in the Roman Catholic cathedral (see p. 166 and route map). A native messenger sent by Mr. Price of the American Board from Shan-si, who carried a rag with these words, "This man will tell our situation and is trustworthy," passed through Cheng-ting-fu on his way to the coast. He reported having seen twenty foreigners safe in the Cheng-ting-fu Roman Catholic cathedral, who were being protected by the friendly brigadier-general. These were Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and child, also Mr. Brown, all of the C.I.M., one Roman Catholic bishop, three priests, five nuns, five railway men, and two others. These C.I.M. friends eventually joined Mr. Green's party at Pao-ting-fu, where they were found by the Allies. The following letter from Mr. Griffith records their safe arrival at T'ien-tsin :—

T'IEN-TSIN, *Monday, October* 29, 1900.

DEAR MR. STEVENSON—You probably knew some weeks ago that Mr. Brown and we were safely lodged with the Catholics in Cheng-ting-fu. I wrote to you on September 8 from there. (This letter never came to hand.) We remained there until Wednesday, October 17, being there in all just twelve weeks. On October 17 we left Cheng-ting-fu for Pao-ting-fu under an escort of 40 Chinese cavalry, provided by the Pao-ting-fu F'an-t'ai, who took us in safety as far as Ting-chau, which is the terminus of the railway. The day after we left Cheng-ting we met a body of twenty-four French cavalry, and after talking the matter over with the French officer, we accepted his offer to give us an escort, and to see us safely through to Ting-chau, there to await his return from Cheng-ting with the party of five railway surveyors. So, for the last fifteen miles, we had both Chinese and French cavalry, until we reached Ting-chau, where we were given a private house near the French Camp. The French cavalry who had gone to Cheng-ting-fu to fetch the railway engineers, returned to Ting-chau on the Saturday—October 20—and the next day, Sunday, we all went by train to Pao-ting-fu, where we were handed over to

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES H. S. GREEN AND FAMILY.

Vera, under 5 years. John, under 3 years.

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MISS JESSIE G. GREGG.

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the British officers, and taken to the Red Cross Hospital, where Mr. Green was lying ill. Then on Tuesday 23 we left Pao-ting-fu by boat with a convoy of British for T'ien-tsin, and we arrived here on Saturday, October 27.

It is remarkable how peaceful the city of Cheng-ting-fu was; though we did not go outside the premises until the end of September, yet the servants were able to go out and buy provisions as usual. The Bishop, priests, monks, and nuns are all remaining there.

I cannot enter into details of our wanderings now, we praise God we have had an easy time compared with many others. We are all well. Our Hwuy-luh friends have had a hard time indeed; you will probably see some published accounts of it before they are able to report their adventures personally.

At Pao-ting-fu I went and saw the ruins of our premises, a sad spectacle.

Please excuse more now, as Mr. Green, being ill, takes a good deal of attention.—With kind regards, yours sincerely,

MARTIN GRIFFITH.

Mr. Green sends his love.

The thrilling story of the Hwuy-luh friends is one of most extraordinary interest. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Green, two children—Vera aged five, and John under three—and Miss Gregg. The narrative was written by Mr. Green before he was taken ill, and, as he says, is only "told for the glory of God." The following is carefully condensed from his account, which is too long to print in full here. May the "God of deliverances" be glorified by its publication.

CAPTURED BY THE BOXERS

By Mr. CHARLES GREEN

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee."

It was very soon after our return to Hwuy-luh on April 1 that increasing rumours of trouble with the society known as "The Boxers" in the district north of Pao-ting-fu reached us, and by the middle of May things seemed to be getting really serious, though one learns by experience to "*liberally discount*" all *rumours* in China.

The continued drought in the province caused much unrest among the people, and no doubt tended to accelerate and strengthen the anti-

foreign movement. There had been no rain practically since early in July last year. The autumn crops had been a failure, the wheat for this year's spring could not be sown, so there were no spring crops, now the time for sowing the autumn crops was fast passing away, and still no rain.

The anti-foreign party, taking advantage of this, issued broadcast inflammatory placards, with various very injurious accusations, saying there would be no rain until all foreigners were exterminated. Although there was much idle talk and growing coldness of attitude to us in our district, we first began to be uneasy when we found these placards were being posted in the neighbourhood. We were glad to find that, at least, our local magistrate was not anti-foreign.

From this time forward the local natives and our own dear Christians and inquirers became more and more uneasy. Many of the more friendly natives visited us, and sought to assure us that whatever happened elsewhere, the Hwuy-luh people would never do, or allow any violence, and that we must continue to pray for rain. We gave ourselves to much prayer and waiting upon God, and encouraged our Christians to do the same. Truly for them this was a time of fiery trial; they were "counted as the offscouring of all things," and knew what it was to be "despised and rejected" of men, and being "of the people" there was *no* respite such as we had in the privacy of our own house.

About midnight on June 12 I awoke to find a man in our room. Though I immediately sprang up, he managed to escape. This was the beginning of several midnight alarms and, coupled with the other growing troubles, seemed to unnerve us.

On June 30 an abundant rain commenced, which lasted more or less for three days, and was sufficient to allow the later autumn grains to be sown, thus saving our district, at least, from the long-dreaded famine. When at last the rain came, after the long strain of waiting and continued prayers, we could not keep back the tears of thankfulness, and perhaps from this little incident something may be gathered of what those days had meant.

We trusted that now our troubles were passed, and rejoiced, because the people would all be busy on their land, and more peaceful times were at hand.

Danger on Every Hand

On Monday, July 2, our little household were at prayer when a messenger I had sent returned with a reply from the telegraph clerk to this effect: "He had just heard on the wires, that all the Mission premises in Pao-ting had been destroyed the previous day, and all the foreigners killed, only two ladies had been carried into the district Yamên, and that many natives, both Protestants and Catholics, had perished." The Lord Himself gave the grace for receiving this sad, sad news.

Troops had been passing Hwuy-luh for several days, going north, it was said, to "stop the Russians" who had invaded the empire from that quarter, and now comes word that the Governor of Shan-si was on his way down with soldiers and a company of Boxers, that they had already rioted T'ai-yüan-fu, and were likely to cause trouble at any stations on the way. Knowing that this official was a well-known sympathiser with the Boxer movement, and learning from the telegraph office that the Catholic Mission at T'ai-yüan-fu had been burned down and some foreigners killed, we began to consider the advisability of seeking a place of retreat where we could hide until he and his followers had passed through.

A temple keeper having a few days previously voluntarily offered us a room in his temple on a mountain near by, we sent a man to see the place and make arrangements for our going if we decided to leave our home. About 3 o'clock came a very unexpected blow. A man arrived, and was quickly ushered into my office, where I soon gathered that our Mission at Shun-teh had been rioted on June 30. Everything was destroyed and stolen, and the friends had to escape at midnight with just what they stood up in, to a village twelve miles away in the mountains. This man also brought us news that the L.M.S. station at Hsiao-chang had been destroyed, but he did not know how the foreigners had fared. While he was yet talking to me, the man I sent out came in to say that a traveller from Shan-si had just told him that Shou-yang Mission premises were destroyed. This was the nearest station west of us, about three days' journey. How we went to God in prayer for guidance ; all the nearest stations around us, north, south, east, and west, were destroyed.

A Place of Refuge

The Shan-si Governor and his troops were expected either on the morrow or the next day, so we were led to gather a few things together—just a change of clothing, etc., to leave the house under cover of night, and take refuge in our hiding-place on the mountain. We had prayer with the natives, commending each other to our loving Heavenly Father, and about 10 o'clock sent off three men with bedding, a few cooking utensils, provisions, etc., and just about midnight we, carrying the sleeping children, with one servant attending, set off for our three-mile walk and mountain climb. It would not be easy to describe all we felt as we made our way over the rough roads in the dark, and it was just beginning to show signs of dawn when we reached the gateway of our retreat, tired, and sick at heart, but realising our Lord to be "a very present help in trouble," and that we were suffering for His sake. To our dismay, we found that the slightest sounds travelled most distinctly in these echoing hills and valleys. It was one long strain all day to keep the children quiet, in case our presence there should become known.

On our second day there we had a fright. Towards evening, the

oil for our cooking-lamp having run short, Miss Gregg and I ventured forth into another building, used as a kitchen. While thus employed, and with the door wide open, two men came by, and went into one of the temples to worship. They made no sign whatever that they saw us, so we, hoping they had not noticed, slipped quickly into our retreat while they were burning incense, and remained there until they had gone again. Alas! this was the beginning of trouble for us, but trouble which our God turned into the means of our escape from death, as will be seen as I tell the sequel.

About midnight on this day, Saturday, July 8, our cook came with two inquirers, bringing us provisions, and news which filled us with *dismay*—it would have been *despair*, but we had our Heavenly Father with us. Our home had been looted by the rabble that day, and we were now practically homeless. The Master had given us an opportunity to "take joyfully the spoiling of our goods for His sake."

Some may wonder why I had not sought the mandarin's protection instead of ourselves finding a place of retreat and leaving without letting him know; but since my last communication with him, the Government had taken steps which effectually prevented the officials from in any way defending or befriending foreigners.

Towards evening I did set off for the city, but, as I had anticipated, the mandarin was powerless to help me. He did not even come into the room to see me, our conversation being carried on through the secretary, who had been to our home twice. Explaining why he could not do anything for us now, he asked me to remember what he had done a week or two previously, as an indication of what he *would* do if possible. He, too, was afraid of the Boxers; several officials known to have pro-foreign tendencies had been killed by them, and already a report was about that he had taken a bribe of tls.700 from me. He sent a strong guard of underlings to escort me out of the city and help me to get quickly away again, and I was able to get away without molestation, arriving at the temple about 11 P.M.

Rejected of Men

By the next day, Monday the 19th, the report that we were living on Lien-hua Shan (Lotus-flower mountain) had reached the village near, which really had control of the mountain and its temples. There was quickly an uproar. About 3 o'clock a man arrived at the temple in company with one of the priests. We were resting at the time, and were suddenly aroused by the sound of footsteps. The priest showed more or less kindness, but the man from the village was a real bully, and looked as if he would like to lay hands on us there and then. I quietly assured them that I would gather our things together and go at once. Then they left us, and we were face to face with the fact that *go* we *must*. *But where?*

Our first impulse was to turn to our Father, and we poured out our hearts to Him—the God of Deliverance. Then, with trembling

faith, looking to Him to open a way, we set about packing up all we now possessed of this world's goods.

Having the two children to carry, we knew but little could be taken with us, and not knowing where we might get the next meal, were all just trying to choke down some food when the keeper himself arrived.

God's Cleft in the Rock

We knew that our prayer was answered as soon as we saw him coming, and our hearts overflowed with thankfulness to God as he said, "Don't be afraid, I have another place for you; it is a natural cave high up on the face of this mountain, plenty of room inside, but a very small entrance; very few know even of its existence. You will be perfectly safe there until they can find you a better place." Shouldering a giant's share of our things, he then led the way; we each carried a load, and dear Vera trotted alongside over the difficult stony pathway. The last 200 feet was a steep, trackless climb, and the children had to be carried up, but after two or three trips we were all sitting breathless in "His own cleft in the Rock." On inspecting our home, we found how damp it was, only one small place on the ground, about five feet by three, really dry, and here we spread our bedding bag.

When the news reached the city on Tuesday that the village people had turned us out of the temple, our servants and friends were filled with dismay. Not having the least trace of us, they could only guess that we had not gone far, owing to the children and the effects, so five or six of them set out and searched nearly all day in every nook and cave they could find. One of them, an inquirer, met a gang of eight or ten armed men, who said, "Are you looking for the foreign devils too?" Others of the party had seen the same gang, and later on we learned they were a party of Boxers.

A Chinese Onesiphorus—"He sought me diligently and found me"

We were hidden alike from friend or foe, for when He hides, none can find until Himself show the way. This was the *first* of our wonderful deliverances from death, for they certainly would have killed us had we fallen into their hands. Late in the afternoon our cook returned to his home tired and hungry. When he was told that a man of a certain description had called upon him, he knew it was the temple keeper, and then it flashed across him that in some way *he* knew of our whereabouts, so, only waiting to get food, he set off again to the keeper's home, who, about 10 P.M., brought him along to our hiding-place. What a meeting! How we praised God together! The lad had carried with him a big stone bottle of tea and some eatables, and brought the good news that on the Monday he, with our other servant, had been into the country and found what seemed to be a splendid retreat for us. It was too late then to

arrange for our removal that night, but he promised to come the next night with three or four others and help us move to our third home about three miles away. The two days spent in this cave were truly a trial to our faith. We all felt chilled to the bone, and our food supply was very meagre—in fact, by mid-day on Wednesday we had very little left, but the God who sent the ravens to Elijah sent us a feast of unleavened cakes and cucumbers by the hand of a man at one time in our employ. I assure you that we did not need to pray "For what we have received *make* us truly thankful."

With thankfulness too deep for words, we welcomed our relief party, who, with us, could hardly keep back the tears of emotion and joy. Six men came, so that we might be relieved from every burden. With Vera on the back of one and John asleep in the arms of another, the long single file moved on.

A bright full moon made the progress easier, though not so safe, and all were very glad when we reached the place about 1.30 A.M. without having been seen by any one.

Receiving us very kindly, our landlord assured us that he intended to take good care of us, and nothing should be left undone that could possibly lessen the trials of our imprisonment there, although we found out afterwards he had not realised the seriousness of our position.

From time to time we heard of different Mission stations being destroyed. Through the kindness of the clerk I kept in touch with the telegraph office, though the wires were repeatedly cut in both directions. The terrible rumours of what was taking place in Shan-si convinced us that the awful persecution was spreading in that province also, and kept us constantly in prayer on behalf of our friends there. Sickness, too, came to test us. Miss Gregg had a very serious attack of dysentery, which lasted about a week. My dear wife passed through nearly three weeks of great suffering with abscesses in her ear, whilst I myself was troubled more or less with neuralgia and indigestion nearly the whole time.

Fellow-Sufferers

We were startled one night to hear from our cook that Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and Mr. Brown of Shun-teh were in Hwuy-luh, having arrived the same evening. After spending a fortnight in the mountains, they were turned away by the villagers. Their money was all gone, and now being practically destitute, they walked back to Shun-teh in the night and demanded protection from the chief official there. He promised to escort them to a place of safety, and was sending them through to Shan-si. The dread uncertainty of their destination, and the fear that in going west they were going from bad to worse, seemed almost more than we could bear. Four days later, we heard they were again in Hwuy-luh. It appears that when they reached P'ing-ting, about seventy miles away, the official there

would not allow them to be sent farther west, and arranged for their return to Shun-teh. He told them that Mr. Pigott, of the Shouyang Mission, had been killed, and it was almost certain death to proceed. This was indeed the Lord's deliverance for our friends, and we praised Him for it. On arriving at Cheng-ting-fu, twenty miles east of Hwuy-luh, Mrs. Griffith was very ill, and as to continue travelling by cart seemed at the risk of her life, they decided to accept an invitation to go into the Roman Catholic premises there, which were still untouched ; thus we were able to correspond with them and know each other's welfare.

Face to Face with Death

With the third week of our stay at the farm came a new trouble : it began to be whispered abroad in the villages that we were there. This led our host to prepare a place for us in case of emergency, by cutting a passage-way through the cliff that the house was built against. He joined one of the smaller rooms of the kitchen with two tumbled-down caves at the back of the buildings, which had been used once as a dwelling, leaving only a very small entrance on the house side ; and no one but ourselves knowing of its existence, it could easily be concealed.

It was on Thursday morning, August 10, when warning was given that several men were approaching, and we quickly hid ourselves in the cave, while the woman covered the entrance with some household chattels. The inquirer, Mr. King, mentioned above, who was there at the time, joined us in the cave, and listened near the opening, so that we might know what was going on. Soon the tramping of many feet and loud altercations could be heard. Looking up to our God, whose own peace now garrisoned our hearts, we waited with bated breath to hear if they should discover the concealed doorway. The footsteps came nearer, the voices louder, there was a banging of utensils, then a shout of triumph ! With one voice we lifted up our hearts, crying, Thou art worthy. We thought of the dear children, whose piteous queries of, "Will they kill us? Are they going to kill us now?" pierced deeper than any Boxer's knife. We told them that very soon we should be with Jesus.

Shot by the Boxers

I was led to go out and plead with those men for the lives of the ladies and little ones. Groping my way along the passage, I stooped and lifted the curtain which covered the hole, and was just creeping through when one of them fired at me. By the dull, heavy thud on my head I knew I was wounded, and was conscious of falling through the entrance, then rising to my feet I seemed to spin round two or three times, and leaned against the wall for support. As I did so, I saw through the open door several Boxers run across the courtyard, and heard one shout, "All get outside and on to the roof." The blood

was now streaming down my face, but clearing my eyes with my handkerchief I saw one of them on the roof opposite just firing at me—it was an old flintlock, and only flashed in the pan. Then two others appeared farther along the roof, armed with guns, and sought to aim at me through the doorways and windows as I staggered from room to room, scarcely knowing what I was doing—*I think* I was looking for a way of escape.

"*Ready to be Offered*"

I made my way back to the cave and said to my wife, "They have shot me in the head, dearie, 'tis certain death for us, and only a matter of time now. We are *not* worthy, but He is worthy."

To die in the cave or outside in the yard was all the same to us, and if the man's house could be saved why should we prolong this terrible waiting? So we sent Mr. Kao with the word that we would come out into the yard, and after briefly committing each other to our Faithful Creator, made our way through to the kitchen; not a soul could be seen through the open doorway, but as I stepped on the threshold I saw a man on each side against the wall, with their huge ghastly swords uplifted. Stepping back for a moment to tell the ladies to be prepared, I walked out with one of the children in my arms, the ladies following with the other child.

"*Having nothing, yet possessing All Things*"

We were immediately seized and these great knives brandished over our heads. Having secured all that was now left of our clothing, bedding, etc., they proceeded to search our persons, even to the tearing off of my wife's wedding ring, keeper, and spectacles. The only thing Miss Gregg had with her was a small Bible she was led to slip into her pocket as we left the cave. It was examined by two or three of them; although divided in opinion, the head one handed it back and said she might keep it, adding, "If you read that, you can get to Heaven." Thus our gracious God made provision for His children, and this little treasure, positively the *only* thing we now possessed beyond the few clothes we were wearing, has been an untold blessing, help, and comfort through the rest of our trials. "I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food." Once, on a later occasion, it was taken from us, but He prevented its destruction, and after six days' wandering it was again restored.

"*A Spectacle to the World*"

Much to our surprise, having secured all the booty, they led us off to the city, and actually had two men to carry the children, seeing how weak I was from loss of blood. What a procession! The villagers had turned out *en masse* on the surrounding hills and saw us led away, each overshadowed by a couple of those awful knives, while those with firearms walked in the rear. There was real sympathy on the faces of many in the enormous crowd lining the streets as we

passed along, and among them the tear-stained face of our serving-woman, to whom Miss Gregg shouted as we passed, "We are not afraid, God is with us!"

On arriving at the familiar doorway of our home the crowd was held back and not allowed to enter, while we were taken into the dining-room and the door immediately fastened.

When the official arrived we were formally handed over to him by the spokesman of the Boxer party, now dressed up with fan and gown, and using language which proved him to be an educated man. Without much delay we were escorted outside, and a new procession formed.

The mandarin gave orders that a lodging should be found for us within the Yamên precincts for safety, and we were accordingly led off to a small temple, professedly the only available place they had. The relief of finding ourselves really out of the hands of the Boxers, and the deep thankfulness in our hearts to God for this *second* deliverance from death. On examining my wound, we found it was a full charge of No. 1 shot I had received, and that, owing to my peculiar stooping position at the time, my head, shoulders, arms, face, and back had all taken their share. As blood, hair, and clothing were now firmly clotted, we decided to leave it so until we reached Cheng-ting-fu, where I could get proper surgical dressing and treatment. I suffered terribly that night, which we spent on some reed mats spread on the damp floor of the temple.

A Love Stronger than Death

We were out very soon after daylight, and had not been long in the yard when dear Mrs. Lin, my wife's helper, arrived; she had tried the night before but could not get in, and had been waiting outside the Yamên since long before dawn, hoping for an opportunity to see us. She was told by neighbours that we had been executed in the prison, and that we died singing hymns! but her reply was, "I do not fear, our God is with them." The interview was most touching; she took up the two children in her arms with a loving tenderness, and when leaving, embraced and kissed my wife and Miss Gregg, regardless of all onlookers, while all the time her calm, strong faith in God and loving helpful words, with the recollection of others in our little flock, enabled us to share St. Paul's joy when glorying in his Corinthian converts, "I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation." Returning home, she sent us a thick wadded Chinese coverlet to spread on the bottom of the cart, and some fruit and cakes for the children.

From Hwuy-luh to Cheng-ting

By about 7 o'clock we had left the city; the country was looking beautiful, especially to us after our month's imprisonment. The rains had only just come when we left our home, and the whole plain was bare and barren; now it was a picture, with luxuriant crops and trees.

When about five miles out a band of Pao-ting-fu Boxers overtook us, causing a new trial. Each was carrying a bundle of the booty taken, and some were even wearing our garments.

The Lord wonderfully strengthened me for the journey, and though suffering considerably, I was a marvel to myself and others. On arriving at the east gate of Cheng-ting-fu, we saw a large crowd gathered and several Yamên people about. The cart was stopped and the official papers concerning us were handed over by our escort, and then followed a long wait while the papers were taken to the Yamên. It was early afternoon, and the fierce sun, with the great crowd swarming almost on the cart, made the heat unbearable, and thus we sat, bathed in perspiration, travel-stained and dishevelled, and gazed upon by a continually moving stream of curious ones, for two long hours. It was during this trying wait, when we expected every minute to be taken into the city and to the Mission house,[1] where we should see our friends, that the Lord gave to my wife this text, "*Delivering thee from the people unto whom I now send thee*," and in the cave that day as we sat, momentarily expecting death, was given to Miss Gregg, "*A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee.*" These two remarkable texts, seemingly so inappropriate at the time given, were used of God through all our later experiences to keep us in the assurance that it was His purpose to save us, and over and over again He led us to remind Him of His own word.

A stir in the crowd, and way was made for a military officer whom I knew, who told us, "Don't fear, you are being sent home to your own country." Then word was given to drive on to the north suburb, but still outside the city. Even yet, we never dreamt that we were not to be allowed to enter the city, but thought they feared the crowd, so would escort us to the north side, being nearest to the Catholic Mission, then take us there under cover of night. Once at the inn, I thankfully lay down to rest, but alas! not for long. We were soon to be undeceived, for a man from the Yamên came to say we had better hurry up and order some food, as another cart was already waiting in the yard to take us on the next stage of our journey to *Pao-ting-fu*.

As Men Doomed to Death

In vain I pleaded we had hoped to go to the Catholic Mission, that it was certain death to send us to Pao-ting-fu, where the foreigners had already been killed, besides the places where there were Boxers on the way, and also how inhuman it was to send a wounded man such as I was, with two children and two ladies, without a rest, to travel far into the night. He declared that go on we must, the officials were afraid of Boxers who accompanied us, they too being forbidden to enter the city. I knew that the general had taken a firm stand against allowing any person carrying arms to enter the city, and it is

[1] Where the Griffiths were (see p. 160).

no doubt owing to his action that the Catholic Mission here, and the lives of our Shun-teh friends were saved.

His attitude towards the Boxers is all the more commendable in that it was so exceptional through the Province at this time. 'Twas useless to say more, I was only talking to an underling, and we were entirely at the mercy of the people. Although at each stage we had an official escort from the Yamên, we were *really* in the power of the Boxers.

It is useless to attempt to tell all that passed in our hearts as we got on the cart, which soon started and left the city behind. What would the dear Griffiths and Mr. Brown do when they heard of our passing, that Boxers were with us, and that we were being sent to Pao-ting-fu.

Only those who have travelled by cart in North China will really understand what this journey must have been to us. Practically without a rest, day and night, for forty hours. God most certainly gave the strength and grace, or no ladies could have taken such a journey, to say nothing of the children, and one wounded as I was. A shake-down was made for us on the floor of the prison room—first a spread of straw, then a reed mat, over which we spread our coverlet. The officials, headman and others with him, were moved to pity to see little John, as soon as the bed was spread, get down from my knee, crawl along on it, stretch himself out full length, and immediately fall fast asleep.

"*Numbered with the Transgressors*"

There was a prisoner in the cage at one end of the room, and five or six men slept on the brick bed at the other, but we were too far gone to care for these things, and lying down all in a row, were soon fast asleep. Neither the ladies nor I had slept since the previous Wednesday night, and this was the small hours of Sunday morning. About 9 A.M. we left the Yamên for the station. Alas! there was a hitch somewhere, for as we came in sight the little train moved off. Hour after hour passed, till at last word was given about 5 o'clock that we were to go on by cart. This meant travelling all night, and thirty miles more of that awful jolting over bad roads. Again His grace was sought and given. The next thing to look forward to was a rest and some food, while the animals were fed, at a place ten miles on the way. Here we had a nice supper, and the children had a little sleep. Then, leaving again about midnight, we arrived at Pao-ting-fu soon after daybreak, the city gate being still closed. As we waited there for the gate to be opened it seemed to us that we understood as never before something of what our Lord must have felt as He went up to Jerusalem. Very soon we were able to enter, and we were taken straight to the district Yamên. Alighting from the cart, almost before I was aware of what was happening, we were separated, the ladies and children being taken to the women's lock-up, and I was

marched off to the men's common prison. I found myself in a filthy yard, with some twenty prisoners in various stages of dirt and wretchedness. Spreading my coverlet on the damp ground, I lay down and cried—not for the ignominy heaped upon us, but the thought of being separated from my dear wife and children was at this time unbearable. Perhaps I had lain there about half an hour, when I heard a call for the foreign man. Some one had been sent to fetch me back to the cart, which was still standing where we left it. I was rejoiced to find the ladies and children already there. They told us first we were to be taken on to the Governor's Yamên, but a little later I learned the truth, that the district magistrate had refused to see either us or the official papers concerning us, but intended to send us back at once to the place we came from!

A Critical Moment

A fast-increasing and excited crowd was surging about the cart. Several of the city Boxers appeared with their guns and great swords, and took up their position around us. Not one of the Boxers or official escort who had brought us were to be seen. The heat became intense, and we sat like that at least two hours. On first rejoining the cart I had overheard the spokesman of our Boxer party say, "There will be trouble here very shortly." To that man, under God, we undoubtedly owe our lives on this, the *third*, wonderful deliverance from death. He had gone to the mandarin and pleaded for us, showing him that we should certainly be killed as soon as we got out of the city, even if we were allowed to get thus far. I was called out and taken to have an interview with the mandarin himself. He spoke kindly, professed sympathy with us in our distress, declared that the Western Powers, including my own honourable nation, were to blame for the present state of things, having "rebelled" against the government and taken T'ien-tsin!—but since we had *come* to Pao-ting-fu they would devise some means of protecting us. I asked, as a favour, that we might all be put together, no matter where it was; so he gave orders that a room in the women's lock-up should be cleared for us, and I was taken off to join the ladies and children there. And now, taking this, the first opportunity since I was shot, my wife and Miss Gregg set about cleansing my wounds and to see what could be done to remove some of the pellets. With the aid of a broken-pointed penknife (found at the bottom of my wife's pocket a day or two after our capture) and a needle, five or six were extracted; at different times Miss Gregg has succeeded in getting out several others, but many were embedded too fast, and must wait for proper surgical instruments.

An Horror of Great Darkness

The next day, August 15, one of the Yamên men came to say that arrangements had been made for us to be taken on to T'ien-tsin by boat, and that we were starting that day! Twelve runners, with

gowns and dress hats, went before the carts, while several Boxers, with drawn swords, also acted as escort. Arriving at the riverside, we were soon on the boat. Eight of the Boxers who brought us from Hwuy-luh then came on board, with four or five of the local men, and in a little while we were making good progress down-stream. It seemed too good to be true that we should so soon be in T'ien-tsin, and our troubles at an end. Three miles out the local men left the boat, and we went on far into the night. Soon after sunrise we were passing a walled city, which I remembered was thirty miles from Pao-ting-fu. A little later the boat stopped and was moored to the bank. Saying something which I did not quite understand, the spokesman and the leader went ashore together. My wife cried, "Oh, Charlie, something is wrong; do ask the other men what it is!" I spoke to one of them, but he only wrung his hands and said, "This is terrible, terrible!" Then the two men returned, and the leader said, "It is all a lie about your being taken to T'ien-tsin. It is impossible to get there, the river is held by Boxers at several points on the way down, and it would be certain death for ourselves, as well as for you, to attempt to get through. Our orders from the Governor were to bring you down the river so far, then kill you and put you out of the way." As he spoke he pointed to his big, ugly knife, which I had seen him sharpening since we left Pao-ting-fu. Then he went on to say, "We don't intend to commit such a sin. We have no quarrel with you, but you must leave the boat now and make the best of it for yourselves."

Not knowing whither he went

Protest was useless; we were simply stunned, and moved on as though in a dream. Gathering together our few belongings, the bedding, bundle of food, and cloth containing our cash, part of which we left as being too heavy to take, we took the children in our arms and went ashore. Tears came into the eyes of the spokesman when, on stepping from the boat with John in my arms, I turned, and putting my hands together in Chinese manner, thanked him. Getting quickly over the embankment, we were soon out of sight among the reeds and thick undergrowth, without having been seen by any one. Making sure to be completely hidden from any who might be passing along the bank, we spread out our bedding and sat down to think and pray. Slowly one began to realise that for the *fourth* time our God had delivered us from a cruel death, touching even the hearts of these Boxers with pity for us, and I believe more especially for the two dear little children. Many times, during the days of our hiding in the temple cave and at the farm-house, we had said how much easier it would be without the children, but in our late experiences the Lord has undoubtedly used the children to move the hearts of our enemies, giving us favour in their eyes.

What a day that was—most of it was spent in prayer. At every

sound of footsteps on the bank we held our breath. Asking my wife what the Lord was saying to her, she replied, "I still have my text, 'Delivering thee from the people unto whom I now send thee.'" Miss Gregg's answer to the same question was, "I have been waiting all day for a little bird to bring me a letter." We laughed at the time, but you will hear more of this "little bird" later on.

About the middle of the afternoon we heard the tramping of many feet and voices along the bank, and knew it was a band of Boxers looking for us by their shouts and shooting off guns into the reeds; in about half an hour they returned and all was quiet again. We were terribly bitten by mosquitoes, and all day the children were pleading for something to drink; we too suffered much from thirst.

In Deep Waters

When it was quite dark and everything seemed quiet, we all went to the riverside and quenched our thirst from the straw-hat drinking cup. And now, by the repeated lightning and gathering black clouds, we knew a storm was approaching. All around was weird and black with constant lightning and distant thunder. We returned to our place in the reeds, hoping it might pass over without rain. Then came the fierce wind, bending the reeds low to the ground, and very soon the rain commenced. A reed is at any time a poor thing to trust to, but never take shelter from a Chinese thunderstorm in a bed of reeds. Covering the children as much as possible with the bedding and the straw hats, we sat through that miserable two hours, all very soon wet to the skin and chilled to the bone. O Lord! was there ever a more helpless, hopeless, desolate band of Thy little ones!

Some course of action must now be decided upon. To the east, about a quarter of a mile, was a hamlet, and half a mile to the west the city: which way should we go? *Perhaps* influenced by the advice of the Boxers, *certainly* guided by God, we decided to go west and make our way towards the city. About half-way there, we came to a cottage, and seeing a light in the window, I said, "Let us ask them to help us." Making our way towards the door at the back, we saw a youth carrying a light crossing the yard, so, telling him who and what we were, we asked him if he could help us get a boat. He was distressed at our pitiable condition, and talked of the wickedness and cruelty of the Boxers, then said he would go off and see if he could persuade a friend of his to take us in his boat. We were invited into the house and were soon fast asleep.

Betrayed

Suddenly we were startled by an unearthly sound in the yard outside, it seemed a combination of a hiss and a growl. With a slash of a drawn sword, the reed curtain at the door was dashed down, and we were again face to face with a crowd of fierce Boxers. "*Betrayed!*"

was the first thought that flashed through one's mind. The next moment all was confusion. I was seized by the hair and dragged to the ground, and was conscious of blow after blow on different parts of my body, then being trampled on by many feet as others rushed over me to seize my wife and Miss Gregg. I remember a pang as I heard the heartrending shrieks of the children, then a sweet calm filled my soul as I committed it to God. Comparing notes afterwards, we have each been able to testify that this was the calmest moment in our lives, so soon to be given up to Him, never doubting for a moment that we should immediately be killed.

Bound and Carried Off

Now we were dragged outside, thrown down in the wet and mud and bound hand and foot, they using their feet as much as their hands to get our arms and legs in the position they wanted, though we were quite passive. Then I suddenly missed the cries of the children and was glad the lambs had "gone before," and were spared more of these terrible sights. Miss Gregg was hauled by the hair into a kneeling position, and her head pressed down on a stone table in the yard for burning incense, and one cried, "Who'll strike?" but other voices over-ruling said, "No, take them all to headquarters first." As we lay there bound in the mud, one and another struck us heavily again and again with the back of their swords or the handles of spears. Miss Gregg now lay close beside me, and as blow after blow fell upon her no sound escaped her lips, only a long deep sigh. I could not see nor hear my dear wife, who had been dragged some distance away. Word was given to carry us off. The handles of two spears were put through my left arm, a man each taking an end on their shoulders, and I was taken off hanging between them by one arm, with hands tied to my feet behind me. It was only about a quarter of a mile to the temple buildings they used as headquarters. I should have fainted with the excruciating pain had it been much farther. On entering, my face struck heavily against a large earthenware water tank, and the next minute I was thrown down on the wet ground of the courtyard.

Hearing the dear children cry, I then knew they had been brought off at once and not killed, as I supposed. My wife and Miss Gregg were carried in a similar way, the former suspended by both hands and feet, the latter by one arm and one leg. Little John was tied hands and feet and carried, while Vera, with hands tied behind her, was made to walk, having her feet bound when they got there. Now all had arrived, and there was much rejoicing and mutual congratulations that these "Devils" had been captured.

Kept as Prisoners

Presently a tall young man arrived, who, by his authoritative voice, I soon knew was recognised as leader. He came and put a

brick under my head for a pillow and spoke encouragingly to me, telling me if I had anything to say not to be afraid to say it. I requested that, if they intended to kill us, they would do it *quickly*, and not let us go through any unnecessary suffering.

Being questioned who we were, I explained where we were from, and how we came to be there, but they would not believe a word I said. Later they lifted me up and gave me a stool to sit upon, that I might be better able to talk to them. In my new position I could see the ladies, and at my request my wife's head was moved out of a pool of water, and Miss Gregg's hands were loosened, and tied in front instead of behind,—a favour they would not grant for myself until next day, though I suffered intensely on account of the shot-wound in my left arm. I was soon, however, too faint to sit up, and was glad to be laid again on the wet ground, now so near the others that we were able to whisper to each other, "For Jesus' sake!" Vera, too, seemed to understand, and in her turn sought to comfort her mother by kisses and saying, "Poor mother! poor mother!"

Just before daylight we were carried through into the main temple building. A guard of five or six men were left in charge, the remainder being dispersed, understanding that our case was to be decided in the morning. Thus for the *fifth* time we found ourselves delivered from death.

A Cross-Examination

Shortly after sunrise some of the heads appeared on the scene, and for over three hours I sat there, bound and propped against the leg of the incense table, to undergo a severe cross-examination. Of course I told the truth and nothing but the truth, and at last I think they were obliged to own themselves baffled, as one confessed that I had a mouth "full" of Hwuy-luh dialect, another that he had seen a boatman the previous morning answering to that description given, while a third declared I could not be a Romanist priest, because I had two wives (!) and children. Our cords were removed, and food was given to us.

A Testimony

Many hundreds of Boxers visited us from all the country round, carrying their ghastly weapons and, by their looks, thirsting for our blood. The heat, and myriads of flies too, were an additional trial; while at night, although we were not bound after the second night, the mosquitoes, vermin, and rats were terrible, so that, with the hard uncomfortable bed, and our aching bodies, sleep was out of the question until the Saturday night, when we slept, I suppose, from sheer exhaustion. To the praise and glory of God, I bear record that we all realised and enjoyed His sustaining grace and keeping power, but, at the same time, I must humbly confess that I sometimes grew impatient under the continual strain of being questioned and insulted by the mob.

The Civil versus the Military

On the Saturday night I was fetched round to their meeting-room to hear the result of the deputation to Pao-ting-fu, and found myself in the midst of a room full of respectable tradesmen and scholars. These were the civil members of the company of the Boxers whose military people captured us. The Governor had been very angry when he had heard we had been let go alive, also that these people did not kill us as soon as they found us, and he now gave the same order as he had given the others. The civil, being a much stronger body than the military of the society we were now held by, had overruled any other wish there may have been, and determined to protect us, and send us down to T'ien-tsin, when the way was clear. Truly we were "a wonder to many." Yes, those who know not our God may well marvel at all He wrought on our behalf. Thus, for the *sixth* time, our lives are preserved, and we are guarded by night and day by some, at least, who would have killed us had they had their own way.

There was some doubt as to whether they would be able to hold their own against the number of Boxers who were expected on the following day, Sunday, to attend the funeral of two who had been killed by the Romanists. I suppose between three and four thousand thronged the town, but although there was some discussion, and a lot of threatening to make off with and kill us, they were restrained.

Sympathetic Chinese

The matter of food, because one of our special needs, day by day we laid this want before God. Very few days passed without our receiving many little kindnesses in gifts of food from the people who thronged to see us, and each evening we could praise for answered prayer.

It was a new experience being without money. Occasionally odd cash were given to the children, and they were jealously stored up until there were enough to buy a cake or some sugar-candy as a special treat. One man, out of the goodness of his heart, gave me thirty cash, saying: "I'm sure you must be pining for a smoke, this will buy you a little tobacco!" With this little fortune we were able, for several days, to buy my wife a basin of millet soup, as she could not take the other food during her illness.

A Herald of Good Tidings

One day, early in the afternoon, when there were few people about, I was standing over the ladies and children as they slept, keeping away the flies with a fan, and looking rather gloomily, I'm afraid, out through the open trellis-work of the door. Our guard were all having a nap, and one solitary sightseer was peering through at the foreigners. Presently a little crumpled tuft of paper was

dropped through on to the floor. I saw him throw it, but thinking it more of an act of contempt than anything else, I took no notice of it. The man had moved off to the other door, then stopped, and seeing I had not picked it up, he came back, and motioning to the floor where it lay, he again moved off. My curiosity was aroused now, and I took it up, opened it out, and found within in a good bold hand these words: "Don't be afraid, for Chinese robbers nearly all have been killed by both Chinese and foreign soldiers. Peking and T'ien-tsin belong to Europeans. Now I will go to T'ien-tsin and tell your armies to protect you. You may tear it into pieces when you have seen." Looking up, I motioned my thanks, and our unknown friend left hurriedly. The idiom was certainly that of an English-speaking Chinaman. I was so excited that I woke the ladies to show them. Miss Gregg at once claimed it as the "little bird" and letter she had looked for that day in the reeds. We were all elated, and for a time our hardships seemed much easier to bear from this little gleam of hope which the Lord had sent us. If this friend in need really went to T'ien-tsin and made known our position to the British Consul, we felt sure something would be done for us; nor were we wrong, as the sequel will show.

Chinese Peacemakers

On Monday, September 3, a company of Boxers visited the place, and we noticed that their attitude towards us was more unfriendly than usual; one thrust the muzzle of his gun into my wife's face, and said something to the effect that "they were going to begin business to-day." We were greatly relieved when all had left again, but the following morning early we were conscious that something unusual was abroad. We had just been reading Psalm cxlvi., and had laid hold of the seventh verse, "The Lord looseth the prisoners." Then soon after our morning meal, one of the heads came to tell us that they were in great trouble, a large party of Boxers having threatened to come in a body and carry us off. The whole town and neighbourhood were in an uproar about us, and some of the leading gentry were endeavouring to "talk over" the men who had come to make the threat. It was proposed to hide us, and give it out that we had been sent off to T'ien-tsin down the river.

The second day there was a great deal of shouting and much excitement going on in the street we could hear, and at night, when all was quiet and dark, we learned what a difficult matter it had been to keep off the attacking party of Boxers, while the *Civil* departments held a monster meeting in the city, attended by some 500 tradesmen and gentry, and by good words, apologies, and promises they had succeeded in preventing an attack upon us.

So busy had they all been that not a soul had been near us since early morning, and they forgot to bring us our evening meal until

very late. When the secretary and one or two others came at last we were nearer the point of despair than we had been all through our many trials. Sick, ill, tired, cold, hungry, and uncertain, the black pall of despair was settling down upon my soul as evening came on. With tears I implored my wife and Miss Gregg to pray for me, when suddenly there was quiet and music in my heart. I listened to catch the tune, then my lips tremblingly took up the strain and sang :—

Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him ;
Who can tell how much we owe Him !
Gladly let us render to Him
All we have and are.

The ladies soon joined, and, as the warm comfort of the Lord's peace flowed again in our hearts, we did not try to keep back the tears that *would* come.

There was quite a consternation when they suddenly remembered that, amidst all their other trouble, they had forgotten us ; very soon three or four different kind of cakes were brought along.

In Touch with Friends

Later, I am invited across to the meeting-room, and am told that we are to leave that evening by boat for Pao-ting-fu. It seemed like going to certain death again, until one gentleman, taking advantage of a moment we had alone, told me that the English Consul, having heard we were prisoners at Hsin-an, had sent to Pao-ting-fu demanding our protection and safe escort to T'ien-tsin, and that a Special Commissioner had been sent from Pao-ting-fu to fetch us.

At once we felt sure that our "little bird" had fulfilled his promise, and had made known our dangerous and destitute condition to the authorities at T'ien-tsin. It was our God who had enabled the Hsin-an people to restrain that horde of Boxers, and, just in the nick of time, to open the way for our removal from the place. This I record with deep wonder, love, and praise, as the *seventh* deliverance from death that He has wrought on our behalf, and these seven escapes have all been from definite and *seen* dangers,—what of the many *unseen* designs and schemes of the Evil One, which God had overthrown, and from which He had delivered us ?

About midnight, September 6, we walked down to the riverside, where two boats were waiting ; ourselves and six or seven of the escort embarked on one, and the rest on the other. I almost carried my dear wife, who was too weak to walk. Food had been made for us before starting, and now we were sent off with many expressions of goodwill from the little throng of tradesmen, etc., who had come down with us.

Arriving at Pao-ting I am asked, "How the consul at T'ien-tsin knew we were at Hsin-an ?" and a few other questions. We were then escorted to the district Yamên.

A Transformation from Outcasts to Honourable Guests

We rise now in the scale rapidly ; an extra bedding is bought for us (cheapest available), and I am allowed to have a shave, the mandarin's own barber being sent for the purpose. New paper is put on the windows to keep out the cold at night. The mandarin sends us a feast from his own kitchen. An official is appointed by the provincial judge, acting as governor, to give us daily attention, and provide us with everything we need in clothing, bedding, money, etc. Thus by rapid strides we are transformed from outcasts and prisoners into honoured guests.

About a week after our "promotion" I am again given leave to telegraph to Shanghai news of our safety, at the judge's expense, although somewhat restricted as to what I shall say. In about six days a reply comes, *Hallelujah ! have wired news home, wait instructions from T'ien-tsin or Peking.* This, our first communication from the outside world for four months, is pinned up on the wall, that we may constantly refresh ourselves by reading it.

Towards the end of our first week here I received a letter from the Consul at T'ien-tsin, with a note added by Mr. Lowrie. This too, fills our hearts with rejoicing as we learn of all that is being done for our safety.

About this time, too, I am given facilities to write to our Shun-teh friends, who are still in Cheng-ting-fu, which place, we learn, has not been destroyed.

Miss Gregg concludes this painful story as follows :—

October 20.—This is as much as Mr. Green has written of his diary. All has been written during our stay at Pao-ting-fu, but a great sorrow has fallen upon us. Dear little Vera died of dysentery on October 10, after about ten days' illness. It has come as the final crash to our exile.

After the death of darling Vera, Mr. Green, under the great strain, has completely broken down, and is not able to be moved ; although we could be escorted to T'ien-tsin by British troops, he cannot go. The French troops arrived here first on October 13, and on the 16 the French Colonel sent for us, and, Mr. Green carried on the ambulance, we were taken into the French camp. Yesterday other troops arrived, among them those of dear old England, under General Gaselee, and we are expecting now to be handed over to the British flag, so when you receive this, although written from Inland China, rest your hearts, we are safe !

From Mr. Griffith's letter on p. 161 it will have been seen that they were finally safely escorted to T'ien-tsin by some British sailors of H.M.S. *Cerberus* and some sepoys of the Hong-kong Regiment, under Lieut. Bingham, with Major G. S. Thomson in medical charge.

THE PROVINCE OF CHEH-KIANG

And they, when they heard it, lifted up their voice to God with one accord and said,

O Lord, Thou that didst make the heaven and the earth and the sea, and all that in them is: Who by the Holy Ghost, by the mouth of our father David Thy servant, didst say,

Why did the heathen rage,
And the peoples imagine vain things?
The kings of the earth set themselves in array,
And the rulers were gathered together,
Against the Lord and against His Anointed. . . .

And now, Lord, look upon their threatenings: and grant unto Thy servants to speak Thy word with all boldness, while Thou stretchest forth Thy hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done through the name of Thy Holy Servant Jesus.—Acts iv. 24-30.

THE PROVINCE OF CHEH-KIANG

PRIOR to the foundation of the C.I.M. in 1866, Mr. Hudson Taylor had in 1857 commenced work in this province. The work then started has been greatly blessed of God. According to the last statistics the China Inland Mission had as many as 3710 communicants in Cheh-kiang alone.

Recently there has been a time of severe persecution in many of the stations, and not a few native Christians have suffered the loss of all things, and others sealed their testimony by death.

The sad outbreak which has occasioned the death of eight members of the Mission and three children, had nothing, as far as we can see, to do with the Boxer movement. It was a local rebellion in which the district magistrate himself lost his life.

The following are the names of those martyred :—

Stationed at K'ü-chau-fu.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Thompson and their two boys, Edwin and Sidney.
Miss J. Desmond. Miss Edith Sherwood.
Miss Etta Manchester.

Stationed at Ch'ang-shan.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Ward and infant, Herbert.
Miss E. A. Thirgood.

The following letter written by Mr. Thompson only the day before the massacre tells of the turbulent state of the surrounding country.

THE DAY BEFORE THE MASSACRE AT K'Ü-CHAU-FU

K'Ü-CHAU-FU, *July* 20, 1900.

I know not what to say or think ; everything up here is growing worse. There are thousands of people taking refuge in the city, and

the rebels are gathering now in a body; they have two leaders, and have probably got possession of Kiang-san ere this. The poor three hundred soldiers who have arrived to put them down, were sent without any ammunition, and only a day or two ago was a load of powder and shot sent up. But we need not speak of this. Our brother Ward of Ch'ang-shan is in far more danger than we, for they are only twenty miles from the rebels. He asked the mandarin to give him an escort, and got as a reply that when the Kiu-chau soldiers arrived there, an escort would be given. We hear that the nine men caught by the friends in Kin-hwa, and handed over to the mandarin, were let off the day after the foreigners left. The Kin-hwa mandarin is a Manchu called Ch'eo.

We are expecting Brother Ward and the ladies to arrive at any moment, but we know not if they can hire a boat, for the boatmen agree to take you, and when they have gone 30 or 50 miles they stop and say, "We cannot go any farther," and want $500 (£50), or more, to go on, or bring you back.

We are told that the wives and daughters of most of the mandarins have fled. We hear all kinds of evil reports, which make us fear, but by His grace we are able to rise above all, and take hold of our God and Saviour. As yet we do not see our way clear to move, for if we leave without a very strong escort we shall be robbed; so we will just "stand still and see the salvation of God." Pray for us.

We will write again if we can, but the trade here is now stopped, and letters may soon be stopped also. Our Christians are beginning to come and want us to take them in. We tell them the danger is far greater in here with us than in their own country homes; but they do not believe it. The rebels are, as far as we know, not the Boxers, but just a rising of the Kiang-san Vegetarians, but of course evil men will now join them at every step of victory.

Now I will close; and God, our Father, take care of us, or *take* us. His Will be done.

D. B. THOMPSON.

On July 21, the day following that upon which Mr. Thompson wrote "God, our Father, take care of us, or *take* us," God took them to Himself for ever.

A large and unmanageable crowd gathered at the Mission premises, and commenced to loot and destroy everything, and Mr. Thompson was badly bruised on the head. The evangelist Ch'en-t'ien-fu escaped through the back-door, and sought aid from the Tao-t'ai (intendant of circuit), who practically refused to interfere.

When the evangelist returned to the Mission-house the ladies were sent to the Tao-t'ai's Yamên, but only to find the

MISS EDITH SHERWOOD.

MISS ETTA MANCHESTER.

MISS JOSEPHINE DESMOND.

MRS. AGNES THOMPSON.

MR. D. BAIRD THOMPSON.

To face page 184.

MISS EMMA A. THIRGOOD.

MRS. ETTA WARD.

MR. GEORGE F. WARD.

To face page 185.

district (Hsien) magistrate being beheaded in the court of the Yamên itself. They at once returned to the already destroyed Mission premises. About noon they again went to the Tao-t'ai's Yamên, and as a report had gained currency that the rebels were attacking the city, all the crowd had gone to the city wall, so they found the Yamên quiet.

In the afternoon the people returned. When they found the foreigners there, they first seized Mr. Thompson, took him outside the front-door, and put him to death. They then returned and murdered Mrs. Thompson, her two children, and Miss Desmond. The native evangelist says they were killed at once and had no prolonged sufferings.

The ladies' house where Miss Sherwood and Miss Manchester resided had been rioted at the same time as the Thompsons', but the ladies were hidden by neighbours until the 24th. The natives then refused to afford them any further shelter. Being discovered they were taken to the city temple, where they were speedily put to death. The whole family of the district magistrate were also murdered in this temple together with many rebels.

Mr. Thompson, as his letter says, was expecting Mr. and Mrs. Ward and Miss Thirgood to arrive from Ch'ang-shan, where the danger was greater. The ladies started to travel by boat, and reached the jetty at K'ü-chau. Here they were killed on the afternoon of the 22nd July. Mr. Ward, with his servant Li-yuen, travelled overland, and were also killed on the morning of the same day about five miles from K'ü-chau.

The Governor of the province has since wired to H.B.M. Consul-General in Shanghai to express his deep regret. He says the rising was so sudden he had no time to interfere. He stated his intention of making a strict inquiry into the reasons for the Tao-t'ai's non-intervention. There is reason to regard the Governor's expressions of regret as sincere.

Thus have eight more workers been called from the needy field of Cheh-kiang to higher service above. Upon whom shall their mantles fall?

MR. AND MRS. DAVID B. THOMPSON

AND SONS EDWIN AND SIDNEY

OF K'Ü-CHAU, CHEH-KIANG

Suffered martyrdom on July 21, 1900.

Mr. Thompson—a Scotsman—was born in 1854, and was converted to God when nineteen years old.

He was trained at the East London Institute. Then, for two and a half years he was superintendent at Mr. Quarrier's Emigration Home for Boys, Govan Road, Glasgow.

He first sailed for China in 1880. Early in 1885 Mr. Thompson married Miss Agnes Dowman, and together they commenced work in K'ü-chau. From this centre he visited and superintended the work in part of Kiang-si. After nine years' residence in China, he, with his wife, came to England for their first and only furlough, in March 1891.

Speaking at the Annual Meeting of the Mission of that year, Mr. Thompson said: "Praise God I have been enabled to baptize sixty-two Chinese since I went to K'ü-chau, and they are nearly all in the Church to-day; these do not include eight in Kiang-si and one in Shanghai."

The following tribute to his enthusiastic devotion to the work of winning souls is written by one who knew him in England:—

"Impelled by his fervent love for souls, our brother during his furlough in England undertook much evangelistic service, and greatly did his heart rejoice over any signs of blessing which God was pleased to grant. In order to attract as large outdoor audiences as possible in any seaside place at which he might be staying, he would don his Chinese dress, go down to the beach, tell some interesting tale of missionary experience in China, and then preach the Word of Life to the crowd which, meantime, would be gathered around to see the unwonted sight of an Englishman preaching in a Chinese costume."

Miss Soltau visited his station in 1898, and has kindly given the following glimpse into the home at K'ü-chau:—

In June 1898 I visited dear Mr. and Mrs. Thompson at K'ü-chau-fu, remaining with them six days. This great city was a hard place to work in, but a good centre, as the vast trade that was going on gave the opportunity for the message to be given to the people from all the country around, and Mr.

Thompson was a man who bought up his opportunities. He understood the people, adapted himself to them, met them in such a genial way that it was no small interest to me to go about the city with him, and also to visit two of the out-stations.

How the whole scene is photographed on my mind! The bright welcome when we arrived—Mrs. Thompson with baby Sidney, then six weeks old; little Edwin, a sweet child of three years, eager to take us round the garden, part of which was well stocked with English flowers and vegetables reared from Mr. Morton's gift of seeds. We visited the cows and fowls, went over the rambling old house that was being rapidly destroyed by the white ants, propped in many places already—yet such a peaceful, happy home. Christian women were at work under Mrs. Thompson's directions, and the evangelist in and out, every one busy and always busy. A joy-tone was about that spot that will never fade from my memory. The work was hard, the people proud and unyielding, yet they were sowing in hope of a glorious harvest—surely it will come.

The medicine shop, in one of the busiest thoroughfares, was opened all day, and the Christian man in charge was freely distributing Gospel tracts to each customer. About 6 o'clock the selling of medicine was stopped, seats were arranged, and all the evening spent in Gospel work. Night after night the shop was filled with an ever-changing congregation of men of every rank, from the scholar to the poor coolie. I spent one evening watching the interesting scene—Mr. Thompson and two evangelists at work, singing, preaching, and answering questions. The number rarely went below seventy throughout the three hours I was present. What a sowing of the Good Seed!

Mr. Thompson had access into the large houses all over the city, and was sent for constantly in times of sickness.

Last year the old house was pulled down and a new one built; the work seemed enlarging on all sides. Dear Mrs. Thompson's women's meeting had increased to an attendance of eighty twice a week. At the out-stations they were rejoicing over fresh inquirers when this sudden storm arose, and God's beloved servants have reached the "other side." Our last talk together was on the coming of the King (Phil. iii. 7-11). This was the last passage we read together, and in my Bible still lies a little yellow silk marker on which Mr. Thompson had printed the words, "If by any means I may attain unto the Resurrection from among the dead." "Keep this till we meet again," he said; "may we be ready when the Bridegroom comes." Amen.

HENRIETTA E. SOLTAU.

MISS JOSEPHINE DESMOND

K'Ü-CHAU, CHEH-KIANG

Suffered martyrdom July 21, 1900.

Miss Josephine Elizabeth Desmond was a native of the United States, having been born, in 1867, at West Newton, Mass. She was of Irish descent, and her parents were members of the Roman Catholic Church. It was not long before Miss Desmond was won from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism. The change which had taken place in her heart, however, made her desire further mental culture, and finally she sought for this in connection with Mr. Moody's schools at East Northfield.

Miss Desmond continued her studies at Northfield for five years, and in the middle of her course there received, next to her soul's salvation, the greatest blessing of her life. In the year 1889 (or 1890) the Seminary was visited by Mr. Robert Speer, who spoke to the students upon the work of the Lord in the regions beyond. The voice of God through the message given reached Miss Desmond's soul, and with joyful acceptance of the Lord's will for her, she made a full dedication of herself to Him for service among the heathen.

Having finished her studies at Northfield, she proceeded to Mr. Moody's Bible Training School at Chicago, where she spent seven months under the instruction of Mr. Torrey. In order to gain further experience, she then accepted an appointment for service among the Indians in South Dakota, and she remained in this service, in which she was much used of God, for the two succeeding years. Having thus tested her faith, and having thus proved her fidelity to Christ, Miss Desmond offered to the Mission for China.

While in Toronto she lived for some time in the Mission Home, but later she connected herself with the District Nurses' Home, under the superintendency of Miss Green. Here she entered into a full course of nursing, and became incessant in good works amongst the poor of the city. In 1898 she was accepted by the Mission Council, and sailed in December of the same year.

Subsequent to the usual and profitable months at Yang-chau, Miss Desmond was appointed to serve in the province of

Cheh-kiang, and she proceeded thence to join Miss Britton, who was in charge of the station of Shiao-shan. Here she remained in very happy fellowship with Miss Britton, until the latter was obliged to leave for home, when Miss Desmond was removed to the station of K'ü-chau, to work there under the direction of Mr. Thompson, in companionship with Miss Sherwood and Miss Manchester. At this station she remained, happy in soul and blessed in life, until the fateful day of July 21, 1900, when, together with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, she met her death at the hands of rioters before the Yamên door.

H. W. FROST.

Returning from a visit to our stations on the Grand Canal early in January 1899, I reached Yang-chau to find a band of workers recently arrived from America. Among them was dear Josephine Desmond, to whom my heart was especially drawn. Many quiet talks we had together, when she told me how the Lord had won her from Romanism, of His call to her which led to her entering Mr. Moody's training home at Northfield, etc. It was through an address of Miss Irwin's when there that she was led to offer for China. The pathway of the Cross was no new one to her. Every onward step had been through suffering.

In one of her last letters to Miss Irwin, dated June 6, she says: "I have been to several of the out-stations this spring. I am with the Lins, and they are so kind and have helped me much in learning to talk. Mr. Lin went with Miss Sherwood and me to places round about, we had the Bible-woman with us. The people came in crowds and listened well. In one place an old woman believed from the first and stayed with us till she had learned a prayer. It is such a joy to find the 'other sheep' in these out-of-the-way places. My limited knowledge of medicine and my small supply have been taxed. Poor people, it is sad to see so much suffering."

How truly her heart rejoiced in being an ambassador for Christ, little thinking how soon the earthly service for her and her companions would be ended. But the seed sown in faith and joy will yet bring forth a glorious harvest, and sowers and reapers will rejoice together in His presence, where there is "fulness of joy and pleasure for evermore."

H. E. SOLTAU.

MISS M. E. MANCHESTER

K'Ü-CHAU, CHEH-KIANG

Suffered martyrdom July 24, 1900.

Miss M. E. Manchester was a native of the State of New York, U.S.A., having been born at Edmeston on November 11, 1871. She was brought up in a pious home, and received religious impressions from her earliest childhood, so that there was no marked outward change when she passed from death to life. At nineteen years of age, however, she had such close dealings with the Lord, that from that time on, she purposed in her heart to follow wherever He might lead, and to give herself entirely to Him. Remaining at her native place, she received a fair education, and finally undertook school teaching, which she continued for several terms.

Hearing of the work of the China Inland Mission, she came to feel that whatever powers she had, ought to be given to God for the heathen. Thus, she offered to the Mission at Toronto. After about two years of training she was accepted by the C.I.M. in Toronto, and set sail for China on August 12, 1895. Subsequent to a residence of six months at Yang-chau, Miss Manchester went southward into the province of Cheh-kiang, with the purpose of joining Miss Fuller in her work at the city of Ch'ang-shan. Very busy, happy, and useful months followed, and residence was continued at that station until the fall of 1897, when Miss Fuller was married to Mr. Ward.

It was thus in the fall of 1897 that Miss Manchester had the privilege of joining Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and Miss Sherwood, in the neighbouring city of K'ü-chau, and of residing there with Miss Sherwood, in whom she found a true companion, and with whom she was exceedingly happy. The active life which followed this transferal was the realisation of the ideals which she had had for so many years, and more than once she gave expression to the thought that all her hopes had been abundantly satisfied.

The peace and joy thus realised were never in any sense disturbed until the beginning of the present year (1900); but at this time she received word from home that her father was failing in health and was greatly longing for her return. This and other home troubles seemed to indicate that she would be obliged to give up the service in which she had been so much blessed of God. She wrote to friends at Toronto, however, that she was

prepared to do the will of God, whatever it might mean, as she counted that Will the source of her highest peace and joy, though she confessed at the same time that the thought of giving up her beloved work was costing her more than she could describe. A few days after she had advised the friends in Toronto of the necessity that was upon her of returning to her father at Edmeston, the outbreak of rebellion in her city occurred. Here in the city she had loved and served, she quietly, and, we have no doubt, willingly, laid down her life at the feet of the Lord Jesus.

H. W. FROST.

I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Manchester when travelling in the province of Cheh-kiang in June 1898. We spent three happy days together in Bishop Moule's hospitable home. She had great joy and encouragement in her itinerations round K'ü-chau. The city work was hard and ofttimes discouraging, but not so the out-station work. She loved the people, and having got on well with the language, constantly spent weeks together itinerating from village to village.

When Mr. Thompson took me out to Ta-cheo to see the work there, he spoke of how greatly the Lord had used Miss Manchester in that little town. Many women had been brought to Christ, and there were many inquirers. The meetings there were deeply interesting, and the evenings we were there the Mission Room was crowded.

It is touching to recall this little centre of Gospel light where one dear sister now in glory spent many happy months. A ladder staircase led to the upper room where a wooden partition divided off the little bedroom, so bare and unfurnished. A tiny cupboard made out of a packing-case contained a few stores from the homeland. Here we spread our Chinese bedding on the boards for the night, and, looking out of the tiny casement (without glass), we prayed for the multitudes around us "in darkness and the shadow of death."

How she enjoyed telling of her "dear people." There was promise of a rich harvest then, which has been gathered in during the last two years. Mr. Thompson's last letter told me of baptisms at Ta-cheo, and of great encouragement in the work all around.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Like Stephen of old, did not our beloved sister see "Heaven opened," and the glory of God, and Jesus standing "to receive her"?

H. E. SOLTAU.

MISS EDITH S. SHERWOOD

K'Ü-CHAU, CHEH-KIANG

Suffered martyrdom July 24, 1900.

A friendship formed with Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Thompson, when they were at home in 1892, was the link in the chain of Divine purpose which led to Miss Edith Sherwood definitely devoting her life to China, although to do so had from girlhood been a cherished desire with her. On the return of these friends to China in January 1893, she accompanied them, another of the party being Mr. George Ward.

Endowed by nature with a strong will and a powerful mind, she was yet characterised by great patience and tenderness; and, wherever she went, her ready sympathy with needs the most varied, fitted her for becoming, as a friend writes of her, "a centre of hope and love to old and young." Besides work among the poor and sick—latterly in connection with Christ's Church, Barnet—and among children and girls, she had also worked among soldiers (Aldershot and Colchester), and militiamen (Barnet), and for a short time assisted in Miss De Broen's Mission in Paris.

The following reminiscences are from two of her many friends —one who knew her intimately in England, and one who, at different times, had the privilege of her society in China:—

Edith Sophia Sherwood was born on April 11, 1854, a dark-eyed, winsome little maiden who never lacked a friend. Very early she found the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and to Him the first vigour of her young days was consecrated, her bright example being blessed to many of her school companions. She never seemed to "weary in well-doing," and even during the happy journeys home for the holidays she would produce little penny Gospels that she had bought with her pocket-money, and confidentially present them to fellow-passengers whose eyes were getting too old to read small print! At the end of every summer fortnight at the seaside she had a few poor people to whom she must say "Good-bye." One of these was discovered after a lapse of twenty-five years, still blessing her.

With womanhood, the power and opportunities for service increased, and she threw herself unreservedly into Christian work. Wherever she went she was the "willing horse" of the parish—time, energy, and rare talent being freely lavished in response to constant demand; while at home she was ever ready to put a clever hand, a sanctified common-sense, and bright humour at the disposal of the family.

To eighteen nephews and nieces she was the ideal aunt, whose memory will live and blossom for ever in their hearts. In the midst of joyful home service and happy home ties came the call for foreign work, and willingly she rose up and obeyed. "To him that hath shall more be given"; less than eight years later came the still louder call to drink of the cup that her Master drank of, and through the glorious gate of suffering to pass to the life immortal, where "work never can bring weariness, for work itself is love."

The first time I met Edith Sherwood was in the autumn of 1892. She was seated with a number of others in a room, helping to prepare outfits. I felt almost from the first, this was no ordinary worker God was sending out to China. Her helpful suggestions about the work in progress showed a thoroughness and ingenuity far above the average; and when she was drawn into conversation, her remarks revealed a sweetness of character and originality of thought, together with a deep and yet simple trust in her Saviour. She was ready to take a suggestion from any one who loved Him.

We met again at the Yang-chau Training Home. There we spent a few happy months. She soon drew a few of the students round her for Bible study every evening after the ordinary work was done. We chose the difficult Book of Zechariah, and found this a most helpful study. She put her whole heart into it, and while not appearing to take the lead, helped us to get a clear grasp of the contents of this wonderful book. Then came the call for her to leave us and join Mr. and Mrs. Thompson at K'ü-chau. This was a sore parting to not a few.

It was my joy to see her working in her station just six years after, and to spend a fortnight at that city. Her companion then was Miss Manchester. We all seemed to have more liberty and freedom in going through the streets of K'ü-chau (said to contain some 80,000 people) than at any other station. The people knew the missionaries so well, and seemed to respect them highly.

Edith Sherwood's home was right in the midst of native houses. She told us, when looking out upon them from the balcony, how she longed and prayed to see these people brought to own Jesus as their Saviour. She visited freely amongst them, and they welcomed her, but not her message.

We never met again, but every recollection of her is sweet. We heard afterwards of a wave of interest coming to the dark city of K'ü-chau, and that the women's classes had increased fourfold. This must have greatly cheered our dear sister before she went to be "For ever with the Lord." Of the final sharp suffering we know nothing, and perhaps it is better so. We would rather think of her sharing the joy of her Master, for whom she laboured in loneliness, having little encouragement from without, and yet sustained with His promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end." J. W.

MR. AND MRS. G. F. WARD
AND CHILD

CH'ANG-SHAN, CHEH-KIANG

Suffered martyrdom July 22, 1900.

I became acquainted with Mr. George F. Ward about the year 1889. It was, I think, early in 1890 that he accepted Christ as his Saviour at a meeting held in the Aldersgate Street Y.M.C.A.

From the very day of his conversion he greatly desired to be used of God, and an intense earnestness characterised all his labours. For some months he devoted his spare time to evangelistic work, but the urgent need of "China's millions" soon engaged his attention, and the conviction grew upon him that China was the field in which God wanted him to work. He asked me to join him in prayer for guidance, and, the way opening up, he decided to offer himself to the C.I.M., undertaking to pay all his own expenses. It was agreed between us that his acceptance by the C.I.M. should be regarded by us both as a proof that the Lord was directing him. His joy and satisfaction upon receiving a favourable reply were unbounded.

ARTHUR E. JENNINGS.

I became acquainted with the late Mr. G. F. Ward about four years before his departure to China, and enjoyed intimate fellowship with him in Christian work. Naturally of a retiring disposition (at that time)—abhorring formalism and show—he found a congenial sphere of work in searching the streets from midnight to dawn during the winter months for homeless wanderers, and presenting them with tickets for a free breakfast in the early morning.

The following incidents will reveal the man he was: Our Treasurer reporting that funds did not permit us giving the usual Free Breakfast, "Give the breakfast, and I'll pay for it," was all he said. Even after his departure to China he paid the rent of an aged Christian until the time of her death. Hearing of one to whom financial assistance would be a boon, he sent a £5 note by post to her, accompanied by nothing to indicate the donor, and I have in my possession now a letter written by him in which he distinctly forbade me to mention the services he had rendered to our work in the Annual Report, which I was then writing.

The needs of the heathen were laid upon his heart, and his acceptance by the China Inland Mission deprived us of the presence of a valued worker, whose martyrdom we now mourn.

J. GILCHRIST.

Mrs. George Frederick Ward went out to China as Miss Etta L. Fuller, in connection with the North American work. She was born in Iowa, U.S.A., in 1866, and was left an orphan at an early age. When twelve years old she was brought to a knowledge of her lost condition, and through the blessed strivings of the Spirit, was led to accept of Christ as her Saviour. In later years she connected herself with the Minneapolis Training Institute, under the direction of Rev. C. C. Herriott. Her studies in this institution were continued for some time, but before they were completed, the Lord had spoken to her concerning the need of China, and she gladly offered her life to Him for service in that land. It was in December 1894 that the Lord opened her way to go forth, which she did, accompanied by two lady friends. On arrival in China, she went at once to the Training Home at Yang-chau, where she spent a number of happy months. She was then designated for the province of Cheh-kiang, and was finally located in the city of Ch'ang-shan, being united there in service with two German sisters, Miss Bäumer and Miss Müller. Not long after she had arrived at Ch'ang-shan, these two sisters were withdrawn, in order that they might be connected with the other Germans in the province, and work in their district. But Miss Fuller had the joy soon after of welcoming to the station a North American worker, Miss M. E. Manchester. These two laboured together until 1897, when Miss Fuller was united in marriage with Mr. George F. Ward. The work at Ch'ang-shan, although it had been carried on by former missionaries with great devotion, took on new life from the time that Mr. and Mrs. Ward went there, and in two years' time it doubled itself in the number of Church members and inquirers, and more than doubled itself in its activities. To the joy which Mrs. Ward had in such God-blessed service, there was added in February of the present year the trust of a little son, Herbert Calvin, who—as has occurred so many times in China—became a new centre of loving attraction to the natives. Thus doubly blessed, Mr. and Mrs. Ward went on in their happy service, full of courage and hope. It was into the midst of such surroundings that the calamity of July 22 fell. Thus ended the earthly service of two devoted missionaries, of whom the world was not worthy.

H. W. FROST.

MISS EMMA ANN THIRGOOD

CH'ANG-SHAN, CHEH-KIANG

Suffered martyrdom on July 22, 1900.

Our sister sailed for China in the P. & O. s.s. *Rohilla* on November 28, 1889. Six months afterwards, writing to a friend from Yang-chau, she says:—

"I feel I must write you a few lines to tell you how happy I am, and what great things the Lord has done for me. Is it not wonderful how he teaches us in China?"

Such was her gladness of heart and humility of mind at the beginning of her work. Nor does she seem to have altered during her sojourn and labour there. For a time she was stationed at Ts'ing kiang-pu, one of our stations up the Grand Canal. Afterwards she went into the province of Gan-hwuy (Nov. 1893) and worked at Chï-chau; but no matter where or with whom she laboured, she ever showed the same cheerful, bright, and gentle spirit.

Though, naturally, greatly pleased to meet her friends in England again, in 1896, it was a trial to her to leave the work she so much loved in China; and during a furlough which, because of physical weakness, was necessarily prolonged beyond the ordinary length of time—she was two and a half years at home—she earnestly longed for the day when she would be pronounced fit to return to the land and the people she loved. Her desire was realised when, in Oct. 1898, she sailed once more for China.

On the last Saturday afternoon she spent in England she spoke a few words of farewell at the prayer meeting in the Mission Hall, to this effect: "My heart is full of praise to the Lord for having, after two and a half years of waiting, so strengthened me that, contrary to the expectations of my friends, I am now able to return to the work I love.

Her Pastor, the Rev. T. Bagley, writes of her as follows:—

"I made the acquaintance of Miss Thirgood in 1879. She impressed me at once as one who, like Mary, 'sat at Jesus' feet.'

She was deeply interested in spiritual things, much given to prayer, and anxious for the conversion of those around her. She had been from early years a scholar in our Sunday School, and afterwards became a teacher, devoted to her work, and seeking to lead her class to the Saviour. She was a warm friend and zealous helper; much blessed in work amongst the young. Such societies as the Young Christians' Band and the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour had a warm place in her regard.

"She had long had a strong desire to devote herself wholly to Christian work, and in 1889 gave herself up for the work of God in China. She returned to us after seven years, apparently at the point of death; but, to the surprise of all, God raised her up again, and in October 1898 she bade us 'farewell,' to resume her beloved work. How well I remember that summer! We were together at the Keswick Convention. Her delight in the meetings was unbounded, and her joy in Christian fellowship intense.

"How well I remember, too, the great missionary meeting in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, before she went out the first time; the ringing charge of that man of God, C. H. Spurgeon, and the fervent words of John M'Neill! How she felt them all, and offered herself upon the altar of God's service!

"We are putting a tablet to her memory in the Church, near the pew where she sat; but how much we loved her we never knew till now. We shall meet again.

"THOMAS BAGLEY."

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourners here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death!

ISAAC WATTS.

WILLIAM SMALL FLEMING

PANG-HAI, KUEI-CHAU

Suffered martyrdom November 4, 1898.

To complete the record of the martyred missionaries of the China Inland Mission, we include a brief memorial notice of Mr. William S. Fleming who, with a native evangelist named P'an, was murdered on November 4, 1898.

Mr. Fleming was a native of Broughty Ferry, Scotland. At the age of seventeen he went to sea. After six or seven years, when he was in Australia, he gave up his seafaring life. He was brought to decision for Christ through attendance at the Theatre-Royal services in Adelaide, and from the outset evinced that thoroughness and determination that were such marked characteristics of his whole after life. His experiences on sea and land had given him a knowledge of the world's need, and it was not long before he and others were prosecuting a system of rescue work for young men in the dark places of the city. Some of the fruits of his labours are to be seen still, and splendid fruit it is.

The conviction came to him that his duty lay abroad, and in preparation for this he threw himself into the work of educating and evangelising the Chinese in Adelaide. He also entered Belais Lodge for training, and after some three years of earnest preparation, he was accepted by the Australian Council of the C.I.M. and sailed for China in January 1895, cheerfully working his own passage.

He was appointed to the province of Kuei-chau, and was stationed at Pang-hai to help in the work among the *Heh-miao*, a tribe of aborigines. Though his period of service was but brief, it was owned and blessed of God. Shortly before his death, news was received that there were about two hundred inquirers in and around Pang-hai. The native evangelist with him was a converted *Miao*.

Mr. Betts writes:—"Mr. Fleming was a very willing helper, truly zealous in his Master's cause. In studies he was exceedingly persevering, and always wore a smiling, happy face."

Before leaving Kuei-yang for what proved to be his last journey, he wrote to a friend in Adelaide as follows:—

KUEI-YANG, *September* 5, 1898.

I hope to go off on a journey to morrow. I shall be going alone, yet not alone. How precious that text is, "Lo, I am with you alway." It is very precious and very real. How the Lord comes into one's soul and drives away the loneliness. I may be away a month or six weeks, perhaps more. You will be getting this before I come back. Would you not like a trip with me away among the untravelled parts of this province.

I am going a new road, no foreigners have been before. I am a bit like Paul, I like to stretch out to untouched parts. I am taking a lot of books with me, so if I sell them all I shall be very pleased and give thanks to God. Now I must close, wishing you God's richest blessing upon your labours for the Lord. May the following ever be your desire :—

Put any burden upon me, only sustain me ;
Send me anywhere, only go with me ;
Sever any tie but the one that binds me
To Thy service, and to Thy heart.

Christian love to all the boys at the "Rooms." Remember me kindly to them. I am thankful for their prayers. With much love.—
Yours in Jesus "Till He come," W. S. FLEMING.

On November 4, when he and the evangelist were travelling, they were attacked by several men. One, who was armed with a sword, attacked the evangelist first. Mr. Fleming, seeing this, dismounted the mule he was riding that he might help his friend, but they both were put to death.

CONCERNING THE CHILDREN

One of the most pathetic features of this sad crisis has been the sufferings of the children. Some were almost too young to realise what it all meant, while others entered wonderfully into the spirit of Christ's sufferings. One who survived that terrible journey from Shan-si to Han-kow (see p. 67) has written: "I can truly say that even by the little ones of the party no hatred was felt. Invariably those who were old enough to understand would compare it with how Jesus was treated, and often spoke about the naughty soldiers who treated Jesus badly."

On the following page we have grouped the names of these little ones together.

IN

Loving Memory of

HERBERT WARD
KENNETH McCONNELL
EDWIN THOMPSON
SIDNEY THOMPSON

GLADYS BAGNALL
JENNIE KAY
MARGRETTA PEAT
MARY PEAT

ALEXANDER WILSON

WHO, WITH THEIR PARENTS, ENTERED INTO LIFE ETERNAL.

AND OF

JESSIE SAUNDERS
ISABEL SAUNDERS
BRAINERD COOPER

MARY LUTLEY
EDITH LUTLEY
FAITH GLOVER

VERA GREEN

WHO
FROM SUFFERING AND PRIVATION
WERE GATHERED INTO THE BOSOM OF THE GREAT SHEPHERD.

"A voice is heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping, Rachael weeping for her children."

"Thus saith the Lord: Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears: for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy."

THE PROVINCE OF HO-NAN

O God, . . . remember Thy congregation, which Thou hast purchased of old, . . .

Thine adversaries have roared in the midst of Thine assembly;
They have set up their ensigns for signs.
They seemed as men that lifted up axes upon a thicket of trees.
And now all the carved work thereof together
They break down with hatchet and hammers.
They have set Thy sanctuary on fire;
They have profaned the dwelling place of Thy name even to the ground.
They have said in their heart, Let us make havoc of them altogether:
They have burned up all the synagogues of God in the land.

. . . . . .

O let not the oppressed return ashamed:
Let the poor and needy praise Thy name.
Arise, O God, plead Thine own cause.—PSALM lxxiv.

THE PROVINCE OF HO-NAN

ITINERANT work was commenced in this province by the C.I.M. in 1875, but it was not till 1884 that Chau-kia-k'eo, the first permanent station, was finally opened. Though beset with considerable difficulties, seven other central stations have since that date been established, and in every way the outlook at the beginning of 1900 was bright and hopeful.

The Honanese are a strongly independent people, possessed of considerable initiative and sturdy manhood. No one can ever travel through this province without at once feeling he is in touch with a people of a more than ordinary individuality. Their spirit of inquiry and interest has made Ho-nan noted as a province where the sales of Scriptures and tracts are almost unprecedentedly large.

Such a people converted make grand Christians and good workers. Though the work has met with not a little opposition from this wide-awake people, the conquests of the Cross have been many and encouraging, considering the short period of settled work. The few following figures will show the increasing encouragement which has attended the labours of the C.I.M. in Ho-nan :—

Year.	Baptisms.	Year.	Baptisms.
1894	26	1897	102
1895	56	1898	158
1896	58	1899	117

Up to June 1900, about 80.

Almost up to the time of the troubles recorded in the following letters everything was quiet and hopeful. Baptisms

took place within a few days of the riots. Yet suddenly the whole attitude of the people changed and at all the stations the storm burst practically simultaneously. The explanation of this is not far to seek. Every factor in an argument from design is present. Only the inspiration of one guiding evil genius can explain such facts, and in many cases the testimony of the officials themselves amply confirms this obvious deduction. In stations separated by many miles and also in different provinces the officials have gratuitously come to the missionaries and informed them of the Imperial edict commanding their execution.

It is cause for the most profound thankfulness that no lives have been lost in this province. Not a station has been spared, however. All have been looted and destroyed, and though many missionaries have been in the most imminent peril, God has mercifully heard their cry and saved them.

Why in Shan-si God has permitted that His name be glorified by the martyrdom of so many and in Ho-nan has magnified His grace by preserving the lives of all, we must wait for "that great day" to reveal. But it is well for us to be reminded that God's dealings with His servants have ever been characterised by these mysteries. Under the hand of Herod, James honoured his Lord by death, while Peter was graciously spared. To drink of His cup and to be baptized with His baptism may be, as it was to the sons of Zebedee, to magnify God by death in the one case and by life in the other. By faith some "escaped the edge of the sword," and through faith others endured torture, not accepting deliverance. Sufficient is it for each one to remember Christ's reply to Peter's question, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou Me."

The native Christians have, we fear, suffered most severely. As a special chapter is devoted to them, nothing further need be said here than to call attention especially to the extract from Mr. Conway's letter on p. 272. This will be sufficient to show how systematic and cruel the persecution has been.

HO-NAN NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

Photographs taken at a Conference held at Chau-kia-k'eo.

To face page 204.

HO-NAN WORKERS.

To face page 205.

By reference to the special map the routes taken by the various parties can easily be traced. T'ai-ho should be specially noted. It is cause for great thankfulness that that station was kept in peace so long, for it was there that the majority were enabled to engage boats for a journey which would have been exceedingly more trying by land. The parties were as follows:—

Party I.—From She-k'i-tien
(See p. 206).

Mr. and Mrs. Conway and their one-month-old infant.	Dr. G. Whitfield Guinness.
	Miss W. Watson.

Party II.—From Siang-Ch'eng
(See p. 217).

Mr. and Mrs. Gracie and child.	Mr. M'Farlane.

Party III.—From Chau-kia-k'eo
(See p. 223).

Mr. and Mrs. Shearer and two children.	Mr. and Mrs. Biggs.
	Miss Taylor.
Miss Kidman.	Miss Bavin.
Miss E. L. Randall.	Mr. Powell.

Joined by Mr. C. M. Lack from Si-hua, fifteen miles away.

Party IV.—From Sin-an
(See p. 230).

Miss E. Anderson.	Miss S. Engstrom.
	Miss M. Pettersson.

Mr. A. Argento and Mr. C. Howard Bird travelled separately, and the route of each is marked on the map. For the story of their marvellous deliverances see pp. 236 and 244.

PARTY I

THE SHE-K'I-TIEN RIOT

She-k'i-tien is an important place as a commercial centre, but has no official rank. Missionary operations were commenced there by the China Inland Mission in 1886. In view of the following wonderful story told by Dr. Whitfield Guinness it is of interest to know that Miss Geraldine Guinness, previous to her marriage with Dr. F. Howard Taylor, commenced her real inland missionary work at this very station.

At the time of the trouble told of in the account below, the following persons were present:—

Mr. and Mrs. Conway and their one-month-old baby.

Dr. G. Whitfield Guinness and Miss Watson.

Each chapter in the story of the present crisis in some respects seems more wonderful than another. The one now before us vividly brings to mind the words of David, "Truly, as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death." He who preserved his servant David has graciously done the same to them, and has frustrated in a marvellous way "the plottings of the wicked."

On pp. 215, 254 will be found some letters written on a dirty piece of paper during the riot, when escape seemed impossible. These will help to a better realisation of the extreme peril our friends were in. By following the footnotes these letters can be read in their correct places in the narrative.

That dirty scrap of paper, almost falling to pieces, is a precious relic of the storm now passed, and is prized by the father, Dr. Grattan Guinness, as a sacred memento and proof of God's infinite mercy to his son. Upon that scrap of paper were some rough notes, probably of an address. So appropriate are these to the painful experiences of our friends that they are printed with the letters themselves.

We have also before us the story of the same trouble as told by Mr. Conway, another of the party, but as it covers practically the same ground as Dr. Guinness' account we have only printed one short extract from it. That extract, recording as it does the painful truth with regard to the sufferings of the native Christians, will awaken deep sympathy and much earnest prayer for these poor persecuted children of God. (See p. 272.)

The Riot and Subsequent Experiences

By Dr. G. Whitfield Guinness

"Truly, as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death. Then said Jonathan unto David, Whatsoever thy soul desireth, I will even do it for thee."

Saturday night, July 7, Li Tsong-ie came to talk over any steps that might be taken to secure the safety of our "Hall" in the event of trouble. We decided to wait for letters from Nan-yang-fu. July 8, Sunday, crowded services. At 5 P.M. a large number of people gathered to witness the going home of our members. They became rowdy and a riot seemed imminent. All doors were locked, and in answer to prayer the Lord graciously dispersed the crowd—using Wang-sheng-kuan to do this. We set to work and packed some boxes. Later three officials came round with their soldiers, and eventually stationed some men before the house to guard it.

July 9, Monday morning, the crowd re-collected and the soldiers left us to their mercy. The anxious, pale face of our teacher and tearful silence of the women told their tale. Some boxes and other things were rapidly conveyed over a high wall, separating our garden from the next-door neighbour (Li-ch'uen rong), and were put away in one of his rooms. Shouts and sound of blows revealed the fact that the rioters were at work. We were unable to wait longer, so without breakfast or food of any kind the four members of the little foreign community, together with the month-old baby, disappeared over the wall, crossed a courtyard, and ascended a ladder into a loft over Mr. Li's inner guest-room.

It was early morning. During the long hours of that day all lay still and listened to the mob of rioters at work. Not a word was spoken—the baby was kept quiet by its mother. No food or water could be obtained, the heat was very great. Without food the mother could not but become exhausted, and if the little one were not kept

quiet, our whereabouts would be revealed. This added seriously to the difficulties of the situation.

The crash of falling masonry and timber and the murderous shouts of the mob continued all day. The crackling of flames revealed the fate of our dwelling-house. Time after time men and boys scrambled on to the roof overhead. They looked in at the windows, and on one or two occasions I am convinced one or the other of us was seen. It was impossible for us to screen ourselves absolutely from sight. The guest hall below was filled with men, one or two friendly to us, the others longing only to ascend the ladder and finish off the hated foreigners.

It may be imagined with what interest we listened to conversations carried on between our protector and those who were searching for us. "I must go up into the loft, some boys say they are up there, and we have searched everywhere else, go up I must. We have destroyed and burned their house and the foreigners must not escape." It would have been a simple matter to push our landlord aside and in a moment discover the little group crouching close to the wall or lying flat in the dust and dirt upstairs—but He suffered them not, and they came and went again and again, each time making a tremendous noise, shouting and yelling, "We must kill them, we must kill them."

Slowly the day passed and darkness, so grateful to each one of us, brought quiet on the scene. We moved slightly and breathed freely once more as the last sound of the rioters died away. Suddenly a step was heard on the ladder, and the owner of the house, pale and trembling, appeared. "Quick, come, your lives are not safe here, follow me," he said. In a moment baby was picked up, and one by one we crept down the ladder and left the loft which had protected us during the long hours of the first day.

A short step down a dark passage brought us to the courtyard next our own garden. On one side of this was the room containing the boxes, while the other side afforded a granary for Mr. Li's corn. He took us in through a door and said, "Quick, climb up through the trap-door into the loft above this pile of grain." By means of a stool placed on top of the corn this was effected, and Mr. and Mrs. Conway, baby, Miss Watson and I found ourselves once more in a long dirty room, devoid of furniture. The rotting boards of the floor were covered plentifully with dirt and rubbish. The earth walls were cracked and split, a number of windows with bars of wood across them served to let in the light, and at one end an open doorway, partly filled with broken earth and bricks, afforded a splendid view of the whole room, with the exception of one corner. It was here that we eventually hid for the succeeding four or five days.

The trap-door was presently pushed up and a pot of native tea and some bread handed through. It seemed a feast indeed, after twenty-four hours without anything.

Attempts to Escape

Plans of escape were daily made but none were possible to carry out. The first night we were to have gone off under the protection of a powerful but bad man, named Wang-sheng-kuan. From his house, which was some miles from the city, we were to escape in carts. All was settled, and at midnight, disguised as well as possible, we descended through the trap-door and would have soon left. The landlord motioned us to stand still—there was a noise in the front of the house, he must see what it was. A moment later he came running back, "Fly at once back to the loft, the head of police has come." Up on to the basket of grain we climbed and once again by the aid of the stool managed to pull up through the trap-door into the room above. We dropped the door quickly and lay still, baby fortunately not crying.

Soldiers Searching for Us

With short, sharp orders the official directed his soldiers to search the place. All the boxes and bags hidden in the morning were soon discovered, and, straight beneath our eyes and those of Mr. Li our friend, were removed. Having cleared them all away they returned to thoroughly investigate the whole place. "What's in here?" "My grain," answered our landlord. "The door is locked, I must get in here"; (to his soldiers) "Break it down." A large beam was driven against the door, which immediately flew open. "Grain here, and a stool on it and a trap-door above. What does this mean—must go up and see." I was sitting on the door—we hardly breathed, but kept praying silently to God. "Only women up there," said a voice, "women?"

I felt the door lift and pressed it down with all my weight. Mrs. Conway and baby were sitting on the floor a yard away, and the others were beyond. Would he come up? Again God interfered, and the officer and his soldiers departed. Three times they returned and renewed their search for us, but as often left after a fruitless investigation. Finally they stationed some soldiers below our room, and all escape for that night was out of the question. We lay or sat quite still on the dusty floor through the all too short hours of darkness, listening occasionally to the whispering of the men below, occasionally snatching a few minutes' rest. Daylight revealed us to each other, covered with dust and with somewhat disordered hair. Another long day of rioting lay ahead.

An Anxious Tuesday

Tuesday, July 10.—Very early in the morning the people set to work again to finish the demolishing of the remaining portions of the two chapels and guest halls, and of the "Gospel Hall." A very thorough and wide search was made for the foreigners. It was an extremely trying day; apart from the tea and bread that was passed

up at dawn of day, nothing else reached us. I feared for the mother and her child. And ofttimes when rioters and searchers were all around us, smashing our own roof as well as those of neighbouring rooms, and trying to get a view of the room in which we lay, it was anxious work on account of the little one—many a time we could only lie hiding our faces in the dust and praying, as the sound of blows and curses immediately above us made the room shake. The hours of Tuesday slowly passed and evening found us still alive—I thought it would be our last. 'Twas dusk and in the court below I could see men piling up wood and straw and dried grass—they had surrounded the whole house with this inflammable material. Listening intently we could hear a voice saying, "We will burn them out and kill them if they run."

I sat still and thought of it all—only two days before, gathering with the dear native Christians, and now they were scattered. It might be we should all gather together with the King very soon. We thought of loved ones at home, and wrote a brief line to them,[1] and then leaned against the wall and prayed and waited. We heard a step. "Hush! what is that?" said Mr. Conway. The door is open—I saw a head project through the square opening in the floor, and the door was pushed up—we waited! "Come-tea." Once again our Father had provided bread and tea, and in the darkness we took it and thanked Him. The house was never burned.

Plans for Escaping

Wednesday and Thursday were fairly similar to Tuesday, except that the searching parties were fewer as the time passed. Daily plans of escape were devised, only to fail. One night we were to have gone away, the ladies in baskets, and our helpers were to have let us down over the city wall. Another time water butts were suggested, and I went down under cover of darkness to see if they were big enough. It was impossible to get into them, however, so they had to be abandoned. One man suggested the ladies should ride on horses, and we be dressed as soldiers to protect them. It was impossible to get an escort of soldiers, and no mandarin would lend his aid. One suggestion seemed to us good. A kindly old man was to take a house close by and hide us in his upper room. No one would know we were there, and when the rain came we could leave. By Friday his arrangements were nearly completed. Thursday afternoon, however, might not have found us there to be rescued.

"But a Step between Me and Death"

We were sitting at food in the middle of the day, when our friend, Mr. Li, rushed in with ashen face; "Fly"! he said, "the police have come back; swords and knives to kill you; fly!" In a moment we had crossed the room, then dropped through the trap-door and scaled

[1] See pp. 215, 254.

a ten-foot wall, Mrs. Conway and baby getting over safely—nothing to protect us from the fierce sun of mid-day. No one seemed frightened, calmly and quietly, somewhat out of breath with the sudden scramble, we sat behind a small wall and looked up to our Heavenly Father and told Him all.

We knew of the order sent both by the Empress and by the brigadier-general, that foreigners should be killed at once. This might be the result of the edict. Escape was impossible. I looked up and saw a man coming over the wall after us, "Keep close in, they are coming," I said. Baby began to cry. Poor Mrs. Conway did all that could be done to quiet her. It was in vain. Only a few minutes more and we might be killed. How beautiful nature looked! Somehow it did not seem as if God would call us away then. A moment later they cried out, "All right, come out, they have gone"! With glad and thankful hearts we rescaled the wall, and ascended through the trap-door into the loft, and finished the meal which had so suddenly been interrupted. One could not but realise the care of our Heavenly Father, and the hope of ultimate escape became brighter than ever.

Thus the days passed—hopes of escape alternating with disappointments lent interest. It was found impossible to get soldiers to conduct us thirty miles for less than tls. 500 (£70). This sum we declined to give, preferring to wait and see how God would intervene. His money was not to be spent thus. On Friday[1] the heat was very great, and it was so close that the confined, motionless air of our room was very trying.

"*His Pavilion—Dark Waters and Thick Clouds*"

In the afternoon clouds came up, and at dark rain fell. Rain longed and prayed for, for weeks. How it poured, drowning every sound of our movements, as we freely walked up and down the floor after five days of lying still.

Presently we were informed that our abode was to be changed, and during the darkness and rain we were to walk to another house. After gathering a few things together, we all, together with the infant, left the dusty loft, and found ourselves standing in the midst of a number of men (about thirty), friend or foe we could not distinguish. Blue cloths were wrapped around the ladies' heads, and we, disguised as well as possible, hurried forth into the darkness and rain, each accompanied by two men acting as guide and escort. We were led by two different routes, but arrived safely at the destination. Poor Mrs. Conway fell five times *en route*, the mud was so slippery. Her child was carried by a young Chinaman.

New quarters,—a strongly-made room at the top of a steep ladder, bricked floor, and thick walls. A low window eighteen inches in height, close to the doorway, which was devoid of a door. For the

[1] See letter on pp. 215, 254.

rest, it boasted a very dirty table covered with grease and oil, a couch and piles of rubbish, old letters, and receipts and account books heaped about in various parts of the floor. Close and stuffy it seemed, but that did not matter; if we could get off the following day, anything was endurable. They hoped the river would rise, and then—off by boat.

Our previous host managed to get us a box which still contained some tins of milk and jam, and a box of tea and a few candles. This box Mr. Conway had packed for the boat journey, but it had been stolen. As the people who stole it did not like the taste of the milk and other things, they decided to bring some back. It was such a boon, and enabled those who could take but little food to eat more than they would otherwise have done.

Our Mysterious Protector

The head of this new house was a silent taciturn man named Wang. Evidently a man of power. Night by night he armed himself and sallied forth to help protect the city from the robbers who swarmed everywhere, people even being murdered night and day. Hundreds had lost goods, and many their lives. They said it was quite impossible for us to attempt to leave, there was nothing for it but to remain quiet.

News reached us of riots in Chau-kia-k'eo and Ch'en-chau. We heard of the attack on the Canadian party by the *Kiang-ho-huei* and robbers. Edicts from the throne and proclamations from officials, especially the brigadier-general, all were against the foreigner. It would have been unwise to stir. Saturday, Sunday, Monday passed, still escape was impossible. The confinement was less stringent. We could walk about, and in the evening go downstairs to the rooms below. A foreign mail brought letters and papers, so there was much to mitigate the trial, but as day succeeded day, and the heat and closeness became more oppressive, all four of us being day and night in the one room with only a curtain to make a partition—the little child being ill with a summer trouble—it may be imagined any prolonged stay would have been impossible without illness.

The Iron Door Opening

To make a long story short, twelve days and nights were spent thus, and then the river rose, small boats came up, and one was taken for us. Before the dawn of day, four figures might have been seen walking silently across a courtyard, past men sleeping there. The baby, carried by her mother, nearly revealed the presence of the party of foreigners who were thus escaping, but she was quieted in time. A road was crossed and the friendly courtyard of an inn entered. The two ladies were seated on a stone, and all waited for the cart which was to convey them to the boat. For some reason it was delayed, and slowly the darkness disappeared and the morning paled in the sky.

"Who is there?" A voice of some one down in the far end of the courtyard. Hush, we may be discovered yet! A man is coming up the yard. Instantly two figures step in front of the ladies to screen them. "Who are you?" One of our escort replied, "Travellers just waiting for a cart." He looked at us, and apparently satisfied returned to his room.

Minute after minute passed, each moment it was getting lighter and still no sign of the cart. Our host, who was getting anxious, sent off messengers for it. He was armed with a fine-bladed sword. After about forty minutes a small cart arrived, followed, I am glad to say, by another. In a very short time we were in and off. The ladies in one, with the taciturn host sitting on the front, and the second man in his business, on the front of our cart. The latter was to accompany us to Han-kow. Some servants ran before and behind, and thus at the dawn of day the little missionary community left She-k'i-tien on the sixteenth day after the riot. Ten minutes spent waiting while the city gate was opened proved a somewhat anxious time, as it was rapidly becoming light.

Home in Sight!

Eventually we were free, and trotting along in the fresh morning air our spirits rose and Han-kow and home seemed possible, yea, even probable. The Father, who never faileth, had cared for His children. In the bright morning sunshine we stepped out of the cart and entered a little, old boat—our five selves, and the four men who were accompanying us, were all in one cabin. An oilcloth and curtain formed of a sheet gave three compartments, an inner for the ladies and outer for the escort, Mr. Conway and myself being in the middle one. "The river has risen, five days and you will be at Han-kow," they said, but it was not to be.

Ten days passed and still our little craft was a long way off its destination. It took thirteen days in all, and afforded to each one opportunities for learning patience. We dared not let our faces be seen, therefore could not sit outside. The boat was too low to stand up in, so we had to lie down or sit on the floor for the thirteen days; a board and a box affording higher seats gave a refreshing change. The small square window (one foot square) was covered by a sliding door; whenever boats or people were near this had to be shut. The constant watching necessary was undertaken by all, and the strictest carefulness maintained to the end.

Moments of Keen Anxiety

How good God was! He took the boat past customs after customs. The search officer came on board and thoroughly searched our cabins. We were hidden but discovered several times, yet they never saw that we were foreigners. The ladies covered up their feet and hair, and we pretended to be asleep, so as not to be disturbed. I was rolled over

and poked in the back, and the ladies were hustled over to a corner of their couch, under which search had to be made, the officer merely remarking to our escort, "Your travellers are very silent." The strain of such moments was considerable—discovery, we were led to believe, meant riot and death. It was a matter of great thankfulness when only twenty miles remained to be traversed, and two more customs to be passed. Two more! the first of these two our men absolutely refused to cross.

A messenger had been sent to Han-kow, asking for information and for clothing. He would be back to-morrow—we decided to wait. How hot it was!—I should think 105° F. at least in the little cabin with door and window closed. Boats surrounded us on all sides. We were bidden to keep in and not to talk. At length the hour for his return came, but our messenger came not. Our escort was very angry. The men went ashore to talk about getting a small boat (Hua-tsï), putting us on board, and drifting down past the customs. We knew nothing of this, only knew it was almost unbearably hot and close. We lay in clothes which, for the most part, had been worn for a month. Again unitedly we thanked God for deliverance thus far, and prayed for escape that day, if it should please Him.

Suddenly, without warning, the men came back and ordered us to get ready to leave at once. It was about 3 P.M., a brilliant, sunny afternoon. How could we leave, people would see? "Hurry, be quick!" There was nothing to be done, so rapidly the rugs and papers were put together, and we were bundled out into a smaller boat and in a few minutes, disguised as far as possible, we glided past the dreaded customs, rapidly propelled down-stream. A few hours more and Han-kow shipping was in sight. The life and bustle of foreign steamers feasted eye and ear.

Safe at Last!

"The Sï-ma-t'eo (the fourth quay), captain?" "Right," he said, but wilfully misunderstanding us took us to the native city. We lay flat down to avoid discovery.

Ten minutes of wordy warfare followed as the men tried to get him to go to the foreign quay. After a promise of 700 cash extra he did so. Foreign warships, houses, bund were soon in sight, and a rickshaw conveyed a gownless, dirty, unshaven foreigner to the C.I.M. to inform them of the arrival of a Ho-nan party, thirty days after the riot. Such a welcome was given! "Safe in port." Praise the Lord!

Letters written during the Riot by Dr. Whitfield Guinness on a Dirty Sheet of Paper[1]

To Harley House, Bow, London

Tuesday, July 10 *or* 11.

Dear Home Ones—This may be the last time I can write to you. I sit in the dust and dirt on the floor of a barn. For three days we have been rioted, and have fled to three different spots to escape the awful wrath of the people.

They little know what they do. We have had to lie down in order to be hid. The dear native Christians have done their best, but one thing after another just prevented our getting off. Last night we were just starting in the dark when the head of the police arrived and we were stopped, having to secrete ourselves once more. He seized what luggage was left from the debris, and made off with it. We have been provided with a little native tea and bread.

Geraldine and Howard will understand the hoarse yells of the people battering in the house and roof. We lay still and prayed. We are tired, yet rejoicing. I will not add.—We shall meet yonder in heaven, Whitfield.

Friday Morning.

Wednesday and Thursday have been difficult days. Yesterday (Thursday), while we were having a little food at dinner-time, suddenly the trap-door to our room opened, and the owner of the house said, "Quick, fly, the police are coming with knives to kill you." We snatched up baby, clambered down the ladder, and swarmed over a ten-foot wall, dropped the other side, and crept in close to a wall; sat still and prayed. I looked at my companions and thought of what it meant for mother and child, lying all day in dirt, being startled and frightened continually, and now in a few minutes possibly to be cut to pieces. The head of the police is very cruel, and very anti-foreign in spirit. In a few minutes we heard a man climbing the wall and thought we must be discovered. A voice sounded, "It is all right, he has gone." So once more we were spared, and returned with hearts of praise to the dirty old attic. The inn-keeper proposed that the two ladies should get into water-butts and be carried off, and Conway and myself, modifying our clothing, creep out and all meet at a certain house, and then in the morning get away at dawn by cart, and trust the Lord that we should not be cut in pieces by robbers, or the rioting mob that fills the whole country. When we were about to start, the kang (water-butt) proved too small, and we could not start, and moreover a large crowd gathered in front of the house, and tried to riot their way in.

[1] For facsimile of original see p. 254.

It was a time of anxiety before we knew that they would be driven off. No mandarin cares, or will help, and the *Chen T'ai* (brigadier-general) has sent a *Kao shï* (proclamation) saying we must be killed. This is how affairs stand now. It is the sixth day of riot, and we still lie on the dirty floor, the ladies are worn and sick. Conway done; I am well enough, thank God, but don't see quite how we are to get away. Clouds lend a hope of rain—if rain fell it would make all the difference. Continual firing against thieves and plunderers goes on. We have no clothing, and day by day living in a temperature of 90 and 100, and lying flat on the floor, you may imagine our condition of cleanliness, and all four in one room with a baby. The Lord grant it may soon be over!

HAN-KOW, *August* 8, 1900.

MY OWN BELOVED HOME ONES—A month ago our station (S.K.T.) was rioted, burned, and destroyed. Fifteen days we were in hiding, and had daily wondrous escapes.

Fifteen to sixteen days journeying south through grave dangers and anxieties, but through God's blessing we have escaped.

I cannot write much to-day, but will do more soon. Every station in the province is rioted. Everything I have is gone except my Bible, a shirt, trousers, socks, and shoes I had on.

We could not change clothes, and had all four to live in one room for thirty days. The Conways are going on to Shanghai, I remain here for a day or two. We had to pay 400 taels to escape. It was worth it to save five lives,—four adults and one baby. No Christians could travel with us, but God made four heathen act on our behalf.

Just a line—no time for more. Will write soon. Praise the Lord the snare is broken, and we are escaped.—Hearty greetings, ever your own,

WHITFIELD.

NOTES WRITTEN ON THE SHEET OF NOTE-PAPER ACROSS WHICH DR. WHITFIELD GUINNESS WROTE HIS LETTER, JULY 10 OR 11. (See p. 254.)

(*His own Notes probably of an Address*)

Gal. vi. 9.—"Let us not be *weary* in *well*-doing; for in due season *we shall reap*, if we *faint not*."

Weary and fainting. Well-doing and reaping.

2 Thes. iii. 13.—"But ye, brethren, be not weary in well-doing."

"Faint not," be not relaxed. A stronger expression than be not weary.

"Weary of well-doing" refers to will.

"Faint" to relaxation of the powers.

"I know" "that for *my Name's sake* thou hast laboured and *hast not* fainted."

"Faint not," be not relaxed.

cp. Moses in prayer on the mountain-top.

Paul in labours, watchings, fastings.

Acts xiv. 22.—Exhorting them to *continue*. There must come tribulation, patiently endure.

"I, John, am your companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ."—Rev. i. 9.

Chrysostom called "Persevering endurance" the queen of the virtues and graces. "In Christ" we have the spiritual strength to enable us to endure.

Helps to Endurance.

John, though *restricted to a small spot on earth* (Patmos), was permitted to penetrate the wide realms of heaven, and its secrets. He got through. Lived in the calm serene atmosphere of God.

cp. Bunyan in his Bedford gaol, writing his immortal dream and allegory. We need not be hedged in or enclosed by four walls. Restrict not thy soul to things of earth. Matt. xx. 22.—To drink of Christ's cup of suffering was granted to John. John was *in* the spirit, not only spake by the spirit. His whole being was *in* Him. "*The Apocalyptic state.*"

PARTY II

THE SIANG-CH'ENG TROUBLES

At Siang-Ch'eng, which is about sixty miles from Shek'i-tien, the situation had become so threatening that it was thought wise for Mr. and Mrs. Gracie and baby, with Mr. Macfarlane, who was on a visit from Tasmania, to leave at once. The following letter, written by Mr. Bird to Mr. Lewis Jones, will best introduce the longer account of the trying experiences of the party on their journey to T'ai-ho.

Perhaps you will not be astonished to learn that Mr. and Mrs. A. Gracie and baby, with Mr. Macfarlane, of Tasmania, left here the day before yesterday for T'ai-ho hsien, in Gan-hwuy. The reports circulating in this district are frightful, and it is feared the passing through of so many foreigners, fleeing, will stir up the people here also. Our mandarin can do nothing, as he has no soldiers. The missionary party left at only half-a-day's notice. They started the day after my return from a prolonged journey of some six or seven weeks. I decided to stay on and stand by the Christians and the

Hall as long as possible. If I do have to go I shall make my way on foot to Fan-ch'eng.

Three ladies, Misses E. Anderson, Pettersson, and S. Engström, passed through here yesterday from Sin-an hsien (Ho-nan). They left at very short notice, by Mr. Folke's orders. They had a fairly quiet journey to this place, but while waiting in the inn here the people were very troublesome. (See p. 230.)

Mr. Gracie had advised their following him to Ta'i-ho (Gan-hwuy), so I hired carts to take them to Chau-kia-k'eo, and sent my colporteur to escort them. We have a great many members of the *Kiang-ho-huei* in this city and district. The people declare that this Secret Society and the Boxers are the same. However, we are safe in the Lord's keeping. I am encouraging the Christians and myself to stay ourselves on God, and then the "perfect peace" will be ours. I know you will be praying for us at this time. The Lord reigneth. Hallelujah!

C. Howard Bird.

Our Day of Trouble and of God's Deliverance

By Mr. A. Gracie

"I will call upon God Most High . . . He shall send from heaven and save me."

We have often thought and spoken about the probability of our having to leave the province (Ho-nan); now it has come to that at last. The news that all foreigners had to leave China reached us about the middle of June. The rumours increased day by day, and the attitude of the people towards us completely changed. Then about the end of the month the Christians came in one day in great excitement to tell us that the people had been making little dough images of men and boiling them amid shouts of *chu-yang-ren* ("boil the foreigners"). They said that this was quite a new thing; they had never heard of it being done before, and they believed that trouble was coming upon us. However, we tried to cheer them up by telling them that it would soon blow over; but they did not seem to think so, and they were correct, for as the days passed the rumours only increased.

The Storm Gathering

On the 4th July the Engineers of the Peking Syndicate, with their retinue, and the members of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission passed through our place, on their way to Han-kow, having had to flee for their lives. Their having to come through Siang-ch'eng made matters worse for us, because the people at once said, "See, our words are being fulfilled."

After these friends had passed through, our evangelist and the

leading Church members came to us saying that things were becoming so bad that it would be better for us to leave at once; the people were determined to kill us. I must say that we never fully realised how serious matters were until these our best friends came and advised us to go. This was a most unusual thing for natives to do. At other times they are only too glad for us to stay with them.

July 8—Siang-ch'eng to Chau-kia-k'eo

We took their advice as being of the Lord, and soon we had the things we were taking with us packed. They engaged two carts for us, and early on Sunday morning, July 8, we left the city, on our way to T'ai-ho. Some of the friends thought we might be attacked outside and warned us to be careful, but nothing happened to us, and we reached Lin-ying just after dark the same evening. Next day we left early in the morning, intending to reach Ying-wo-rï, a little place about fifteen miles from Chau-kia-k'eo. When we arrived there, we were told by one of the natives that the chapel at Si-hwa had been looted and destroyed. As soon as we heard this we began to be apprehensive lest Chau-kia-k'eo might be in a similiar condition, so we made inquiries on the way, but the people whom we asked all replied that Chau-kia-k'eo was peaceful, and right up to the gate of the city there were no signs of any disturbance.

"As Sheep in the midst of Wolves"

However, we were no sooner inside than we saw that something was wrong. Large crowds were rushing towards our Mission house shouting, "Pull down the foreigners' house." I cannot tell you how we felt as we saw the people rushing about like madmen. No sooner did they see us than they got hold of our mules and led us into an inn, and in a few minutes we were surrounded by hundreds of men, shouting, "Kill the foreign devils," etc. etc. The innkeeper was a leading Mohammedan, and he told us not to be afraid; he would see that no harm was done to us. He urged us to get all our things taken off the carts and put into the inn, after which some of the leading Mohammedans came round us and asked how much silver we had and demanded that we should give it all up to them, promising if we did so that they would protect our lives. On telling them the amount we had, they said, "Oh, that is not sufficient." We told them that if they did not believe us they could search our boxes for themselves. They replied that our lives were in their hands, and that if we did not give them more they would kill us.

Meanwhile a messenger was sent to the Yamên, to inform the mandarin of our circumstances. The mandarin did not come himself, but sent an inferior officer with sixteen soldiers. On his arrival he asked what I wanted. I replied that we wanted him to escort us safely out of the place, and take us to Huai-tien, one day's journey

from Chau-kia-k'eo. He demurred and said that he could not do that, as he had received no instructions from his superior to escort us so far. After pressing him, he said that he himself would go with us a few miles, and then he would let four soldiers go with us as far as Huai-tien, and there give us in charge of the official, to take us on to the next place. We thereupon got our luggage placed upon the carts again and started off.

Among the Raging Heathen

By this time the streets were crowded with thousands of people, who, after opening a way for us to pass through, followed us out of the city. From all quarters crowds of people were rushing towards us, shouting and yelling. The soldiers made a feeble attempt to turn them back, but it had no effect; the crowds increased as we went on. We had not got far from the city when we heard the official calling to his soldiers to come down off the carts, and then the crowd came rushing upon us and began tearing our boxes off the carts, and our bedding from under us, grabbing at everything they could lay their hands upon. They searched our persons for silver and valuables, and finding none they took the clothes off my back, leaving me with only my trousers and shoes.

After everything was taken, one man noticed Mrs. Gracie's rings, so he jumped up on to the cart, with a knife, to chop off her finger. Fortunately I was able to keep him back until my wife took her rings off and gave them to him, and so saved her finger. Meanwhile Mr. Macfarlane, who was in the cart before us, was sharing the same fate. They took his clothes off his back too, and stole his shoes. Then they dragged us out of our carts, and the carters whipped up their mules, and away they went, leaving us half naked to the mercy of that cruel crowd. There we were, walking hither and thither, under a burning sun, with no protection for our heads, and the possibility of sunstroke any moment. Fortunately, for a good part of the time a cloud covered the sun and afforded us great relief.

The crowds around us kept increasing, calling out, "Kill the foreign devils"; and many of them had every appearance of being able to do the dreadful deed. We fully thought that our end had come, and began praying to God for grace to bear the worst, and, if it might be His will, to so overrule that they might despatch us without torturing us.

Help in the Day of Trouble

Just then, four men in the crowd called to us to follow them. Of course we did not know what they were going to do; however, we followed them, and they led us away from the town, the crowd still following and saying all sorts of bitter things about us. After walking a mile or two we came to a roadside inn, and one of the four men asked us to sit down and drink tea, and another gave me his jacket to

put on, saying that he was better able to stand the sun than I was. We then began to see that these four men were going to befriend us, and our fears began to disperse. Then we went a little farther and came to another inn, where they invited us to sit down at a table and eat. I said that I had no money to pay for the food. They replied, "Never mind that; we will pay for it." We rested a little, and ate some bread, then trudged off again. We were quite done up, and could hardly walk; still, it seemed imperative for us to go on to get away from the crowd.

We next came to a village, and our little baby, who had been suddenly cut off from her wet-nurse, was crying bitterly, so I asked one of the men who were befriending us to kindly see if any of the women would feed our little one, and one woman volunteered to do so. Whilst we were sitting there with a large crowd surrounding us, the village elder came out and asked us to go with him, and we went into his house.

By this time our hearts were quite at rest, believing that the Lord had raised up these friends to save us. These people were not Christians, but one said that he had known me some years before, when I lived in Chau-kia-k'eo.

The Lord's Provision

There was one thing that was lying heavily on our minds—that was, how were we going to feed our little one? All the Mellin's Food and Milk was gone; what was to be done? "The Lord will provide" was the Scriptural answer to such questions; and He did. A few minutes after we were taken into the village elder's house, a little boy came in and handed me two tins of Nestlé's Milk, which had been taken from us. This proved to be sufficient for the baby until we reached T'ai-ho.

When the sun was set our friends said that we would require to leave, and seek a better hiding-place. So we started to retrace our steps towards the town, the men leading us a roundabout way. They took us to a flower garden, and there we lay down in a shed, glad to have found a quiet resting-place. Before dawn the next morning, our friends said that we could not remain there in the daytime, it being too open; so they led us to a place where there were three houses, and in one of them was a little dark room, partly filled with straw and chaff; there we were all day and the next night. In this courtyard was a young woman with a baby about the same age as ours, and she kindly offered to feed our baby while we remained there.

As it was impossible to remain there for long without being found out, after a good deal of prayer it was arranged to get away in the middle of the night by cart. Not far from the place in which we were hiding was a man named Chang, who had a cart, and we found he was willing to take us. The cart was made ready and at midnight we all got packed into it. That day's journey I shall never forget:

the sun was burning overhead ; hot, suffocating winds were blowing through the holes of the cart ; we were obliged to have the curtain down in front and dared not look out, lest we might be seen. Being unable to change our position in the cart, the pain became excruciating. There we were, in the one position, from early morning till late at night.

"Behold, God is my Helper"

We travelled about forty miles that first day, and got into an inn in a small market-town late at night. We hoped that no one would find out that we were foreigners ; but somehow or other several people in the inn noticed who we were, and in the middle of the night I was awakened by people talking outside our door. By listening, I found they were talking about killing us, and saying that they would not let us out of the inn. We spent much time in prayer to our God that He would deliver us. We told Him that He had opened iron doors to His people before now, and could He not open the wooden door of this inn ? Before dawn the men who were escorting us got everything ready and we slipped into the cart ; the door was opened, and the cart got out into the street without let or hindrance.

However, we had not gone far before we heard men calling out to stop the cart. The carter at once stopped the mules, and up came several men, some of whom were carrying knives. They told us that we could not go on, and that we must come down. Our men stood up for us, and told them what had happened at Chau-kia-k'eo, and that we had not any money or anything else. They searched the cart, but found nothing. Presently one of them said that he had received medicine at Ying-chau once, and had met Mr. Macfarlane there. Then they turned to me and said had it not been for my wife and child they would have killed us ; that they were members of the "Big Knife Society," and had received orders to kill all foreigners that came in their way. We got into our cart again, praising God for another deliverance.

Safe Arrival at T'ai-ho

We had hoped to reach T'ai-ho hsien that day, but rain coming on in the afternoon, we were detained, and only got to within three miles of that place. Early next morning I sent one of our men to tell Mr. Gillies where we were, and asking for advice as to our next movements, fearing if we entered T'ai-ho we might cause disturbance there. The previous evening our friends there had engaged a boat for Miss Leggat and Mrs. Talbot, who were going down to the coast, and somehow they were led to engage two. They did not know why ; at the time the boats were engaged they only required one ; but God's hand was in it, as was made plain to them when our messenger arrived.

Mr. Gillies came out and met us, and made arrangements for us to

THE CHAPEL AT SHE-K'I-TIEN DESTROYED IN THE RIOT.

THE BOYS' SCHOOL AT SHE-K'I-TIEN.

Mr. Conway standing in centre at the back.

To face page 222.

THE DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL AT CHAU-KIA-K'EO.

ENTRANCE TO GOSPEL HALL ON MAIN STREET OF CHAU-KIA-K'EO.
Mr. Argento in white gown standing near the door. (See p. 236.)

To face page 223.

go round the city and so down to the river bank, where the boats were anchored.

We left T'ai-ho hsien the same day. On our way down the river we found the people excited. Their attitude towards us was not at all friendly. At one place several men boarded our boats, apparently with evil intentions, but the soldiers who were escorting us were able to send them away. When we reached Ma-t'eo, seven miles above Ts'ing-kiang-p'u, our boatmen would not go any farther, as they were afraid their boats would be taken by the soldiers who were on their way north. We sent a messenger to the Yamên, and the officials immediately sent soldiers to escort us to T'sing-kiang-p'u. As soon as we reached there, arrangements were made for us to get down to Chin-kiang by steam launch. We reached the latter place on Saturday morning, August 4, and left by steamer the same evening for Shanghai, praising God for all His deliverances.

PART III

THE RIOTS AT CHAU-KIA-K'EO AND OUTSTATION

The Si-Hua Riot

(Si-hua is an outstation of Chau-kia-k'eo)

By Mr. C. M. Lack

On Saturday evening, July 7, not feeling well, I lay down for a rest and fell into a deep sleep. From this I was rudely awakened by the goat-herd shouting in my ear, "They have come, they have come." At first I thought I was dreaming, but the shouts, yells, and smashing of glass, etc., soon disillusioned me.

I ran out, and with our cook escaped through a back-door and reached the Yamên. It was about 8.30 P.M., and darkness favoured our escape. After failing to see the mandarin, though I waited some time, I left to return to the Mission premises. When they saw I was really going, the official sent thirty soldiers to escort me. Together we passed through the crowded streets, where I could see our boxes, tables, and other furniture which had been plundered from our premises.

Reaching the place, the soldiers rushed in with a yell, and what a sight! The floors and yard smothered with torn books and tracts and smashed articles. The only reason the house was not burned was because it was rented.

As the people dispersed the native evangelist and I slipped out and were enabled to get outside the city. Away we went as fast as we could for Chau-kia-k'eo.

It was moonlight, but we met few travellers. Near a village about four miles away we passed three men who called out, "Where are you going?" We kept on walking and managed to reach the door of an inn, when these men overtook us. They were armed to the teeth with swords and guns. We stepped quickly into the inn and they followed. When they recognised me as a foreigner their satisfaction was apparent.

When the evangelist said to me that it was useless to think of proceeding farther that night, I went and lay down on a mat in the courtyard among the carters and others. The evangelist, who had stopped to find out all he could about the intentions of these men, shortly came and lay down beside me and whispered that he feared the worst, as they purposed killing us. We prayed, and thought of many plans for escaping, but none seemed possible.

At length about 3.30 A.M. we spoke to the inn-keeper, who was a man of some authority in the village, and promised him a reward should he be able to aid us to escape. Though so early, he slipped out and we anxiously awaited his return. Morning arrived but he had not come back, and the armed men still sat guarding the door. Some of the villagers then arrived upon the scene, and after much talking they agreed to let us go if we paid them a reward. This we did, and they sent their assistant to Chau-kia-k'eo to bring back the money. Most thankful we were to be once more upon the road, and safely reached Chau-kia-k'eo on Sunday morning, July 8.

Only two days after Mr. Lack's arrival at Chau-kia-k'eo that place was rioted also. The following are the names of those who were present:—

Mr. and Mrs. Shearer and two children.
Miss Taylor.
Miss Kidman.
Mr. Lack.
Miss Bavin.
Mr. Powell.
Mr. and Mrs. Biggs.
Miss E. L. Randall.

As the story of the Chau-kia-k'eo riot is told below by Mr. Shearer, we have not printed that part of Mr. Lack's letter which covers the same ground.

The Chau-kia-k'eo Riot and Escape

By Mr. Shearer

"Persecuted but not Forsaken"

For weeks before the riot occurred (July 10) there were persistent rumours of trouble, which became more and more alarming as that date approached. The long-continued drought had made the people restless, and the rumours of trouble in the North no doubt added to this restlessness; but we had been so long peaceably settled in the place that we hoped till nearly the last, that the trouble would be averted.

On the Friday (July 6) before the riot, Mr. Powell went to Ch'en-chau to see both the Fu and Hsien mandarins, and find out what they were prepared to do for us in case of trouble, but his interviews with them were far from satisfactory. The Hsien promised to put out a proclamation, but afterwards delayed doing so. As things were getting much worse at Chau-kia-k'eo, we foreigners consulted as to what we should do. Some thought it would be better to leave, but, of course, we were loth to leave the Christians, especially as rumour said that they would be killed first, and the foreigners afterwards. The date which had been fixed for this was the 28th of the native month (July 24), but the riot of Si-hwa on Saturday, the 7th of July, evidently precipitated matters at Chau-kia-k'eo. Mr. Powell went to see the *San Fu*, the local mandarin at Chau-kia-k'eo, on Monday evening, the 9th, but that official would not even give him an audience. He sent his subordinates to speak to Mr. Powell in an outer court, where the outside people gathered round and heard all that was said. These men advised us to get off at once, as the mandarin could not protect us in Chau-kia-k'eo.

July 10—*The Riot*

No doubt the report of our treatment at the *San Fu's* spread in the town, and was the signal to our enemies to begin rioting the very next morning, Tuesday, the 10th of July. We were all at breakfast that morning when we heard the shouting, and knew that the rioters had come. They came almost simultaneously to each of the three doors, so we could not get out without passing through the midst of them. We all escaped over the wall into a neighbour's house, taking nothing but a few small bundles in our hands. The neighbour was very unwilling to have us in his house, as he was afraid of evil consequences afterwards for himself; but there happened to be a gentleman of influence in his place at the time, who took our part, and exhorted the landlord to do his best for us.

Very reluctantly he allowed us to be there for a time, and we hid in a room at the back of his premises. While there we heard the rioters smashing the new chapel in our courtyard, with constant shouts and cries, which were very trying, especially to the ladies of our party. We were nine foreigners in all: Mr. Lack, Mr. Powell, Miss Bavin, Miss Kidman, Miss Taylor, my wife, two children, and myself. Two native women-servants and two girls were also with us.

We were there for some hours, but the landlord frequently came to exhort us to leave his house. While there we heard that Yen ta-lao, head of the police, had come with a few men, but could not do anything to quell the riot. Then the *San Fu* came with some soldiers, but he did not try to do anything. We heard that he just told the people that they could take the things, but must not hurt the foreigners, and then went away.

Escape to the Yamén

After some hours the landlord of the house where we were came to us again, and told us that the people on the street had discovered where we were, and that we must go out. He was, no doubt, afraid that his premises also might be pulled down. We saw that there was no help for it, and after a few words of prayer, commending ourselves to the Lord, we went out through the front door on to the street, where the crowds were carrying away our goods, and made for Yen ta-lao's Yamên, which was only two or three streets off. The crowds thronged the streets, and some, no doubt, would have laid hands on us, but they saw that we had nothing with us, and some among them were evidently friendly, and prevented the others from injuring us. Just as we got near Yen ta-lao's Yamên the crowd rushed upon the friends who were in front, but the lictors drove them back and made a way for us to get in. Yen ta-lao received us very kindly, and gave us the use of his best room all the time we were there. We found that Mr. and Mrs. Biggs and Miss Effie Randall had reached there before us, as they had been living at the Bible Society's house, just next door to the Yamên.

All that day the people were plundering and pulling down our houses. They destroyed them entirely, even digging out the foundations, and carried off the material to sell. They were so reckless in their work that several men were killed. We had got into the Police Yamên, and Yen ta-lao was no doubt willing to do all he could for us, but he told us plainly that he could not protect us there for any length of time, so we at once tried to arrange some means of getting away from Chau-kia-k'eo towards the coast. That night we engaged a boat to take us down to Cheng-yang-kwan, but afterwards the boatmen were afraid to go, and we could not get away.

In Suspense

It was an anxious night, as we heard that there were many enemies

on the street, principally Mohammedans, who might possibly attack the Yamên, and Yen ta-lao had only a few men at his disposal. Next day Yen ta-lao advised our waiting for a time to see whether the Hsien mandarins would come from Ch'en-chau and Shang-shui when they got news of the riot. The Shang-shui mandarin did come, and spoke to us very kindly, but said that we were out of his jurisdiction, the part of Chau-kia-k'eo in which we lived belonging to the Hsien of Ch'en-chau; he would wait, however, till the other mandarin came, and see what could be done for us.

Meantime we had heard of the Gracies and Mr. Macfarlane being mobbed on the northern outskirts of the town, so we tried to make arrangements for us all to get away together. They could not come to us, and we could not go to them, but we had much prayer for them. Yen ta-lao did everything he possibly could for us, going out to see one and another to try to get help for us, but more than once when he returned he was so much cast down that he actually wept. He is a Hu-nan man, and has been in Chau-kia-k'eo for some years; he has always been very friendly to us. He is very much liked by the people, because he has done so much for them in time of famine, etc., and no doubt this feeling of the people towards him made his Yamên a much safer place for us than it otherwise could have been under the circumstances. He was very much disappointed at the Hsien mandarin from Ch'en-chau not coming on, and we again tried to arrange some means of escape. This time we thought of going overland to T'ai-ho; and on the Thursday night we had engaged soldiers to escort us out of Chau-kia-k'eo next morning, the carts having been already engaged.

July 13—*Prayer Answered*

On Friday morning we rose very early and expected to get off, but part of the escort had not arrived. We waited an hour or two till these men came, and then with a good deal of trepidation, not knowing what might be awaiting us outside, we prepared to start and were actually in the courtyard, going towards the door, when we heard that part of our escort had taken fright and run off. No doubt the reports about hundreds of men waiting outside to attack us had terrified them. Then there seemed to be no hope for us, and Yen ta-lao himself said, "If God does not help you now we can do nothing." We went back to our room with heavy hearts to have some prayer together. Just while we were praying I heard a shout outside that a messenger had arrived from Ch'en-chau with a party of soldiers to relieve us. God had thus brought us to an end of all our own plans before effectually delivering us.

We found that these men, who had been sent on through the night, were only a part of the relieving force. The Hsien mandarin himself was to arrive later in the day with more soldiers. Up to that time he had shown himself anything but friendly, and would do nothing for

the sisters at Ch'en-chau, but Yen ta-lao told me that new instructions—supposed to be from Li-hung-chang—had come just the night before, ordering him to take care of the foreigners. Never could help have come at a more opportune moment. When the Hsien came, he first arranged that we should be sent with an escort of soldiers, by way of Siang-ch'eng, to T'ai-ho; but next morning, Saturday, he had changed his plans, presumably because of the danger of that route, and decided to take us back to Ch'en-chau and send us on from there.

July 14—*Flight to T'ai-ho*

We got off on Saturday morning with an escort of a good deal over a hundred soldiers. The streets were crowded with people to see us go, but no one dared to hurt us, as the mandarin had given orders that if any one attempted to do so he would be killed. We got to Ch'en-chau that afternoon, and were lodged in an inn with a small guard of soldiers for the night. Before daylight next morning we were off again for Shen-k'iu, a distance of forty-three miles. We got there the same night, and were very kindly received by Huang ta-lao, the mandarin there, who prepared a very nice supper for us, and would not allow us to pay anything for our expenses while we were in his Yamên. Next morning he provided an escort to take us on to T'ai-ho. When we reached there we found that our friends had all left, Mr. Malcolm having gone down to Ying-chau. We stayed in the Hall and the servants there were very kind. The local mandarin sent for me, to ask about the trouble at Chau-kia-k'eo, and assured me that we were quite safe for the time at T'ai-ho, and that he would find boats for us to start next day; he also sent us some food.

A Kind Friend

We also met with great kindness from an unexpected quarter. A Roman Catholic priest, evidently an Italian, who could write English very well, sent us a very kind letter, telling us how sorry he was for the trouble we had gone through, and offering, as he understood that the friends were away from our Hall, to let us have any money we required for our journey. Mr. Ewing had nursed one of their people through a dangerous fever just a year before, and they evidently had not forgotten his kindness. We thanked him for his kind offer, but did not know then whether we would require to avail ourselves of it, as we had sent some silver down by a native overland, and were hoping that he would arrive in time. We remained there all the next day getting ready for our further journey, but as our man had not turned up we had, after all, to avail ourselves of our Roman Catholic friend's kindness. He was very sorry that he could not let us have more silver, but he gave us as much cash as we wished. He gave us also his last tins of milk and butter for the children. Mr. Malcolm and Mr. Edgar returned late that night, intending to stay on at T'ai-ho hsien in the meantime. Mr. Malcolm was able to let us have what

more silver we required, as well as other things which he had and very kindly gave to us.

July 18—*T'ai-ho to Chin-kiang*

We started next morning for Cheng-yang-kwan by boat, changing at Ying-chau. There again Mr. Barnett was kindness itself, doing everything he could to help us on our way. When we reached Cheng-yang-kwan things looked very bad. Mr. Powell and Mr. Biggs went up to the Hall and could hardly get out again, such a crowd gathered on the streets. News had reached there of the trouble at Chau-kia-k'eo, and it had excited the people very much. Things became so bad later on the day, that Mr. Domay and Mr. Beutel decided to leave that night for the coast. We had some difficulty in changing boats there, but at last by paying a good price we were able to get one large boat to take us down to Chin-kiang, and went on board late the same night, and started at daylight the next morning.

The rest of our journey was a comparatively peaceful one, till we reached the Grand Canal, after crossing the lake. Our boat people took us to an opening in the canal which their boat could not get through, and the wind being contrary, they refused to turn back until they could get a favourable wind. Our boy then suggested going down by the steam launch from the neighbouring town, and it was arranged that we should get into a much smaller boat, and be towed down by the launch that same evening. There was some delay, however, in securing a suitable boat, and by the time it came for us the steam launch had arrived. Our boat people took advantage of these circumstances, and refused to let the things be taken off the boat unless we gave them a large sum for "wine money." We did not know what to do, as the launch people were impatient to be off; and when we at last managed to get most of our things on board the small boat, and to get rid of our boatman, we found that the launch had gone. The steamboat office people advised us to get away as soon as possible, as there were enemies who were threatening to kill us. We accordingly arranged with the men belonging to the small boat to take us down overnight to Kao-yiu; and we arrived there early next morning. We kept quiet all day, and meantime our boy was able to arrange for a launch to take us down. We started about ten o'clock that night, and got down to Chin-kiang next forenoon.

PARTY IV

FROM SIN-AN TO T'AI-HO

It will be remembered that under the Shan-si section (p. 23) mention was made of three ladies in connection with the Swedish Mission who were located in N. Ho-nan, just across the border of the Shan-si province. The following is the account of their escape.

The Perilous Journey of Three Swedish Lady Missionaries

As told by One of Themselves

"We would not have you ignorant . . . concerning our affliction which befell us in Asia . . . but God delivered us."

We left our station at Sin-an about the end of June and went to Ho-shan, a small place about twenty-five miles from Ho-nan-fu, to live in the caves [1] there for the summer. It seemed to be the Lord's guidance, for we were twenty-five miles nearer the coast than we should otherwise have been. We just took sufficient things for the summer, and thus had everything necessary for the journey. We had been there one week, and the people were coming in crowds, and bringing their sick friends to us. The mandarin at Ho-nan-fu, hearing of the large crowds we were having in the fields, was alarmed, and sent an official and others to ask us to leave. He told us about the trouble at T'ien-tsin. We had not heard about the war.

Soon after they left us, we received the message from Mr. Folke telling us of the trouble, and asking us to leave for the coast as quickly as possible. The following day the mandarin came back to see us, and was very pleased when he found we were ready to start.

Sin-an to Siang-ch'eng

We left with an escort on July 4, and had not gone very far when three *Ta-tao-huei* (Big Knife Society) men came to us, and one jumped up on our cart while the other two followed behind, asking us many questions. One of our servants seemed frightened and told us quietly that they were *Ta-tao-huei* men. They left us and went

[1] Cave houses are very cool in summer and warm in winter.

ahead and gathered all the *Ta-tao-huei* men in the district together. We knew there were very many of them in Ho-nan-fu, and prayed to God to guide us. Our servants found a way round Ho-nan-fu and took us to a small village, so that we did not go through that city.

We reached Siang-ch'eng late in the evening of the fourth day (July 8) from leaving Ho-shan. Although we had a curtain in front of our cart, the people recognised us and called out: "Kill the foreigners." We had rather a bad time at the inn there, so we sent for Mr. C. H. Bird. He came and talked to them in the courtyard and hired us a cart.

In the Hands of Robbers

We travelled on quietly for two days; but on the third day after leaving Siang-ch'eng (July 11), a band of robbers attacked us about nine o'clock in the morning. First, several men came running after us, saying that they were sent from the Yamên to stop us; then, in a minute or so, one or two hundred people gathered about us. These men commanded us to get down, and very soon robbed us of all that we had, even some of our clothing, our hats, Bibles, handkerchiefs, etc. They carried swords and pistols, and handled us very roughly. They took us back to the robbers' village, and we had to stand on benches to let them look at us. Presently two kind men in the village came forward and ordered the people to let us go, and we went on for a mile towards Chau-kia-k'eo, when we were stopped again. Two of the same robbers came and commanded us to tell the people that the horses were theirs. We refused to do so. They said that they would take off our heads if we did not, but we told them over and over again that we were not afraid to die. One of the men ordered Miss Pettersson to kneel down to have her head taken off. She smiled, put her hand on his shoulder, and looking up into his face said, "We are not afraid to die, but let us speak a few words to the men who are escorting us first." The two robbers then looked at one another, smiled, and went away without touching us. One of them said, "You cannot die because you are devils."

The crowd which had gathered made us sit down under a tree, to rest, after which they asked us to sing a hymn, and we sang, "Jesus loves me." They had heard that foreigners had some kind of telescope, and thinking we had one hidden upon our persons they tried to get us into a house, that they might search us; but we had sent our servant to the mandarin of the village, and he, arriving in time, commanded the people to disperse at once. Just before he came Miss Pettersson fainted away. We begged the people for a little water, and, after considering a little, they brought some for her to drink and for us to bathe her head with. She revived somewhat, but lost her voice for the whole day.

We carried her to the cart, and the mandarin took us back the second time to the robbers' village and we stayed in an inn, where the

landlord treated us very kindly. He gave us food and tea, and a bed for Miss Pettersson, while we had mats on the floor. After this, a man who had been a Christian for only one month, came and took our part and hired a small boat to take us down to Chau-kia-k'eo. After we had rested a while, our servant carried Miss Pettersson down to the boat. We started, but the people were constantly stopping us, and the boatmen would not take us any farther, so, for the third time, we returned to the robbers' village.

Good Samaritans among the Heathen

When we were nearing the village—about ten o'clock—it began to rain. The crowds that had gathered dispersed to their homes, and we hid in a field until midnight, when our Christian friend came and took us to an empty loft. There was no staircase, but he kneeled down and we, stepping upon his back, were helped up into the loft by our servant, who had climbed up before. We were there that night, the next day, and up to midnight of the next night, without water or food, when this Christian man brought us a bottle of water and some cucumbers, and though we had to be very quiet, we were very happy indeed.

On the second day a little boy came into the room below and discovered us. He cried out that there were thieves in the loft and the owner came and commanded us to come down quickly. He was very angry, and we thought he was going to kill us at once; but his wife took pity and begged him not to touch us, so they let us go out into the field again. Presently the landlord, who had been kind to us in the inn where we had previously been, came and told us to come and stay there; so after we had washed some of the mud off in the river, we went to his inn and he gave us food. The people came in such great crowds that he could not permit us to stop inside, so he put a table and a bench on the street, and we had to stay there for about three hours, with the people looking at and scorning us; but the Lord sent a shower of rain, which made the people scatter, and the landlord took us into his inn again.

That morning we had sent our servant to Chau-kia-k'eo, to ask the missionaries there what we had better do. The landlord was drunk, but we had nowhere else to go, so we prayed to God to guide and deliver us, and in a short time two Christian men appeared from another village. They had heard about us and had come to help us and to take us to their village, but the inn-keeper would not let us go unless they gave him 1000 cash. They had brought this amount, so handed it to him and he let us go. They had also brought some bread, so we had food by the way. When we reached the home of one of these Christians, his wife, who was not a Christian woman, cried out that she would not have us there. After staying but a few minutes they took us to the home of another Christian, where the people were very kind, but we could not stay in this village because the first woman

had so cried out against us that all of the villagers knew we were there.

That same night these two Christians took us to another village, eight miles away, and nearer to Chau-kia-k'eo. They took us to a Christian family, gave the woman 200 cash, and told her to take care of us, and said that if there was anything more to pay they would give it to her when they came back. After a little, a relative came and told her it would be dangerous to hide us, so they took us to another house, where they kept us until nearly daylight, but being afraid to have us any longer they took us to another house, where the woman hid us in a bundle of straw. The woman was very kind, gave us food, washed our clothes, and showed us true Christian love. Her son and daughter, however, were very much afraid, and when their mother dared not keep us any longer we went back to the first house and hid under the bedstead all that Sunday.

The people were raging and wanted to see us, but the woman told them that we were not in the house. Several women came into the room, looked into boxes, and everywhere but under the bed, so did not find us. There were forty or fifty men outside trying to pull down the house, but could not. They said they would get more men and come back in the night and pull down the house and kill the foreign devils; so the Christians that night took us to the home of a heathen man who was willing to hide us.

A Faithful Native

Shortly after this a Mr. Yang, a member of the Chau-kia-k'eo church, who had been acting as watchman for Mr. Shearer up to the time of the riot, and had just returned, came and told us he would take no rest until we were safely in Shanghai. That night he took us to the river that we might go to T'ai-ho (Gan-hwuy), twenty-five miles distant, the two heathen men escorting us. When he had hired a boat he discovered that he had not enough money to buy food for the journey, so went back to get his wife to make some bread, telling the boatmen to take us on to another place where he would meet us. After he had gone a little while the boatmen objected, so we had to ford the stream and go back to Yang's village. By this time it was almost daylight, and the people discovered us; so these two heathen men took us and hid us separately in the maize field, and the people became very angry because they could not find us. We felt worse then than at any time, because we were separated, and it seemed as if the Lord had forsaken us. It was indeed a time of darkness, and we cried unto God.

In about an hour's time Mr. Yang returned, and took Miss Engström to the crowd, and asked her to speak to the people. She told them we were there because we loved them and were seeking to help them, and that the people who had assisted us in the village had only done their duty, as we were in trouble. After she had talked to them they

became quite quiet. They did not touch her, so Mr. Yang brought us all out, and our servant, whom we had sent to Chau-kia-k'eo, found us and said Mr. Powell[1] had given him taels 15 (£2) for travelling expenses, and a letter, but both had been taken from him before he reached us. Mr. Powell told him that a favourable proclamation had been issued, and that we should go to the Yamên and demand protection. He advised us to go to the Yamên at Shang-shui, which was about twenty miles from where we were.

When we reached the Yamên we were very tired, as we had had no food all day and no sleep in the night, and had walked twelve miles the previous night, besides twenty miles to the Yamên that day. The mandarin was very good to us, gave us thirty soldiers to escort us and 500 cash for food, but he did not give us any carts, and it was thirty miles to the next Yamên. We started and walked eight miles more that night, and the next morning continued our journey. It rained all that night and the next day, and the roads were so muddy and slippery that we could not do more than fifteen miles that day, and stopped at the next inn. Our clothing was soaking wet, but we could only take it off and wring it as dry as possible and sleep in it all night, but the Lord kept us from taking cold.

The next morning we had still seven miles to the next Yamên. When we arrived the people would not tell the mandarin, but kept us waiting for two hours. Finally, one of our servants told us there was a gong, and in very urgent matters one could beat this gong and the mandarin must come; so Miss Engström went and beat the gong. The people were very indignant, and told us that we did not know how to behave; but the mandarin came, provided us with a cart, and would not allow us to start until we had some food. He also gave us some clothes, and 500 cash.

When we arrived at the next place, Shen-k'iu, the mandarin was exceedingly kind, just like a friend. He gave us a nice room, and prepared a feast for us. His wife came to us, and brought clothes in order that we might take off our wet ones. He gave us 1000 cash and plenty of bread for the journey, and early the next morning we started in a cart and with an escort. The people, too, were very kind to us, and told us that both the mandarin and the *t'ai-t'ai* (his wife) wished to learn the doctrine. The escort brought us to T'ai-ho.

With Friends at Last

We had been told that all the foreigners had left, but suddenly we heard a voice saying, "Praise the Lord that you are here," and saw Mr. Malcolm coming to meet us. We were very happy and full of praise to God. He took us to the Mission house, where we rested. The evangelist there was full of love and of the Holy Spirit. He brought us a bundle of *p'u* (calico), but we told him that we could not

[1] Mr. Powell could not come, as they were also rioted at Cheo-kia-k'eo.

use it, so he took it back and brought us 2700 cash, and gave it to us as a present. Next day by noon Mr. Malcolm had hired a boat for us, to take us to Ying-chau, the mandarin paying for the boat. We had to change boats at each Yamên, about every thirty miles. We had been wishing very much for some meat, and when we reached the Yamên just below Cheng-yang-kwan, a place called Feng-t'ai, the mandarin sent us down 20 lbs. of flour, and two large tins of roast and corned beef, and thus the Lord provided even for our desires. We were very much astonished, but just praised the Lord for His goodness.

When about one day's journey from the Hung-tse lake a terrible hurricane arose as we were resting on the bank, taking our dinner. The boat was overturned and wrecked, but we were not seriously hurt, though drenched and bruised. One of our escort took us to an inn in the village, and went on to see the mandarin, who procured us another little boat. In the village many of the houses were blown down, and the inn where we stayed was partially destroyed. When we reached the lake we heard that thirty-two boats had been wrecked, and the people drowned. All persecution which we had undergone from the people was comparatively easy to bear for the Lord's sake, but this experience was very difficult to understand, and we felt that we could not go through any more. Each day for three days after the hurricane we had been watching the clouds gather for another storm, and all the way along the natives were preparing for it, but, in answer to our prayers, the Lord caused it to pass by; and, although it rained, the storm did not come.

When we got to Ts'ing-kiang-p'u we had not enough money to take us to Shanghai. We had decided to go by steamer down the canal, so we asked the mandarin for the necessary money and promised to return it afterwards. He gave half and the Christians gave the other half. The Christians at Ts'ing-kiang-p'u were very kind, and brought us food, chicken and everything we needed, and escorted us to the steamer. Praise the Lord, we are here all safe, and we do thank Him for His wondrous care. We arrived at Shanghai on August 6. As we journeyed the Lord gave us the two texts: "All power is given unto me in Heaven and in earth. . . . Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and "The Lord is upon many waters"; and our souls rested upon them. At first, when we had a little money, which we were afraid was insufficient to bring us down, we worried about it, but when we lost it all we just rested in the Lord and He supplied our every need.

THE KUANG-CHAU RIOT

It cannot but be noted how all the riots synchronise, thus making it abundantly clear that some one mind was responsible for giving liberty to the baser passions of the evil-disposed in parts of China so widely separated. Only the day after the Si-hua riot, the day that Mr. Lack reached Chau-kia-k'eo, the storm broke in terrible fury at Kuang-chau.

The following record of sufferings most patiently endured, and of God's marked intervention, cannot be read without the deepest emotion. Truly "God is unto us a God of deliverances, and unto Jehovah the Lord belong the issues from death."

Mr. Argento is an Italian by birth. He went to China in October 1896, and being a good linguist readily acquired a knowledge of the language. Last year he was enabled to open Kwang-chau, a large and important city in the south-east of Ho-nan, in a district hitherto almost untouched by missionary work.

Three Weeks' Dangers and Deliverances

By Mr. A. Argento

"Dying, but behold we Live"

There had been rumours of trouble and much unrest at my station of Kuang-chau, but they had not alarmed me at all. On Sunday morning, July 8, one of the Christians, a boy about sixteen years of age, told me that people were saying on the street that they would come either that day or the following, pull the house down, and kill me and all the Christians. I told him not to be afraid about that; "Let them say what they will."

July 8—The Mission House Attacked

Half-an-hour before the time for the evening meeting, I was engaged choosing the hymns, when I heard a crowd of people rush into the premises, making a great noise. I came quickly out of my study, and found the *K'eh-fang* (Guest Hall) just crammed with people.

They called out that they wanted me to preach to them; but having heard that they had come on purpose to make trouble, I went back to my study to fetch a card, intending to go to the Yamên, but people with knives in their hands were keeping the door and I could not get out. The street was packed from one end to the other, and the house surrounded. It had only the one exit at the front.

I shouted to the servant to bring some benches to the Guest-hall for the people to sit on. They were still coming in great numbers, so I stood between the table and the wall and tried to preach to them. I had only said a few words when I was told it was useless to preach, for their motive in coming was not to listen to the Gospel, but to kill me on account of my being a *ma-hu-tsï* (bewitcher). I tried to explain to them that that was false; we missionaries came with the Gospel of peace, to let them know that all the people of the earth are one great family, and as such ought to love one another; not only so, but we also brought to them a message of Salvation.

Seeing that they would not listen to these words, but rather became more rowdy, and some of the rioters surrounding me, I invited one of them, as if he had been a friend, just to tell the people to be quiet, and to explain to them that we were their best friends and had come to do them good. So this man jumped on to the table and with great gesticulations and shouting at the pitch of his voice tried to quiet them, explaining what I had told him, but he had only spoken a moment or two when he was told to get down; and the people rushing towards the table tried to crush me between it and the wall. Then I asked some people who were standing at my right hand to resist the pushing of the table. They did so for a little while, but seeing it was unsuccessful, exhorted me to go to the back part of the house. I did not do so, feeling that there was no way of escape there.

Suddenly one of the ringleaders, coiling up his queue on his head and pulling up his sleeve, grasped hold of my queue and endeavoured to strike me on the breast. Others took hold of my gown, striking at me on every side and trying to pull me outside the Guest Hall. Then some one struck the lamp, which fell and broke, and we were left in complete darkness. I at once made an effort, got my queue out of their grasp by a sudden pull, and loosing my gown left it with them. I threw myself on the ground to be out of reach of their hands, and, succeeding in reaching a corner, crouched down into as little space as possible.

The Work of Destruction

Having thus freed myself from their hands, they thought I had run away, and so began to smash doors, screens, and benches, and everything they found. One of the screens falling partly covered me.

Nearly everything in the Guest Hall having been destroyed, they made a rush for the front room upstairs, and I availed myself of the interval to crawl underneath the table, where I was less cramped and

should be less easily seen. It was not possible to get out on account of the crowds surrounding the house. After they had finished in the front room, down they came again and made a rush for the back. From under the table I could see the work of destruction going on. After having looted or destroyed what was to be found at the back and in my study, they wanted a light to hunt after valuables. They found some straw, and dipping it in kerosene, made a torch of it. As soon as they had the light they began dividing the spoil, and when they could find no more they spoke of setting the house and debris on fire.

They set to work, got together a pile of wood, and poured kerosene on it. The torch was burning out, but one man lifted it up from the ground and was bringing it towards the pile of wood, when he saw a chair near the table and came over to take it away. The light revealed me, and with a rush they got hold of me and dragged me from under the table and on to the pile of wood. Others took up the benches and struck me with them.

An Attempt to Burn Him

Some of the neighbours, fearing that if they burnt the house their own houses would be in danger, objected to their burning it. "The house," they said, "is only rented, and does not belong to him." Then the rioters replied, "Well, never mind, we will not burn the house, we will only burn him." And saying this they poured kerosene on my clothes and set them on fire. Friendly neighbours, however, quickly quenched the flames, tearing off the burning part of the garment, whilst others were dragging me away by the queue to save me. I was lying with my face to the ground. The rioters, seeing these neighbours wanted to save me, got hold of a pole, and began to strike me on the head and all over my body. I tried to protect my head with my hands, but had not reached the doorsteps when a very heavy blow inflicted on my head caused me to lose consciousness. I commended by soul into God's keeping, and knew nothing further.

July 11—*Left for Dead*

I remained unconscious for two days. When I reopened my eyes on the morning of Wednesday, July 11, I found myself on the platform in the chapel, lying on a *p'u-kai* (native bedding), soaked with blood, and my head still bleeding. The Christians told me that some of the rioters dragged me on to the street and wanted to cut off my head, but others opposed this, saying, "That is no use, when he is dead already." Afterwards, on the same night, the mandarin came, and, seeing me lying on the public street, ordered his underlings to carry me inside and put me on a bed. No bed was to be found, so they left me on some unbroken boards of the platform. Some of the Christians by turns had watched me during the nights.

After I became conscious I was terribly thirsty and feverish. The Christians brought me food, but I could not eat anything; I only

eagerly drank all the water they brought me. Some of the gentry, discovering that I had regained consciousness, spread it abroad, wanting the rioters to come back and cut off my head.

When the mandarin knew this, fearing that I might die in Kuang-chau and he be held responsible for all that had happened, he decided to send me away to Chau-kia-k'eo, 140 miles north, thinking that I should certainly die on the road and so he would be freed from blame, as he would be reported as having helped my escape to where I could obtain medical treatment. The gentry, having heard that the mandarin was friendly inclined towards me, presented him with a petition, threatening to murder him if he allowed me to leave Kuang-chau either dead or alive.

A Hundred and Forty Miles on a Stretcher

In the evening the mandarin visited me and suggested, as a safe plan to get me outside the city, that I should be carried along in a coffin. I feared, however, that I should either die for want of sufficient air or that the soldiers and bearers would bury me alive or throw the coffin into the river, so I would not consent, although the mandarin promised to put breathing holes in the lid. I said I would rather die in the chapel.

July 12—*Kuang-chau to Si-Hsien*

Some of the Christians suggested to him to put me on a bamboo stretcher, with an awning to protect me from the sun. He agreed to this, so about midnight one was brought by eight bearers. The mandarin came himself with an escort of fifty footmen, twenty horsemen—all armed—and some few attendants. He led the way on horseback out through the west gate, and escorted the party for twelve miles towards Chau-kia-k'eo. When he left us he said to me that he would punish the ringleaders, and exhorted the soldiers to take good care of me. Towards dusk (Thursday, July 12) we arrived at Si-hsien, thirty miles from Kuang-chau, where we stopped to pass the night and to exchange escort.

July 13—*Si-Hsien to Sin-ts'ai*

Next morning, Friday, July 13, we started towards Sin-ts'ai, thirty-three miles north of Si-hsien. That day we travelled twenty-seven miles. When we passed through any market-place, people would come out and examine the stretcher. They were very much excited and unfriendly, calling out to kill the foreigner; but the soldiers kept them in check, and ordered the bearers to go quickly. Next day, Saturday, July 14, about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, we reached the Sin-ts'ai Yamên. The escort was to be changed there again. A great crowd of people ran excitedly into the courtyard of the Yamên, and, in spite of all the soldiers could do, pulled off the awning and tried to smash the stretcher itself. Then

the mandarin gave orders to take me into a room and not allow the people in.

July 14-15—*Sin-ts'ai to Hiang-Ch'eng*

After a quarter of an hour's wait there, the new escort was ready, and, the awning having been repaired, on we went towards Hiang-ch'eng, distant another thirty-seven miles. Even this time, in getting out from the Yamên, the people tried once more to smash the stretcher, and they took away my shoes and socks; and then, whilst we were going, men and women crowded round, stopping the bearers every now and then to look at the "foreign devil."

I was a little better that day, and, for the first time, could take a little rice-gruel that they gave me. After we had travelled ten miles, a thunderstorm suddenly broke upon us; the rain pelted down, quickly soaking through the awning and wetting us all through and through, and the wind blew like a hurricane. The bearers cursed and swore. Soon after we reached a small inn, where we stopped for the night.

Next day, Sunday, July 15, we arrived at Hiang-ch'eng about half-past five in the afternoon, and the bearers left me outside the door of the Yamên at the discretion of thousands of the enemies, who crowded round from every direction. They thought I was dead, for I did not move or make a sound, although they pinched me, pulled my hair, and knocked me about—an ordeal which lasted an hour long, after which the mandarin ordered some underlings to take me into a room and close the door.

July 16*th*—*Back to Sin-ts'ai*

On the morrow, Monday, July 16, about 3.30 A.M., I was carried out into the yard, and hearing them speak of going southward, I asked the soldiers and Yamên runners what that meant, and told them that unless I saw the mandarin I would not start; so saying, I made an effort to get down from the stretcher to sit in the courtyard; but they took hold of me and put me back, and ordered the bearers to start off quickly. On my complaining of this mode of treatment, one of the older ones told me that the mandarin would not let me go on, and had given orders to send me back to Kuang-chau.

Late that evening we reached Sin-ts'ai again, where the mandarin, having heard that the Hiang-ch'eng official would not receive me, treated me very uncivilly, leaving me all night in the open courtyard, exposed to the rain, which drizzled down and wetted me.

July 17-18—*Back to Si-Hsien*

The following morning, Tuesday, July 17, the mandarin, thinking my being carried on a bamboo stretcher was too grand a style, ordered the Yamên runners to move me from it on to a wheelbarrow. I remonstrated, saying that it was impossible for me to travel on a

wheelbarrow, on account of my being covered with wounds and bruises, which would not allow me to stand or sit; my head was giddy, and I could not bear the sun without head protection. I asked to see the mandarin, wanting to represent to him that since the Kuang-chau official had sent me by stretcher, I must at any rate return in the same way; but the underlings paid no heed to me, except to say unpleasant words: "Pitch him into the barrow like a bag of foreign goods." Then they got hold of me and put me roughly on the barrow and started off.

"*Pressed out of Measure*"

The jolting on the uneven road and the fearful heat of the sun beating down caused me excruciating pain, and reopened my wounds. We went twenty-three miles that day. The mandarin had given no money for food for me, and if the Lord had not touched the heart of one of the soldiers who pitied me, I should have had nothing to eat all day. The following morning, Wednesday, July 18, about noon, we were back to Si-hsien. The mandarin did not want to have anything to do with me, and left me in the Yamên yard, and soon a large crowd came around.

Some two months previously I had visited Si-hsien on a tour for preaching and selling books. A man connected with the Yamên, named Chao, had invited me to preach outside his door, where he had placed a table and chair and kept me provided with tea. He was very much interested in the Gospel. Hearing that I was now in the Yamên amongst such a crowd of people, he came and told the barrow-man to push me to his house, where he soon prepared a bed for me to lie on, and gave me tea, and afterwards a good dinner.

July 18-20—*Comforted*

I told him my story, and on hearing of the uncivil manner in which I was treated by the mandarin, and how he did not give me any travelling money, he presented me with 100 large cash, telling me not to spend them whilst I was his guest, but to keep them for my journey back to Kuang-chau. Moreover, as I was without trousers and socks and shoes, he interested some friends to provide me with them.

Owing to heavy rains, I was his guest for three days, and during this time with them I had three meals a day, and he gave me fresh tea from morning till night. Many visitors, both men and women, came to see me, sympathising with my sufferings; and I had the privilege of preaching to them in the best way I could the Message of Salvation.

On the evening of the third day there, Friday, July 20, Mr. Chao's family tried to persuade me to stay in Si-hsien, rather than return to Kuang-chau, inviting me to continue to be their guest until I was better, and saying they would try to collect travelling money for me, say 800 or 900 cash, to send me down to Han-kow. To this I

answered that I expected word from the mandarin, and next day, early in the morning—it was Saturday, 21st July—he sent a sedan chair and a few soldiers to escort me to Kuang-chau.

July 21—"*The Servant as His Lord*"

We arrived at the Yamên there at half-past four in the afternoon. I was left in the yard four hours, all the time being at the mercy of large crowds of enemies, who abused me and mocked me, saying, "God has brought you safely back, has He? Your God cannot save you. Jesus is dead; He is not in this world. He cannot give real help. Our *Kwan-ie* (god of war) is much stronger; he protects us, and he has sent the Boxers to pull down your house and to kill you"; and thus saying they spat in my face, and threw mud and melon peel at me, and did what they liked. Some pinched me, others pulled my queue, and others expressed themselves in the most vile way. All the time I did not answer a word. Some of the Christians came to see me, but had to run for their lives.

July 22

At half-past eight the mandarin, being afraid that the people would kill me in the courtyard, ordered that eight Yamên runners should carry me outside the city in a sedan chair towards Lo-shan. On the way they told the people that they were carrying me to the execution grounds. The night was dark, and we were travelling by lantern light, so we only went three miles. The day after, Sunday, July 22, they carried me without disturbance twenty-seven miles farther, to a place called Chau-ho-tien. I had visited there twice before, and many came and recognised me, but did not make any trouble.

July 23—*Deserted but Guided*

Next morning, Monday, July 23, about 3.30, I got into the chair, and they carried me for a quarter of a mile, and then they asked me to dismount and let them tighten up the chair. No sooner had I left it than they took up the poles and away they went back to Kuang-chau. One of the mandarin's attendants still remained, and he told me that they had no official letter, and so were unable to escort me to Lo-shan, and that now I was free to do what I thought best. I talked to him and asked him if the mandarin had not left him any money for me. He said, "No," but afterwards produced 400 cash, and then left me in the darkness. There on the spot I prayed for guidance, and waited till the sun rose.

Then I walked on past Lo-shan, intending to go to Sin-yang, where I had heard that there were some foreigners prospecting for a railway. At Lo-shan the people called out "The Bewitcher," and wanted to kill me, but others said, "He is only a Canton man." They followed me some distance and then returned. At noon I

stopped at a small inn four miles beyond Lo-shan. After dinner I rested till five o'clock, and then proceeded on my way, but I had barely walked a quarter of a mile when I seemed to hear an inner voice saying to me, "Do not go on," and I returned to the inn. The landlord was surprised to see me back. I told him that I was footsore, and so could not get on that day.

"*Under the Shadow of the Almighty*"

During the evening some thirty men, armed with swords and spikes, stopped at the inn, and asked very excitedly if the innkeeper had seen a "foreign devil" passing by that morning, and saying that they were hunting after him to kill him. The innkeeper answered in the negative, and the men began angrily cursing the foreigner.

I was lying down on the floor with my face turned to the wall and my head partly covered with my hand, so they did not recognise me; but I heard all they said, all their plans to overtake and kill me, and their conjectures that I was farther on the road to Sin-yang. They talked for a long while, but started off very early in the morning. A little later I, too, left the inn.

July 24-31—"*Delivered out of so great a Death*"

It was Tuesday, July 24, I had walked five miles, and was feeling very weary, as if I could not go much farther, and for a time felt very despondent, when I saw a man coming from the opposite direction. As he neared me he stopped and looked very closely at me, and again went on. We passed one another, and then he stopped again. I turned round, and then he asked if I was not Mr. Ai (my Chinese name).

Being doubtful of the man, I did not answer, but only asked him his name and where he came from. He told me that he was a Mr. Lo, of a place called U-li-tien, and then I remembered having seen him two years before at the city of Ju-ning. As soon as I let him know who I was, he came towards me and, bursting into tears, told me that he had heard that I had been killed. He offered to turn back and accompany me to Han-kow, so I told him that I had hardly any money. He said he would get some from his house, which was on the way to Han-kow. So we started off together.

When we were near U-li-tien, leaving me at an inn on the further side of the river, he returned and fetched money and dinner for me, and clothes. After dinner we went on towards Han-kow, and by his help, after a week's more travelling, during which our lives were three times at stake, I reached Han-kow safely. We journeyed partly on foot, partly by barrow, partly in sedan chair, partly by boat, and on Tuesday morning, July 31, we reached our journey's end, glad to have the dangers and sufferings over, and to be able to get rest and medical treatment.

FROM SIANG-CH'ENG TO T'AI-HO

Mr. C. H. Bird, who had decided to "stay on at Siang-ch'eng and stand by the Christians and the Hall as long as possible" (see p. 217), soon found the position untenable. He was only able to remain there three days after the other friends had gone. The story of his journey is most remarkable, and is another proof of how God can and does deliver His servants when their deliverance is for His glory. Mr. Bird was sent out by the Australian branch of the China Inland Mission. His story is as follows:—

My Escape from Siang-Ch'eng

By Mr. C. Howard Bird

"In Peril by Robbers"

I arrived safely at T'ai-ho, Gan-hwuy, on Monday evening, the 24th July, after a most trying time on the road from Siang-ch'eng. I left there on Wednesday morning, the 11th. The previous two days there had been an increase in the rumours, and the rowdy and threatening behaviour of the people when the Swedish ladies passed through had indicated a thorough change in their attitude towards us. News also had been received of a rising at Pao-feng, twenty-three miles west, where the people were said to be looting the granaries of the wealthy. On the Tuesday evening the evangelist took my card, and went to see the mandarin, but was told no protection would be afforded us; an Edict had been received ordering the expulsion of all foreigners, and I must leave at once.

I waited till next morning, when the evangelist and other friends came and urged me to leave without a moment's delay, as the house had been watched during the night, and the report of a massacre of foreigners down south had just been received. I was very reluctant to leave, but thought it only right to follow their advice. I took nothing with me, intending that my boxes should be sent on later. A man accompanied me, carrying my rug, and some cash and silver.

July 11—*In Flight*

That day we went thirty miles. The people were all friendly, but they knew we were fleeing, from the absence of baggage. Next

morning we had not gone very far when we were met by a messenger from Mr. Powell at Chau-kia-k'eo, telling us of the riot there, and of the Gracies, and Mr. Macfarlane, and also the Swedish sisters, having been robbed. We were then about half-way to Chau-kia-k'eo. What to do we did not know. Just then a man coming along the road, seeing me, yelled at me to go back, saying that all the foreigners had been killed, and so on. The main road seemed thus to be impracticable, so I decided to go by the river.

I hid in the fields all day, not daring to go through a village; and my man went on and agreed with a boatman to take us down to Chau-kia-k'eo. The day was very hot, but I was able to get refreshing drinks from the wells in the fields. In the afternoon I lay in a hut in a melon patch, and later on in the crops by the river bank. At nightfall my man came back and led me to the boat. The boatman was very friendly, having taken me before, and the brother of one of the men was employed in the Hall at Chau-kia-k'eo. We anchored for the night outside the small town of Siao-iao. During the night a strong wind arose, and the boat became strained, and this delayed our starting the following morning.

July 13—*Robbed*

I sent off the messenger from Chau-kia-k'eo, with a note to Mr. Powell, telling him that I was coming. In five minutes he returned, saying he had forgotten something. He started again, but back he came once more, this time with the news that three Swedish ladies were at the place, only four miles distant, where they had been robbed. This frequent coming and going excited the suspicions of a boy who was standing near, and he jumped on to the boat, lifted up the mat under which I was lying, and discovered me. Of course, he immediately spread the news, and in a few minutes a crowd gathered. They clambered on to the boat, seized me and robbed me of all my money and the few things I had in my cash bag. They then made me get down off the boat, and pulled the clothes off my back, leaving me stripped to the waist. I had put my little pocket Bible in my waist, and when they felt that, they thought it must be silver, and half-a-dozen pairs of hands grabbed at it. I could have laughed, so eager they each seemed to secure the prize; no one would let go; they wrenched furiously at it. At last they got it out, and great was their disgust on finding it was only a book. A boy standing by suggested that they should take my trousers, but a bystander was indignant and rebuked him. They took off my shoes, however, and then they left me standing there.

I had heard just before this that the district mandarin was in the town, and had sent him my card; but all that the official did was to come down and insist on my getting on to the boat and continuing my journey. This I refused to do, as the boat people were not willing, naturally fearing that their cargo might be plundered next if I

remained with them. So they gave me an old ragged shirt and a pair of old shoes, and I got across to the other bank, my man carrying me on his back. My intention was to strike across the fields to the place where the Swedish ladies were; but I soon found that was impossible. The people came rushing from all parts, and one man seized my queue, and, drawing a dagger, presented it at my heart. He also took off my cotton girdle.

I then waded the river again, and, entering the town with my clothes all dripping, stood in the main street, in a shady place, determined at all costs to see the mandarin myself. When he came back I made my way to the Yamên, but I was refused admission. They promised, however, to tell the mandarin and to see what he would do for the ladies and myself. For the rest of the day I sat in a tea-shop, in my disconsolate condition, a spectacle to all beholders. Some unknown friend bought me a little bread, which, however, I could not swallow. In the evening an inferior official came back with my gown and shirt, and said I must go on the boat again and leave for Chau-kia-k'eo. I replied that this could not be, as I was not going to leave without knowing something about the ladies.

That night I slept in the boat, and in the morning again entered the town. The official said it was impossible to give the ladies and myself an escort, so I determined to make a final attempt to see the mandarin myself, as he descended from his chair and entered the Yamên. That day a Yamên runner kept constantly by my side, both on the street and in the tea-shop. In the afternoon I took my stand at the Yamên gates. A crowd soon gathered. They tried to get me to move, with all sorts of promises; but, seeing I would not go away, two runners suddenly caught hold of me and dragged me down the street by the hair of my head. Some kind person had returned me my Bible, but one of the runners, seeing that I treasured it, took it from me again.

July 14—*A Noble Friend*

I now saw that it was hopeless to expect help from the mandarins, and I just sat down by the roadside. In this my hour of extremity the Lord in a wonderful way raised up a good friend for me, who took me to his house for the night. This man was a Mohammedan, as were also two others who befriended me. A pedlar selling a sort of porridge gave me a basin of it, and would not take any money; and another selling black bread gave me a small loaf. My good friend stayed by me for the next four or five days, gave me my food, and found me a little room where I lay hid for two days. He also sent messengers with letters to the ladies, but these never reached them. During these days, I think, my good friend did hardly anything else but make arrangements for me.

Then the water in the river rose, and my friend hired a boat for me, to take me to Chau-kia-k'eo. By that time I had heard definitely

that the ladies had gone on; and also that the Chau-kia-k'eo friends had left with an escort. I thought the same mandarins might do something for me. I knew there were many Christians in Chau-kia-k'eo, and I had given my messenger some silver, which I hoped I should be able to get when I arrived there, so I started. At night-time I bid my kind friend good-bye, got on to the boat, and hid in a locker underneath the deck. There I remained all that night and the next day.

Deserted and Friendless

When we were not far from Chau-kia-k'eo I sent a message to one of the leading Christians. In reply, a relation of his came to tell me of the condition in which the Christians themselves were. Several of their houses had been pillaged, and they dared not show themselves on the streets. After this man had left, the boatman offered to lead me to the house of the Christian, that I might see what was best to be done. As soon as he got me on shore he ran back, and the boat moved off, and I was left standing on the bank—without a cash in my possession, in a great city full of enemies.

It was by this time quite dark, and I knew that the gates would soon be shut, when I should have to sleep on the bank—a most undesirable place, for it had been raining, and everything was damp and muddy. As I entered the gate, the gate-keeper looked dismayed when he saw me, and wanted to know what I was doing there. He said that I could not possibly wait till daylight, as my life would not be safe. What to do I did not know, but just cried to the Lord; and seeing the night-watch going round, I appealed to the officer. He referred me to a gentleman who was just then passing by, followed by a soldier carrying a lantern. This proved to be the mandarin who had befriended the Shearers' party. I told him my plight, but he said he could not help me, but would give me some money, and advised me to go on to the next city, six miles distant. I protested, but he only repeated his advice and moved on. By this time a small crowd had gathered, and all apparently sympathised with me, and seemed dismayed at the idea of my still remaining in the city.

Some told me to go to the Yamên, but I did not think there was any use in going there. Ultimately, however, there was nothing else for it, and I made my way there through the wet, dark streets. Knocking I knew would be useless, so I just lay down on the step outside the door, and prepared to spend the night there. I was only afraid that the little money the mandarin had given me might be stolen. After lying there some time, the gate-keeper of the street gate [1] came and found me, and let me sleep in his little hole, a filthy place, but still affording a protection from the night air.

The policeman then came and told me that the mandarin could

[1] In a Chinese city the streets are divided off by gates, which are locked at night.

not possibly help me; he had been severely reprimanded by his superiors for what he had already done for the other friends. He advised me to leave at dawn. During the night I had reason to fear that the gate-keeper was planning to rob me. I could hardly sleep, and got up before it was light, and stole away down the street, and only breathed freely when I was well away from the city.

I reached the next city, Shang-shui, about breakfast time, and made my way to the Yamên in the hope that the mandarin might do something, or that I might get news there of the ladies' party, and might perhaps be able to overtake them. My hopes, however, were disappointed; the ladies had left more than four days previously, and the mandarin would do nothing for me. I stayed there the whole day debating in my mind and praying about what I ought to do. The officials became anxious to get me away, and promised to escort me to the next city. It was merely a pretext, however, for the man they sent with me only went a short distance outside the city and then turned back, so I turned back also, much to his chagrin. They let me sleep that night in the room where all the Yamên runners were. I was only too glad of any shelter.

Hope Once More

Next day, as a last resource, I determined to make my way to Shui-tsai, a town some distance to the east, where there were a church and a good number of Christians. I started, but when about half-way there I heard that that town had been rioted as well, so that door seemed closed to me. On reaching Shui-tsai I thought it best not to enter the town, and asked a passer-by the way. On perceiving who I was, he at once said, "Why don't you go there?"—pointing to a village close at hand—"your friends are there all right." I set off, and the first person I met was the son of the leading Christian. He at once took me to his home, and what a welcome I received! They gave me a bath and some dinner, and then made me lie down and rest. But what cheered me most of all was the good news that the Gan-hwuy missionaries had not all gone, and I had only some forty miles to go to reach T'ai-ho, where there were still two of our missionaries. Once there I should be able to get money, or hire a boat and so get down to the coast.

We left that place at midnight, two of the Christians accompanying me. We intended to go to T'ai-ho by a roundabout way, and hoped to reach there the next evening. We had not gone far, however, when one of my companions bethought himself of a boat he knew of, so we made our way to the river bank. The friend was found; he was willing to take me for a consideration, and I got on board.

Hope Deferred

Once again my heart was full of gratitude for this help given, but the usual dilatoriness of Chinese boatmen spoiled everything. We

had wind and water in our favour, but they would insist on waiting until they had received some money which some of their neighbours owed them, and they spent the whole morning and afternoon counting over several thousands of cash. Nothing would induce them to move; and the result was that in the afternoon my hiding-place was discovered; and although I had nothing of which I could be robbed, the boat people were so frightened that they refused to take me with them. So we had to get down and start on foot again. I tied a handkerchief over my eyes and pulled my straw hat down over my face, hoping to be able to go along unnoticed. The two Christians had a few cash in their girdles; beyond this we had nothing with us.

Made Prisoner

We had gone some distance, and it was now dusk, when, as we were passing a place notorious for its bad characters, two men sitting by the roadside recognised me, and instantly called on me to stop. The whole village turned out in a short time. Sitting down and talking to them was of no use. They felt us all over for silver, but found none. Then they told us we could not go on, but I must stay in the village that night. Three great ruffian-looking fellows came up and told me to follow, and led me into a field where they told me to sit down. They produced three great swords and began swinging them about just over my head. It was then that I really thought my last moment had come. I just lifted up my heart to God. I had no fear, only joy that I should soon see Jesus. But it was not to be. They led me to another place, and had some consultation amongst themselves as to what they should do with me. It was now quite dark. All this time I did not know where my two companions were; but after a time they led me to them.

They gave us a little food, and said we must sleep in the open under some trees, and in the morning they would decide what was to be done. Half-a-dozen or more arranged themselves in a circle round us, and continued talking till long past midnight. One fellow came up bringing some ropes and chains, with which I thought they were going to shackle me. But no, they thought they had me so completely in their power, as I had not a single cash on me and did not know the way, that I could not possibly escape.

July 24—A Run for Life

All this time I had no light at all as to what to do, as I knew an unsuccessful attempt to run away would only make it ten times worse for me, but still I had perfect peace, and slept soundly. Waking just before dawn, the thought seemed to come to me that I should get up and go to Shen-k'iu, a city about eighteen miles due south. As the men were all sound asleep, I awoke one of the Christians and told him my intention. I got up and crept out of the village, and then ran for dear life, not resting till I was some six or seven miles away

from the place. It was wonderful that although it was dark when I started, yet I had hit upon a narrow track, and it proved to be the shortest way to the city I wanted to reach. T'ai-ho, of course, lay due east, but I knew they would naturally look for me along that road, so I went due south. I had to pass through two markets, and met numbers of people on the road, but only two recognised me, and I went on quickly without saying anything.

At length I reached the city, tired, thirsty, and hungry, having done the seventeen miles without resting or having anything to eat. I made my way to the Yamên, not having the least idea what kind of reception I should receive. My surprise was great when my story was kindly listened to, and I was taken into one of the inner rooms and given a very good breakfast. Then I was told that the mandarin had arranged to give me a cart to T'ai-ho, sending six runners to escort me, and giving me money for the road as well. It seemed almost too good to be true, but in another half-hour I was seated in a cart with two soldiers in front; and about ten o'clock that night we reached T'ai-ho.

The city gates were shut, but on sending in the mandarin's letter they were at once opened, and a great array of officials and soldiers with big lanterns ushered me into the city and escorted me to the house. What a welcome I had from the brethren in T'ai-ho! They had long since given me up, and imagined I must have gone some other way. I can never praise God enough for His goodness in preserving me all these days; and how much I must have owed all that time to the prayers of my friends. These days one has just felt upborne on the arms of prayer, knowing that so many were praying for us.

The following letters from Mrs. Talbot and Mr. Ford tell how they were mercifully enabled to leave without riot. The parting from the native Christians is most pathetic, and the reference in Mr. Ford's letter to the Imperial edict is of special interest. A copy of this, which was sent throughout the Empire, will be found on p. 301 with a translation.

YING-CHAU-FU, GAN-HWUY,
July 15, 1900.

(*Travelling towards Shanghai*)

You will have already heard of the riots in Ho-nan, and of the destruction of property at Si-hwa and Chau-kia-k'eo.

Ch'en-chau was also looted on the 11th inst, just after we had left for T'ai-ho. Many rumours had reached us some time before we left, but we paid no heed to them until the Chau-kia-k'eo stations were

destroyed on the 10th inst. As soon as the news reached Ch'en-chau the whole city was moved; and we feared a riot would take place that same evening. Before a messenger arrived from Chau-kia-k'eo the *Fu* magistrate sent us word of the disaster to our friends there. We at once sent back word requesting him to send soldiers to protect the house. This he refused to do. Then our evangelist suggested that Miss Leggatt and I should both drive to the Yamên and ask the mandarin to take us in. We, however, thought that it would be better to send to him first and ask if he could make it convenient to receive us. He sent back a messenger to say that there was no room for us in the Yamên, and consequently we had nothing left to do but make our escape out of the city. We packed a few summer clothes, being afraid to take much luggage because of the disordered state of the country, and left at daybreak on Wednesday last (July 11) for T'ai-ho. After two days of perfectly safe travelling we reached that city, and found Mr. and Mrs. Gillies quite peaceful and quiet in their station. The attitude of the people, however, has not been at all friendly for some time, and yesterday we all left for the coast.

F. E. TALBOT.

From Mr. HENRY T. FORD

August 3, 1900.

About June 30 the mandarin at T'ai-k'ang sent his English tutor to suggest that we should leave for Shanghai as early as possible. He said there was trouble brewing. After a day or two the tutor called again, and said the mandarin had orders to exterminate foreigners. He begged me to take his advice and get away while the road was open. I pointed out to him that it was the duty of the mandarin to protect us, and I should require further evidence that it was unsafe for me to reside in T'ai-k'ang before I would leave. A day or two after this I heard that the tutor had left hurriedly for his home in Fuh-kien.

The Imperial Edict

On July 7 the mandarin sent me a copy of an Imperial edict,[1] which said that suddenly, and without reason, foreigners had landed troops in China and that a state of war existed. The edict acknowledged the Boxers as good subjects, and wished them success in driving the foreigners from the country. At this time the rumours on the street were bad, but we anticipated no trouble. On July 8 I heard that the Canadian Presbyterian friends from the north of Ho-nan had passed through Siang-hsien, and I thought it advisable to send to the Yamên to ask the real reason of my being supplied with the copy of the edict referred to above. I then learned that the mandarin could not protect us, and he again pressed us to leave.

On July 9 I decided to go to the Yamên, as the evening before

[1] See Appendix D.

the teachers who went had been told that my passport was of no value. The mandarin himself was ill, but I saw two of his secretaries. They were very friendly, and said much as *they* wished to keep us among them, they were powerless, and begged me to leave at once. In the end it was decided I should wait until a messenger could return from Chau-kia-k'eo in order that I might act in concert with the friends there. I should have mentioned that two or three nights previous the night patrol had rushed along the streets yelling and firing guns, presumably with the object of frightening us.

July 10 was a quiet day, and we were hoping that the trouble would blow over without our having to leave. On July 11, about two o'clock in the afternoon, a messenger came in with a note from the Chau-kia-k'eo friends, written in the Yamên and telling of the riot there. We at once began to make preparations for leaving. I sent two teachers to the Yamên to say that we would leave, but before they reached there one of the deacons, who is a clerk in the Yamên, came with a message begging us to leave at once before the news of the Chau-kia-k'eo riot became known. The mandarin kindly provided us with two carts and an escort.

A Pathetic Parting

It was 11 P.M. as we left the city, and the streets were very quiet, so that we got away practically unobserved. Quite a number of the Christians came to the Hall to say "Good-bye," and we had some prayer together, but prayers were very much interrupted by sobs. One of the inquirers, knowing that we had not much money, brought 1000 cash and handed it me. Besides the escort of soldiers and two servants, four of the Christians (one member and three inquirers) came with us. They were afraid lest the soldiers should turn on us in some lonely place. The district through which the road to Po-chau leads is at ordinary times very disorderly, and several of the market-places are but hiding-places for bands of robbers. We prayed much as we travelled along, and glad indeed were we to get within sight of Po-chau without anything happening.

At Po-chau we also anticipated trouble, as the Roman Catholics have a place there, but the Lord had gone before, and within an hour after our arrival our servants had hired a boat, a very small one with only one cabin, so they had to sleep out on deck. Just as we got on board a very heavy shower of rain came, which dispersed the crowd that had gathered on the bank, so we were able to drop down past the city unobserved, anchoring for the night at the outskirts and setting off next day at daybreak. We took four days to reach Huei-üen Hsien, where we knew the Americans had a hall, taking every care to keep out of sight.

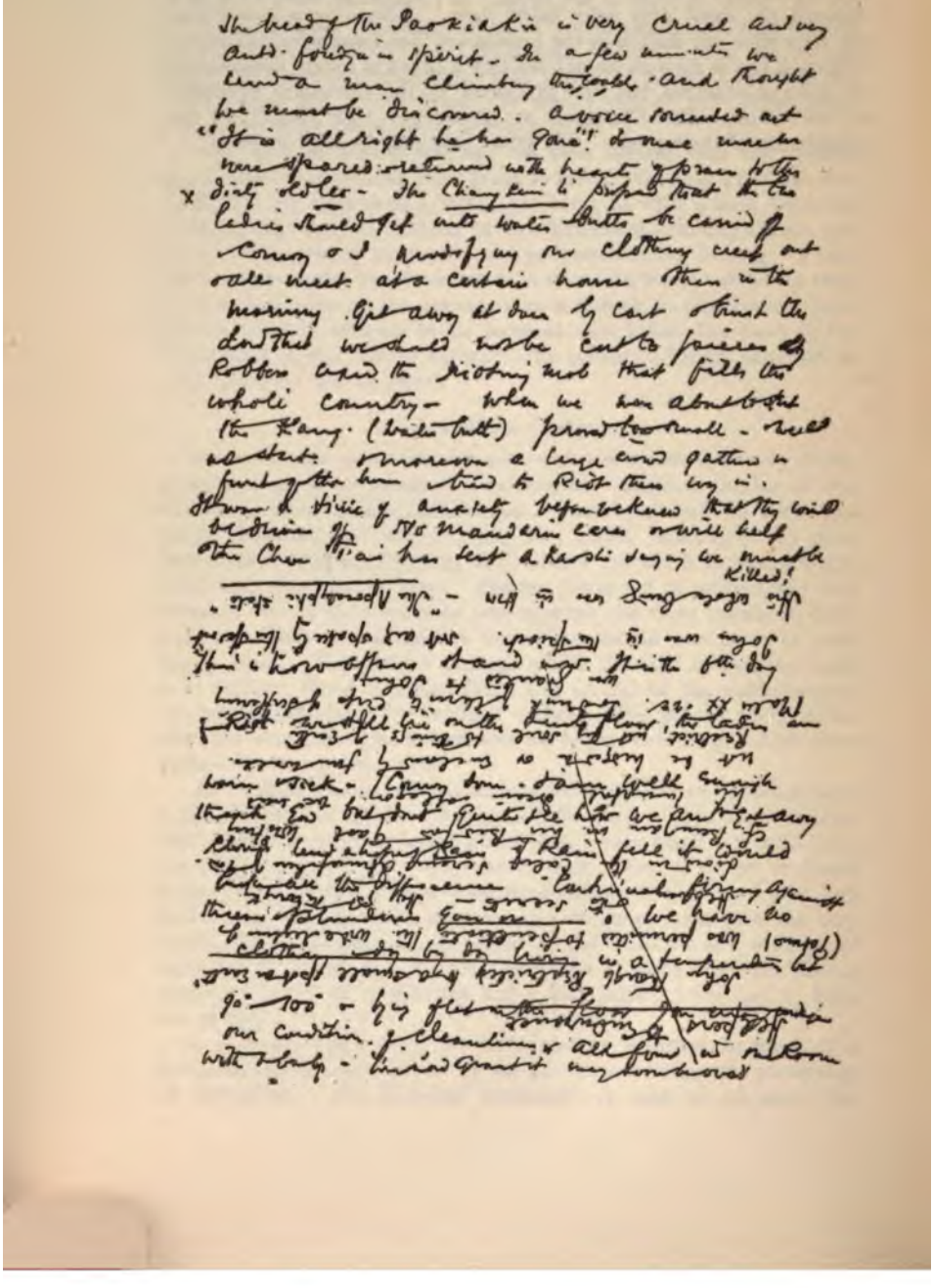
I sent the servant up for news, and he returned to say that a proclamation had been issued by the governor ordering the protection of foreigners. We therefore considered it best to acquaint the

mandarin there of our presence, and he sent an escort of soldiers. Then we were escorted from city to city without experiencing any unpleasantness whatever.

We did not consider it advisable to travel *viâ* Ts'ing-kiang-p'u, so entered the canal fifty miles below there. I have since heard that six days after our departure the premises of T'ai-k'ang were still intact, although just as we were leaving the city a crowd of roughs endeavoured to force an entrance, but were prevented by the Christians assembled to see us off. The Christians are threatened with death and the plundering of their goods. God grant they may be kept in peace!

A Missionary Palimpsest

A facsimile of one page of Dr. G. Whitfield Guinness' letter written across some old notes during the riot at She-k'i-tien when escape seemed hopeless. (See pp. 206, 215.)



CONCERNING THE NATIVE CHRISTIANS

Others were tortured, not accepting their deliverance;
That they might obtain a better resurrection:
And others had trial of mockings and scourgings,
Yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment:
They were stoned, they were sawn asunder,
They were tempted, they were slain with the sword:
They went about in sheep-skins, in goat-skins;
Being destitute, afflicted, evil entreated
(Of whom the world was not worthy)
Wandering in deserts and mountains and caves,
And holes of the earth.—HEB. xi. 35-38.

Everywhere, small, ofttimes very small, communities of persons had been formed, who by their abandonment of ancestral worship and idolatrous social customs, were subjected to a social ostracism, and who, partly in consequence, clung together as brethren, with a tenacity similar to that which finds its secular expression in the powerful Chinese organisations known as "guilds." These converts live pure and honest lives, they are teachable, greedy of Bible knowledge, generous, and self-denying for Christian purposes, and so anxious to preserve the purity of their brotherhood that it would be impossible for such abuses as disfigured the Church of Corinth to find a place in the infant churches of China. Above all, every true convert becomes a missionary, and it is in this spirit of propagandism that the hope for the future lies. After eight-and-a-half years of journeyings among Asiatic peoples, I say unhesitatingly that the raw material out of which the Holy Ghost fashions the Chinese convert, and ofttimes the Chinese martyr, is the best stuff in Asia.

From a Paper read at the Newcastle Church Congress by Mrs. Bishop.

CONCERNING THE NATIVE CHRISTIANS

At the close of the nineteenth century we can look back upon nearly one hundred years of Protestant missionary work in China. Does the retrospect prove encouraging or otherwise? The following chapter will enable each reader to answer this question himself.

Protestant Missions commenced the work of preaching the Gospel in China in 1807, when Dr. Morrison landed in Canton. What the undertaking then begun involved cannot be overestimated. A superficial comparison of Mission work in, say, the New Hebrides and China, may appear to be unfavourable to the latter country. It is not really so. Velocity and momentum are not the same. Rapidity of motion alone is no test of power. The resisting force must be first ascertained. As in natural philosophy the momentum is the multiple of the weight and velocity of the moving body, so in moral and spiritual spheres. The enormous resisting force present in China must be duly weighed before a right estimate as to the progress made can be properly valued.

What then is that dead weight which in China has to be reckoned with? The natural depravity of the heart of man may be the same practically everywhere. But besides this, in China the natural man is bound by many chains which he cannot break. The Chinese as a nation form one-fifth of the total population of the world. This great mass of humanity is homogeneous, and bound together by the most ancient civilisation known. The knowledge of this has begotten in them a pride of race mixed with a spirit of contempt for others that is hardly to be wondered at.

Almost petrified by this heritage of the distant past, and the heredity of centuries of ancestral worship, which forbids any departure from the past ways of their forefathers, they treat with scorn the thought of change. Upon each individual member of this great community presses the burden of these centuries of unchanged customs and immemorial usage, together with the bonds and fetters of a complicated family relationship. Yet out of this Egypt of bondage God is bringing a people into His glorious liberty. But we need to realise more fully the severity of this Egyptian bondage before we can appreciate what God has done for the emancipation of this people.

Bearing the foregoing thoughts in mind, the following figures gain immense importance. Dr. Morrison landed in 1807, yet in 1842 there were only six converts. Thirty-five years and only six converts? Yes, but how much prejudice broken down, how many years of toil learning the cumbrous language, preparing a dictionary, and translating the Bible. All this labour was to appear after many days. In 1877 the six had become 13,035. In 1890 this number had increased to 37,287, while at the beginning of the present year (1900) the number of communicants was about 100,000. If to this are added adherents and inquirers, the probable total will not fall far short of 250,000. To state the figures in another way, it may be said that during the last ten years nearly twice as many have entered the Protestant Church as during the preceding fifty years.

In a recent number of the *Athenæum* the following confirmatory words occur:—

> As to the progress which Christianity has of late made in China, there can be no more authoritative witness than the Viceroy Chang-chih-tong, who recently stated that, as compared with Buddhism and Taoism, Christianity is now in the ascendant.

Such results as these are cause for profound thankfulness. But far beyond what figures can record is the influence for good which has gone forth. In China the friends of the missionaries may be counted by millions, and far beyond these are millions more who are beginning to recognise a

something outside their horizon which, under the Divine blessing, will lead them also to stretch out their hands unto God.

Though fully recognising the little accomplished when compared with what needs to be done, yet remembering the limited agency at work during the early years, Protestant Missions in China, when tested by the foregoing facts, cannot be condemned as having failed.

But another test has been applied—the test of persecution. From the commencement of Missions in China the Church has never been free from trial, but never in that land has such a systematic and determined effort been made to destroy Christianity in root and branch as during the last few months. During even the early centuries of Church history the persecution was generally local and fitful, but the present systematic effort calls to mind the days of Diocletian, or in more modern history the trials of the Albigenses or the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day.

At present it is not possible to estimate how many have suffered, nor can many details yet be given. But the following letters reveal the cruel hatred and terrible sufferings which the native Christians have had to endure. The noble and unflinching faithfulness of many has come as almost a revelation to not a few who were fairly well acquainted with the Church in China. In not a few cases men who had not been spiritually bright came out in a surprising manner at the time of the troubles.

The following extracts from Dr. Morrison's thrilling letter to *The Times*, October 15, 1900, reveals a ferocity that is awful :—

THE MASSACRE OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS

As darkness came on the most awful cries were heard in the city, most demoniacal and unforgettable, the cries of the Boxers—*Sha kuei-tsz* (kill the devils)—mingled with the shrieks of the victims and the groans of the dying. For Boxers were sweeping through the city, massacring the native Christians and burning them alive in their homes. The first building to be burned was the chapel of the Methodist Mission in the Hata-mên Street. Then flames sprang up in many quarters of the city. Amid the most deafening uproar, the

Tung-tang or East Cathedral shot flames into the sky. The old Greek Church in the north-east of the city, the London Mission buildings, the handsome pile of the American Board Mission, and the entire foreign buildings belonging to the Imperial Marine Customs in the east city burned throughout the night. It was an appalling sight.

. . . . . .

On the 15th rescue parties were sent out by the American and Russian Legations in the morning, and by the British and German Legations in the afternoon, to save if possible native Christians from the burning ruins around the Nan-t'ang. Awful sights were witnessed. Women and children hacked to pieces, men trussed like fowls, with noses and ears cut off and eyes gouged out. Chinese Christians accompanied the reliefs and ran about in the labyrinth of network of streets that formed the quarter, calling upon the Christians to come out from their hiding-places. All through the night the massacre had continued, and Boxers were even now shot red-handed at their bloody work.

. . . . . .

On June 16 a party of twenty British, ten Americans, and five Japanese, with some volunteers, and accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Sheba, the Japanese military attaché, patrolled the east city, visiting the ruins in the hopes that some Christian might yet be in hiding.

But to our calls everywhere no reply was given. Refugees, however, from the east city had managed to escape miraculously and find their way, many of them wounded, to the foreign Legations, seeking that protection and humanity that was denied them by their own people. As the patrol was passing a Taoist Temple on the way, a noted Boxer meeting-place, cries were heard within. The temple was forcibly entered. Native Christians were found there, their hands tied behind their backs, awaiting execution and torture, some had already been put to death, and their bodies were still warm and bleeding. All were shockingly mutilated. Their fiendish murderers were at their incantations burning incense before their gods, offering Christians in sacrifice to their angered deities.

. . . . . .

The gun that was not captured was brought up again next day into play, and continued battering down the Fu walls. The enemy were working their way ever nearer to the refugee Christians. Their rage to reach the Christians was appalling. They cursed them from over the walls, hurled stones at them, and threw shells to explode overhead. Only, after the armistice, when we received the *Peking Gazette*, did we find that word to burn out and slaughter the converts had come from the highest in the land.

The fire of persecution kindled at Peking sprang up almost simultaneously through those parts of China where

the officials undertook to carry out the Imperial command. In obedience to orders in some parts, the officials commanded all Christians to put up on their doors a public recantation, or loss of property and probably of life would follow. Church registers were sought or had been previously surreptitiously copied, and guided by these, in some districts, the Boxers have gone from home to home plundering, burning, and killing without mercy.

In T'ai-yüan-fu the city gates were closed by Yü-hsien's orders, that none might escape. That some have recanted cannot be wondered at, nor should they be too harshly judged. Many, as Peter of old, will weep bitter tears of repentance because they have, as he did, denied their Lord. But many others have been "tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection." While such sufferings and loss cannot be contemplated without great anguish of heart, the deepest gloom of this sad hour is lit up by the glory and honour such faithful testimonies have brought to God.

That the reader may be enabled to appreciate the reality of God's work in China, a few native letters are printed below. These will reveal the labours and patient sufferings of these dear people. A few testimonies are given from some of the missionaries who have through weeks and months of anxiety and danger during the recent crisis proved the noble faithfulness of these men and their loyalty to Christ.

As far as we know, Elder Sï of the Hung-tung Church was the first native Christian attacked by the Boxers in Shan-si. He was well known to all as a prominent Christian leader, and was a man of a beautiful spirit. He was much beloved by the missionaries and Church members. The Boxers severely wounded him by a sword-thrust in the side, which, however, had not proved fatal. More recently we have heard that all the Christians in his village have been killed, and their homes destroyed, but we do not know whether Elder Sï and old Pastor Song, who had gone there, were among this number. When Miss French was passing

through Hung-tung, after having been rioted out of Kie-hiu, Elder Sï wrote her a letter, being unable to come because of his wound. The following is an extract:—

Letter of Elder Sï to Miss E. F. French

Peace to you, respected and loved teacher, Feng. On the 17th Tong-sien-seng brought me your letter, the contents of which were precious. I little thought that you were in such trouble,[1] and that in a few days you are leaving. Alas! it is impossible for us to go and see you off, but we can only with one heart pray for you. May the Lord graciously give you a peaceful journey to England. You must be very careful on the road. Remember us in our tribulations. I will see to the affairs of the Opium Refuges as you ask in your letter. My wound is a little better when I have nothing to trouble me, but as soon as there is trouble it swells again and is worse. But it is no matter, do not trouble yourselves about it.

I have also received the letter and silver from Mr. Woodroffe from the hand of Tong-sien-seng. I certainly must send a man to look for him and do all I can to help him. We thanked the Lord much as soon as we heard that Mr. Lutley was a little better, and we hope he may soon be completely restored, and that the Lord will make him quite strong again, so that he may attend to all the matters of the Church. . . . Peace to Mr. and Mrs. Dreyer, Miss Gauntlett, and all the other ladies, also to the little children.

There are four of the brethren looking after the Mission premises at Hung-tung. In that city there are four places where the Boxers (Ta-tao-huei) are drilling. Not a few children in their teens are practising the art. And not only in Hung-tung, but in other places. At Chao-ch'eng the mandarin has ordered the Christians to forsake the religion and worship idols. No doubt severe persecution has arisen in every place. We do not know how the Lord will arrange for His lambs. Please let me know anything that is to be done.

May the Almighty give you peace at all times in all circumstances. Amen.

Signed by Pastor Song. Elder Sï (the writer of the letter).
Elder Fan. Chang-sien-seng (Pao ts'üen).

During the reign of terror in Shan-si no one has done more noble service than C.-c.-h., who has for some time been engaged by the Swedish Mission. He is one of the oldest Christians in the province, a man of considerable ability and strength of character. At serious risk to

[1] They had been rioted and compelled to leave. See p. 101.

Deacon Kia. Deacon Chang. Deacon Ch'eng. Deacon Liu. Deacon Ren.

Deacon Chang. Elder Sï. Elder Fan. Pastor Song (over 70 years of age). Elder Liu. Deacon Koh.

GROUP OF CHURCH OFFICERS, HUNG-TUNG.

Elder Sï was the first to be wounded by the Boxers. Fate of others unknown. (See pp. 267, 268).

To face page 262.

REN-SIEN-SENG.
Elder of the P'ing-yang Church.

MR. DUNCAN KAY. EVANGELIST KIN.
ELDER SHANG-KUAN.
Mr. Kay was killed.

LI-SIEN-SENG.
Helper at P'ing-yang-fu.

To face page 263.

his own life he has laboured abundantly to assist those who were in distress, both natives and foreigners. Though in safety when he had first crossed to Shen-si, he several times returned to the province of Shan-si, where to be known as a Christian was almost as much as his life was worth.

When the Swedish Mission were obliged to leave (see p. 22) they left in this man's care a considerable sum of money to help any who might be in need. With this he was enabled to organise a secret service and give help to not a few. Much of our reliable information has been obtained through this source.

Statement concerning Money left in Shan-si and Shen-si for the use of escaping Missionaries of the former Province

By Mr. Blom

C.-c.-h., elder of the Y——church, was, on my leaving Shan-si, entrusted with £200, part of which has been used for the current expenses of the stations of the Swedish Mission in China, about £170 being left. C.-c.-h. was instructed to assist any missionary in case of need, and had before my departure from Shen-si already employed £60 for that purpose, Mr. D. Kay having received £30, and Mr. Lutley £30 or something more. Besides, three messengers had been despatched to Si-chow, Fen-chau-fu, and T'ai-yüan-fu to find out whether any missionaries were hiding in those districts, and in that case where, and in what circumstances. While these messengers were out C.-c.-h. met me at Si-an, and was there by the Scandinavian Alliance entrusted with £145 more for the same purpose, and left on July 31 for Shan-si, together with Chiao Y.-k., evangelist in I-shï. These two men intend to associate with themselves some trustworthy Christians, and with their help assist as many as possible of the persecuted missionaries out of Shan-si into Shen-si, the Governor of which province has promised to protect and send on to the coast any refugees that might come on to his territory. The plan was to begin with the party from K'ü-wu, which were in hiding in two different places, east and south-east of that city, the exact locality being known only to one or two Christians. Afterwards they would act according to the news received at the hands of the men sent north. In case some missionaries should succeed in crossing the Yellow River without having met this "relief expedition," and arrive at Si-an short of money, a sum of £70 was put in the Bank there by the Scandinavian Alliance, the cheque-book being left in the hands of an

Evangelist, but special arrangements being made that this money could only be drawn by a foreigner in person and not by a native.

In view of the brave way C.-c.-h., in the prosecution of his faithful service, has faced probable death, the following extracts from his testimony given at a P'ing-yang-fu Conference in 1886, and printed in *Days of Blessing in Inland China*, are worth repeating here :—

Testimony of C.-c.-h.

"When I was eighteen years old, the thought often came, 'Men must die, after death where do they go?' I was wretched through this fear of death. . . . Years passed on, and I heard Mr. Turner preaching from the words, 'It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment.' This seemed very awful to me, and more and more did I fear death. He went on to tell us if we wanted to escape the ordeal of the judgment day we must 'trust Jesus.' I only remember those two words, but they were enough. . . . Ever since that time I have had peace, and the fear of death has gone."

The following four letters will show the noble service he has recently rendered :—

LETTER TO MR. FOLKE FROM C.-C.-H., written at Si-an, Shen-si, July 26

I heard a rumour that in T'ai-yüan, on the 12th of the 6th moon (9th July), thirty-seven foreigners and thirty Chinese were massacred. I have heard the same report from five different yamêns. I cannot vouch whether this rumour is true or not.

I sent Tsao-k'ing-ho to go to K'ü-wu, P'ing-yang, Hung-tung, Ho-cheo, Fen-chau, and T'ai-yüan to obtain information with regard to all the different missionaries. I also sent Lui-san to ascertain at Ki-chau, Si-chau, and Ta-ning with regard to the whereabouts and condition of the missionaries. I also heard that the Boxers have now a flag and a uniform, upon which are written four Chinese characters, "Feng-chï mieh Kiao" (By Imperial authority destroy the religion).

The Governor of Shan-si issued a proclamation to persecute the Christians and get them to change their religion.[1] If they do not change, calamity will come upon them, their lives will be lost and their houses destroyed. He has commanded all the magistrates to order the Christians to change their religion on pain of losing life and property, and they are not allowed any appeal to the magistrates. Many of the magistrates are afraid of this, and are desirous that the

[1] See p. 31.

Christians should write a paper saying that they have ceased to practise the religion. The magistrates speak to me personally in a very friendly way; but the Governor has given the Boxers liberty to kill the Christians. Four hundred Boxers are scouring the country on horseback, and pressing the magistrates to assist them to ferret out all Christians and inquirers, that they may either be forced to recant or be murdered.

On the 4th of the 7th moon (July 29) I intend to return to Shan-si and visit Ho-tsin, K'ü-wu, and P'ing-yang, and see about the missionaries in these places. I have given the P'ing-yang missionaries tls. 210, and given Mr. Duncan Kay tls. 200 (£20). I wrote a letter to Mr. Duncan Kay, saying that if he wanted any more he could obtain it by sending to me.

Mr. and Mrs. Kay and child, Mr. McKie, Misses Chapman and Way, six in all, are dwelling in two places; Mr. and Mrs. Kay and child are living in the Yi-ch'eng hsien mountains, and the two ladies and Mr. McKie are in the Kiang chau mountains. If you wish to know where they are, the K'ü-wu elder, S.-k., will tell you.

At Ho-tsin there are three military M.A.'s, who are known to be strong supporters of the Boxers, and there are some Boxers from Shan-tong, who have taken possession of our chapel at Ho-tsin, and they are instructing twenty or thirty boys in the Boxer art. One of the military graduates, named Chang sheo-chong, is responsible for the murder of Mr. McConnell. I have sent men to tell the Christians in Shan-si to leave their homes and go into the country, and those near Shen-si to cross over into that province.

Extracts from a Letter written by C.-c.-h., Si-an, to Mr. Folke, dated August 14, 1900

On the 31st of July I returned from Si-an to Shan-si, and I sent messengers to inquire into the affairs of the Church at Hung-tung, Ho-chau, and P'ing-yang. When I arrived at my house I received a letter from Hung-tung, saying that on July 24 the Mission premises at that place were burned down, and on the following day (July 25) the P'ing-yang ladies' house was burned down. The hospital and the rented house were not burned. They took Mr. P'eng, who sold us the ladies' house, and killed him, and burned five of the homes of the Christians, using violence to make four of the men worship idols, saying that if they did not worship them they would be cut to pieces. The Christians then sought the protection of the local officials. The official commanded them to recant, and they thereupon wrote a paper saying that they would do so. The Boxers then ordered them to draw lots before the idols, and if the lot was upwards they would consider that they were sincere in recanting; but if it was downwards they would consider that they were not sincere and would

kill them. One Christian then worshipped idols, and drew lots, fortunately obtaining the upward lot, and so escaped.

Four Christians were killed in the temple of Yao. On the west of the Fen river, near Ping-yang, the people rose up and got hold of all the Christian men and women, and with a knife cut a cross on their foreheads, and they afterwards tortured them before killing them, throwing their bodies into the Fen river. The number of those who perished here is unknown. The villagers then destroyed all their properties and homes.

The Christians of Hung-tung and Chao-ch'eng hsien, both male and female, have escaped to the Yo-yang hills east of the plain, and were, together with the Roman Catholic Christians, to the number of four or five hundred in one place; but we do not know whether any of the native Christians from Hung-tung or Chao-ch'eng have been killed or not.

My own home has been looted. I have in consequence taken my whole family to Si-an, barely escaping with our lives. I have been unable to ascertain the number of foreigners and natives killed in Tai-yüan-fu. The two messengers sent were afraid to proceed, and returned; and I have now sent other two men the second time to go to Ki-chau, Ta-ning, Yong-ning-chau, two men to K'ü-wu, to take silver to Mr. Duncan Kay, and to see whether he wishes to leave or not. I sent a telegram speaking of the burning of the P'ing-yang premises a short time ago.

The Prefect of P'u-chow Fu, returning from T'ai-yüan-fu, brought a foreign child; sex unknown. We do not know to whom the child belongs.

In Shen-si there has not been sufficient rain, and I very much fear that there will be a famine, and do not know how the poorer Christians will be able to get through.

I write this letter with tears; and my family, after hearing the news detailed above, were unable to eat for three days. Should there be any further news I will write again. In Shan-si the natives are prohibited from writing to foreigners, and any found doing so will be killed without mercy.

LETTER FROM C.-C.-H. TO MR. FOLKE, dated Si-an, August 22

The hiding-place of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Kay of K'ü-wu has become known. Some local rebels, pretending to be Boxers, captured him, and are holding him to ransom. We are not aware of their exact location, though we have heard that they are still alive. Elder Shang-kuan and the evangelist, Kin-yu-huan,[1] of K'ü-wu, have had to flee,

[1] For portraits see facing p. 263.

and we have no knowledge of their whereabouts, therefore we have no means of communication with Mr. Duncan Kay.

With regard to Mr. McKie and the two ladies, Misses Chapman and Way, they are in hiding in the Kiang-hsien mountains, and they are still undiscovered; but, alas! all the Christians have had to flee to other places, and we have no one to take silver to them. I have already entered into negotiations with several Mohammedans of K'ü-wu to undertake the responsibility of bringing up Mr. McKie and the two ladies to Si-an, and have promised them tls. 400 for doing so. They are now taking steps to accomplish this end. I have also sent Mr. K'iao to take tls. 50 and bury it in Elder ——'s home. Besides this, there are still tls. 30 of Mr. Kay's lying there.

On the 7th August the Governor of Shan-si (Yü-hsien) issued a proclamation ordering the people in every town and village to practise the Boxer arts, and now all are practising. The persecutions of the native Christians in Shan-si are indescribable. The Roman Catholic church at Kiang-chau was burned down on the 14th August, but the Mission premises from K'ü-wu on to Yün-ch'eng are still intact.

All of the Christians at P'ing-yang-fu have received an official paper, which they are required to paste up outside their doors, intimating that they have renounced Christianity. All the homes of the Christians and inquirers in and around P'ing-yang-fu have been burned or destroyed. We know that Elder Ren,[1] living west of the Fen river, and the postman Chang-hua-t'ing, also two Christians, a man and his wife, of K'iao-ts'uen, have been killed. We also hear that several others have been killed, but we are not certain as to their names. The wives and daughters of the Christians have been shamefully treated and tortured. Several Christians at the village of Fan-ts'uen near Hung-tung have been killed, but we have not had a list of their names.

In the two provinces of Shan-si and Shen-si there has not up to the present been a general rainfall; and should the people be unable to sow wheat this autumn, there is likely to be much lawlessness and disorder in these two provinces.

Reports regarding the T'ai-yüan massacre vary. Some say that forty-two foreigners were killed, and others thirty-seven; also with regard to the native Christians, some say that one hundred were killed, and others say forty. The messengers have not returned to give me definite news about Si-chau, Ta-ning, Fen-chau-fu, and Yong-ning Chau; but a report reaches me that four of the Si-chau missionaries are in hiding in the hills.

At present I dare not venture to my home in Shan-si. My earnest prayers are going up to God that He will speedily stay His hand, and bless and protect His people in Shan-si.

[1] See portrait facing p. 263.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY C.-C.-H.,
from Si-an, on September 19, 1900

I beg to send you the following details of the sufferings of the foreigners and native Christians in Shan-si :—

I have been unable to find out where the foreigners of Yung-ning have gone to (Mr. and Mrs. Ogren). At Hiao-i the two ladies (Misses Whitchurch and Searell) and many of the native Christians have been killed, and many have had to flee. Their houses have all been destroyed. The sufferings of the Christians at K'i-hsien and Sü-kou have been great. The three ladies (Misses F. E. Nathan, E. M. Heaysman, and M. R. Nathan) at Ta-ning have been killed, together with over ten of the Christians, and some of the houses have been burned and others robbed.

Mr. and Mrs. Peat and their two children and the two ladies, Misses Dobson and Hurn, hid away in the mountains for over twenty days, and afterwards were captured by the Boxers, who were about to kill them, when the magistrate at Si-chau, hearing of this, rescued them, and put them in prison for several days. They were then conveyed under arrest to P'ing-yang and from there to K'ü-wu. At K'ü-wu they borrowed tls. 10 from the magistrate, and proceeded as far as the Liang-shi-kia Memorial Arch in the Ai-k'eo mountains, where they were overtaken by K'ü-wu Boxers, and all six were killed. The two missionaries at Yo-iang (Messrs. Barratt and Woodroffe) have both lost their lives. Mr. Barratt died of sickness and privation at T'ang-ch'eng. Dr. Hewett, of Yü-wu, was hidden by the official, but we do not know whether or not he is still living.[1]

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Kay and child, of K'ü-wu, who were hiding in the village of Huang-uang, were captured by local Boxers. Mr. Kay promised them tls. 1000 (£140) if their lives were spared. No one was allowed to see them. On August 17 Mr. Kay went alone at night to a Christian home in K'ü-wu and spent a day, and at dark he hastily returned to the village in the hills.

Mr. McKie and the two ladies, Misses Chapman and Way, were in hiding in the home of a native Christian in one of the valleys of the Kiang-hsien mountains, and they were still unmolested. The Mission premises at K'ü-wu have been looted, some of the homes of the natives have also been looted and others burned. The chapel at P'ing-yang has been burned and the hospital looted. The premises at Yün-ch'eng, Kie-chau, and I-shï have been plundered by robbers; but though the Christians have suffered some persecution, their houses have not been destroyed, and none have lost their lives. The Mission premises and the homes of over twenty Christian families at Hung-tung have been burned, and over ten of the Christians killed.

[1] He has since arrived at Han-kow.

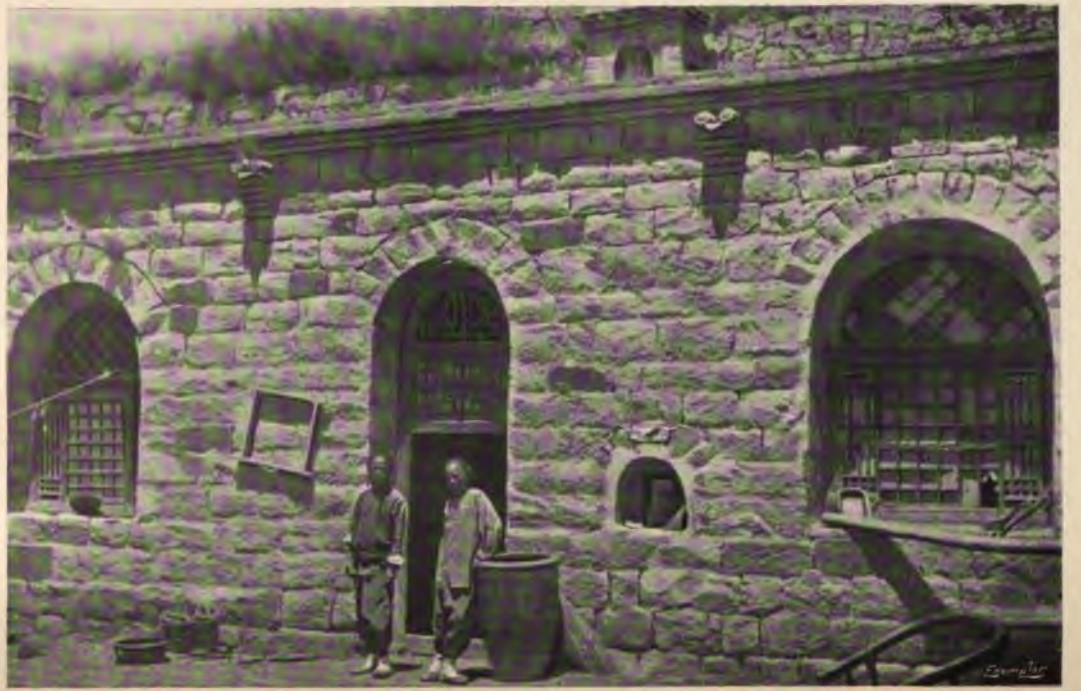
Mr. Lutley. Mr. Shindler. Pastor Chang, the old man in the centre holding a Bible.

Mrs. M. Broomhall. Miss F. E. Nathan. Miss Gauntlett.

A GROUP OF TA-NING NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

Miss F. E. Nathan, Miss M. R. Nathan, and Miss Heaysman were killed here. Ten native Christians perished with them.
The Christians once before said, "They will have to kill us first before they shall hurt our teachers."
The banner hung in the centre was one given by these Christians to Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Broomhall on the occasion of their marriage.
It reads, "The Lord give a perfect Union."

To face page 268.



SHAN-SI CAVE DWELLINGS.

To face page 269.

The magistrate at Chao-ch'eng has been very friendly, and has protected the lives and property of the Christians. He commanded the Christians to go to the city to receive for their protection certificates of recantation, and there has been no destruction of property or loss of life there.

The foregoing is information which I have received, but I cannot give more details. I give the following particulars regarding definite information which I have received about P'ing-yang :—

The house of Wang-huei, containing twelve rooms, was burned down, The house, containing eighteen rooms, belonging to the evangelist Li-kin-fu was burned, and we do not know whether he himself is still living or not. The postman, Chang-hua, was killed, and his house of three rooms was burned. Pastor Song of the east suburb had his stable burned. Liu-liu-ri, the doorkeeper of the hospital, had his house of eight rooms burned down. The home of the T'u family has also been burned. Peh-lao-sï and his family have been killed, four persons in all, and his house burned. P'ien-kin-shan's house has been burned, and at Kia-ts'uen three families have had their houses burned. At Lu-k'uh-ts'uen the houses of Kia-meo-sheng and Tuan-sï-iao have been burned down.

Mr. and Mrs. Yang-uen-huan, of Yang-chao-chuang, were tied up to a post and burned to death. Mr. Ren-ch'eng-hsioh, of the village of Kuh-shae, has had his home burned, but it is not known what his end was. The home of Chang-kin-pang has been burned. The mother and daughter of Wang-tsï-ming of Si-mi were killed and his house burned. The home of Feng-yü was burned, and also that of Ren-mao-ua. Mr. Liu-k'ai jumped down a well and was drowned. At K'i-kia-chuang five homes were burned and five persons killed, and at the village of T'uan five homes were burned and four persons killed. The home of Han-kiu-hua, of T'ao-kia-chuang, has been burned. Mrs. Li, of the village of Tong-mi, jumped into the Fen river. Mr. Kia-san-ri, of K'iao-ts'uen, has been killed. Three persons in the family of Wang-hsioh-huei were killed, and the home burned. Mr. Wang-ch'en-lin's father and mother were killed. The mother of K'iao-san-kuan, of K'iao-kia-uen, was killed.

There are still many other families of whom I have no reliable details which I have not mentioned, but the above altogether make a total of twenty-six persons who have been killed.[1] Very many of the Christians have been without food and clothing since the commencement of the persecution, and at the present time (September 19) rain has not yet fallen. The Christians are helpless, and those who have not been killed by Boxers will die of famine and cold. I have ventured to take taels 200 of the money which was left in my hands, and have sent it to P'ing-yang to be distributed amongst the suffering Christians.

I am still living with my family in Si-an.

[1] This refers to one station (P'ing-yang) only.

The foregoing letters tell us what fearful times of suffering the Church of Shan-si is passing through, and testify also to the loyalty of the writer and those associated with him. Many others, whose names will possibly never be known, have as faithfully fulfilled that duty which God has apportioned them, whether it be to glorify Him by life or death. Though we cannot give many details at present, we are thankful to be able to print the following letter from Miss Eva French, which briefly records a few facts indicative of many others.

Concerning some of the Shan-si Native Christians

By Miss Eva French

It is due to the Christians in Shan-si that the faithful and brave way in which they behaved should be known to all. Let me speak first of our two young boys at Kiu-hiu, who, when we were rioted, stood by us, while two other servants, who were not Christians, fled. We were awkwardly placed, having no one who could be sent to the Yamên to ask for help and protection, so having decided that the only way was to go ourselves, I told our boy Chï-t'ai to lead us, for we did not know the way. He led bravely on, and I told K'i-huei to follow, for I felt responsible for the lad, and did not like to leave him.

Later on in the evening the latter came and asked to speak to me, saying: "I have been thinking, teacher, that I would like to go with you to P'ing-yang-fu; I know it may mean I shall be killed, but I would like to go."

When Ren-kueh-chu returned from his colportage work in the villages that day, he heard what had taken place, and offered to accompany us to P'ing-yang-fu. This was just what I wanted, though I scarcely liked to ask him thus to risk his life. He, however, having offered of his free will, in spite of many warnings from friends of his in the city, I accepted gladly, for I had no one else to look to, and did not like the idea of being entirely in the hands of our escort without some reliable native. He was so good on the road, and besides risking his life for us did all he could for our comfort.

Miss Higgs and I had been permitted to return to the Mission premises with an escort to settle up business and gather a few things together, to leave the next day. Our dear little Mrs. Wang, the only Christian woman in Kie-hiu, came to the house after the riot, thus letting people know that she was a Christian. She was not ashamed. She was very quiet, but shed many tears as she went about helping us

to get things packed. What has become of her we do not know, but we feel sure that she would never deny her Lord, and God will never fail her.

Then let me tell of several who, knowing of our difficulty on account of not having received silver for some time, offered us to share in their substance, which indeed was small enough. "As long as I have anything of course I will share it with you," said Deacon Wang to Miss Nathan. Sï-sien-seng we met at Hung-tung, going to Si-chau to see what he could do in this way for Mr. Peat.

Others offered to find hiding-places for us, not thinking for a moment what risks they would be running themselves. My helper, Li-ü-chang, who used always to go to the villages with me, wanted Miss Johnson and myself to go to his home and hide. Elder Hsü-pu-üin offered to find places for us to hide in the Chao-ch'eng district. Elder Chang chïh-heng of the Yün-ch'eng Church looked us up twice on the road as we were fleeing from Shan-sï, and helped us and others with money that had been left him.

When we came to cross the Yellow River he wanted to call together for our protection ten Christians from the P'u-cheo-fu district. We refused this offer, not wishing to take the responsibility out of the officials' hands, and being anxious that the Christians should not endanger themselves. It was touching to see this man shed tears when he found the Tao-t'ai at T'ong-kuan would not send us to Si-an. This meant going through Ho-nan, which was much more dangerous.

Old Pastor Song, who for many years has carried on an Opium Refuge in Chao-ch'eng city with good success, is well known to many. When we passed through that city on our way to P'ing-yang-fu, this dear old man, whose heart is full of love and whose face shows it, could not resist coming to our cart, drawing our curtain aside and wishing us peace, so little did he think of saving his own life.

Cases could be multiplied, but there is not space. In eternity only shall we know all the devotion of these dear men and women.

Let me conclude by telling of the four faithful men to whom under God we owe our wonderful escape. These came with us from P'ing-yang-fu to Han-kow. Sang-sï-fu, the well-known courier, undertook in a special way the responsibility of the journey.[1] He fully realised the dangers and difficulties. Foremost in all cases of emergency, not fearing to endanger his life, he laboured hard for us, denying himself of food that we might have it, and sitting up late at night to make chicken-broth for those of our party who were too ill to eat other food.

It was touching to see the tender sympathy with which these men performed the sad office of laying the bodies of the little children in the grave. These children were very much loved by Wang-teh, who had known them from their birth. And Sang-sï-fu himself had lost

[1] His portrait is facing p. 103.

a little boy just before leaving P'ing-yang-fu. Liu-pao-lin, a deacon of the Hung-tung Church, after having given assistance to Mr. Woodroffe in the Yo-yang district, came with us and assisted Mr. Dreyer in going to the Yamêns to see the mandarins.

Wang-teh and Wen-huan are two young men, the former a devoted servant of Mr. Lutley. Both of them were prevented by the people from leaving P'ing-yang-fu with us. They were captured and maltreated, but escaped; and climbing over the city wall joined us some ten miles farther on.

At Han-kow we parted with these four true friends, knowing that what they had done for us had been done as unto the Lord. It was a sad parting, for we knew that we were safe from the dangers to which they were *returning*. Their hope in going back was not only to rescue their own families, but to look up other missionaries who might be in hiding and bring them help. Their reward awaits them in the day when the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and to them shall be said, "Come, ye blessed of My Father. . . . I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in; naked, and ye clothed Me; I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was in prison, and ye came unto Me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

The following short extract from Mr. Conway's account of the troubles at She-k'i-tien informs us what the Honanese Christians have also been subjected to. We fear what is true of She-k'i-tien is also true of many other places. Mr. Gracie's letter, which follows Mr. Conway's, tells us a little that he was able to learn from one of his native helpers concerning Siang-hsien:—

Extract from Mr. Conway's Account

Words could not express our gratitude to God as we walked up the steps of the Han-kow bund and found ourselves once more among loving friends.

Our hearts only bleed for the dear native Christians we have left behind us, who have been called upon to pass through times of great persecution and trial. The Church registers, with names and addresses of all our Christians, catechumens, and inquirers (some four hundred names in all), were found. Consequently all, with scarcely an exception, were systematically sought out, persecuted, and their homes pillaged.

Pray for them. Many have fled to other parts and I fear it must be a long time ere they will dare to assemble again. But the same Lord who has wrought such wonders for us is with them too, and the

Great Shepherd of the sheep who has removed the under shepherd, will surely Himself tend and watch over His scattered flocks.

Persecutions of the Christians and Inquirers at Siang-hsien, Ho-nan Province

By Mr. A. Gracie

One of our native helpers in the work at Siang-hsien has just arrived in Shanghai, and has brought very heartrending stories of the sufferings and persecutions of the Christians in that district. Amongst all the believers and inquirers, not one has escaped the hand of the enemy. And even people who had nothing to do with us, except that they had received medicine from us, were forced to pay money to save themselves from being beaten.

The work of looting and pillaging began at our house, and extended to all the Christians, both rich and poor alike, by the soldiers and people, instigated by the military mandarin, who is a member of the "Boxer Society." The day before the looting began, our native evangelist was advised by a friend in the town to leave at once, as his life wouldn't be safe; this friend at the same time sending his own cart to take him and his family to their old home, which is about eighty miles south-west of Siang-hsien. So, early in the morning of the day that our house was pillaged, the evangelist and his family started off for their house.

However, they had not gone very far when they were intercepted by men who had been waiting for them. These men commanded them to come down off the cart, and then they began their work of looting, taking everything they had; and not being satisfied by what they got in the cart, they took the clothes off their backs and left them stark naked.

After some time they found their way to a friend's house, who took them in and cared for them. From this time forward the persecution began in earnest; all the Christians and inquirers in the district were found out, and their houses were visited systematically by the persecutors. A large number of the Church members are farmers, and as soon as the pillagers reached their homes they took away their cattle, agricultural implements, household goods, grain, money, etc. etc., from them, leaving them in a state of extreme poverty. About ten miles to the north of the town there is a farm village where there are several families named *Ren*, who are Christians. They are well-to-do farmers, having a good deal of land, and have never known what it is to be without a day's food; and now, because they turned their backs on idol worship and became followers of the Lord Jesus, have been reduced to begging all in a moment. Some of them have got large families, others are up in years and

unable to do anything for themselves, and how they are going to live I do not know. The sufferings that the old people and the little children will have to undergo are terrible to think of, not only because they have lost everything, but also because they have a famine staring them in the face; as all over the North, owing to a dearth of rain, the crops have been spoiled.

Another family named *Li*, who live about a mile to the south of the town, also well-to-do farmers, have had to fly for their lives. The father took a very prominent part in the work, and was always ready to stand up and witness for his Master, and apparently on that account was marked by the persecutors, who intended to make him suffer a little more than the ordinary Church member; but, thanks be to God, he was able to get away with his family before the Yamên people arrived.

Of course, rushing off in a hurry, everything they had was left behind—oxen, ponies, farm implements, grain, etc. etc., all of which was taken by the looters.

Others again have been imprisoned; one of them is our teacher *Ling*, who has been with us for years. He is fairly well-off, and the Yamên runners have secured him, doubtless expecting to squeeze as much money out of him as they can.

He was put in the inner prison—and those who know what Chinese prisons are like will have an idea of the sufferings of the imprisoned. After some time he gave them 50,000 cash, so that they might allow him a little more freedom by getting out into an open courtyard, and I expect before they are done with him they will squeeze his last cash from him, and so ruin him.

Others again have had to hide, either amongst their friends or in the hills, not daring to come out in the day-time lest they be found out; only leaving their hiding-places in the night and going to their homes to get food, and then return again. Some were bound with ropes and left to get on as best they could; others were beaten and forced to pay money. One man, whose son was married to a daughter of one of the Christians, was beaten severely, and forced to pay a lot of money for daring to take the daughter of a Christian into his home. Another man, a military bachelor, who has been friendly towards us, and who has helped us in purchasing houses for our work, and who has done a great deal to make our circumstances in Siang-hsien peaceable for us, has had to pay 500 taels of silver to the Yamên people, and that is only the first instalment. Judging from their usual way of doing things, they will come back again and try, if possible, to "bleed" him to his last cash.

And so all round, wherever people have been suspected of having anything to do with us, they have had to suffer.

And all this persecution, looting, pillaging, burning, fleecing, and killing (as in Shan-si and Chïh-li) has been made the law of the land. Proclamations sent out by the Government, stamped by the Govern-

ment seal, have authorised the Chinese to do these things. Our hearts bleed as we think of the sufferings that all these things must entail, and especially of those who have been forced to leave their homes and wander all over the country to beg their bread ; and the winter coming on, the look-out is black indeed.

There is one thing which rejoices our hearts, and that is, notwithstanding all the trials that the Christians have been subjected to, they have stood firm to their profession. On making special inquiry from our native helper, *T'ien*, about the stability of the Church members, who reckon about ninety, not including catechumens, he told me that as far as he knew only one woman had gone back. This is indeed a cause for thanksgiving to our God for the sustaining grace He has vouchsafed to them, enabling them to stand firm throughout such trying times, and especially when opportunity was given them to escape suffering if they only recanted. Thank God, thousands of proofs have been given at this time that the Chinese Christians are not "rice Christians," as they are so often said to be, but that they are truly the children of God, and are able to hold a good conscience even in the face of death. Please pray for them.—Yours sincerely.

A. GRACIE.

September 1900.

Mrs. Joyce, who is personally acquainted with the district, has kindly summarised the latest news from Ho-nan as follows:—

So far as is known, no Christians have been killed in Ho-nan. In Siang-Ch'eng and She-k'i-tien they have suffered very severely, also in Chau-kia-k'eo, where some of the Christians had their houses looted at the time of the riot. But in other places God has interposed in a wonderful way, inclining the hearts of heathen neighbours and officials to protect their lives and property.

At Sin-chuang—a flourishing little outstation with a small chapel erected by the members themselves—two or three hundred people gathered from a neighbouring market-town to attack the Christians. They were prevented by the headman of the village, who, though himself a heathen, stood up for the members of his own clan, and persuaded the rioters to desist from their work of destruction.

At Kiu-chuang—which is under the jurisdiction of the Shen-k'iu official who so kindly befriended the three Swedish ladies and, later, Mr. Bird when escaping to the coast (see pp. 234, 249)—some military graduates offered money to the Yamên underlings to come and persecute the Christians, but they dare not, as the official was friendly and had put out a proclamation to protect the Christians.

At Kao-tsu-fen the neighbours, who had been much struck by the changed life of one of the converts, threatened to treat the underlings as robbers if they commenced to loot.

At Shin-chai the people banded together and prevented the rioters from looting the homes of the Christians, fearing the looting might become general.

At Ch'en-chau the mandarin issued a proclamation ordering all the Christians to recant if they wished to save their lives and property. "Praise God," writes one of the Christians, "not one name was sent in; some of the women were weak, but we exhorted them and they were strengthened." The houses of three of the leading Christians were looted, but no lives were taken, and the little church has had the great joy of seeing two heathen men with their own hands destroy their idols and join themselves to them even in this time of persecution.

At T'ang-li-rï—one of the Ch'en-chau outstations—Mrs. Üen, the founder of the little church, gathered the Christians together for special prayer, but they were all taken prisoners and chained together. The long gang was marched out towards Ch'en-chau, but when they had gone about half a mile a halt was called and they were released and ordered to return to their homes, which they did with glad hearts, praising God for His great deliverance.

At T'ai-k'ang the mission premises have not been looted owing to the official being friendly. The contents of the Imperial Edict to massacre all Christians were well known in the city, but the Christians have continued to meet for worship to the number of sixty or seventy in the house of one of the members, and they write, "We praise God with a loud voice and are not afraid."

At Kuang-cheo—where Mr. Argento suffered such cruel treatment at the hands of the rioters—the few Christians have continued to meet in one another's houses.

The following pathetic letter takes us to the province of Cheh-kiang. The closing words, with their touching entreaty for the prayers of God's people, should remind us all of our responsibility in prayer and Christian sympathy to become "partakers with them that are so used," and have "compassion on them that are in bonds."

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER RECEIVED IN SHAO-HSING FROM MR. WARD'S EVANGELIST. (At 10 P.M. August 12, 1900.)

On the 25th of the 6th moon (July 21), in the evening, I left Ch'ang-shan with Mr. Ward to help escort him to K'ü-chau. We had no idea that within four miles of the Fu city, a company of a few tens of volunteers would rush upon us. They seized Mr. Ward at once and killed him; also an inquirer who was with us, named Mau li-yuen, was killed on the spot with him. I was beaten and bruised

all over my body, and about to be despatched, when some one or more shouted out to stop their hands ; thus I was saved from death to life. Miss Thirgood, Mrs. Ward and baby (scarcely nine months old), and native nurse, also left Ch'ang-shan by boat on the afternoon of the 25th of the 6th moon (July 21) for K'ü-chau, at which place they arrived on July 22, and whilst their boat was anchored outside the city gate, some *tuan-lien* (volunteers) came upon them and killed them all—Mrs. Ward and baby, Miss Thirgood and native ah-mah. I then desired to enter the city to inform Mr. Thompson of the state of things. Alas ! I had no idea that all the six gates of the city were fast closed and no one allowed to go in or out, and they have been shut up till this afternoon (August 6), when I found (what had been reported to me in the interval) that on the 25th of the 6th moon (July 21) Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and children, Miss Sherwood,[1] Miss Manchester[1] and Miss Desmond, had all on the same day been massacred. The house and chapel and other premises had all been looted and destroyed. The bricks (which are very thick and large in K'ü-chau when building good houses like the new house Mr. Thompson had just finished, after much labour and trouble) have been taken out of the new house and used to repair the city wall. The people and the *tuan-lien* (local militia), both inside and outside the city everywhere, declare they will kill every Christian they can seize. Therefore Chen-t'ien-fu (Mr. Thompson's evangelist) and all his family have not been heard from since the 25th of the 6th moon (July 21), up till now (August 6). We know not if any of them are alive or dead ; some say he is still hiding inside the city somewhere, and for fear of the unbelievers everywhere, dare not show himself. I don't know whether this is so or not. But the day the massacre took place (when they are supposed to have escaped) he had no chance to take an article of clothing of any kind, nor a scrap of provision whatever. It is now more than half a month since, and I cannot say whether they are starved to death or not. My own two little daughters, too, I know not where they are, whether dead or alive.

As to Ch'ang-shan Mission-house and chapel, I am not able to get very certain news, hence I do not know what to do, whether to stay where I am or to go to Ch'ang-shan. Let me beg of all our brothers and sisters in Jesus to pray earnestly for us and for K'ü-chau, Ch'ang-shan, and Kiang-shan, and all the Christians exposed to bitter persecution in these places, that the Lord Jesus will save us ; also please let these things be made known to Mr. Meadows or to our friends in Shanghai, so that they may earnestly pray the Lord Jesus to open a road for us whereby we may escape. Write an answer as quickly as possible to me.

The following telegram and letter sent by the American

[1] Miss Manchester and Miss Sherwood were killed on the 24th (see p. 185).

Minister, Mr. Conger, will be read with pleasure by all. After the many criticisms of missionaries, and the cry of "rice Christians," it is gratifying to know that some in positions of high responsibilities have seen and proved the worth of those whom others so cheaply sneer at.

Shortly after the relief of Peking the missionaries gathered in Shanghai sent a message of congratulation, etc., to the missionaries in Peking. It was directed to Dr. Goodrich, in care of the United States Minister, Major Conger. Mr. Goodrich seems to have been absent, and the following reply was received from Minister Conger himself:—

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PEKING, *August* 28, 1900.

MY DEAR MR. WOODS—All of us here have been deeply touched by your loving congratulations, and we jointly return our heartiest thanks to all who joined you in the telegram. We have had a most anxious time, but our implicit faith that God was on our side kept us hopeful all the time. Our deliverance was most marvellous, if not, indeed, miraculous, and we are profoundly grateful to Him, and to the agents He used for our salvation. Many of the missionaries have already gone, while others are remaining to care for their native Christians, who were of invaluable aid during our siege. Thanking you again for your congratulations, I am, yours very sincerely,

E. H. CONGER.

The following is from Minister Conger to the American missionaries in Peking:—

PEKING, *August* 16, 1900.

The besieged American Missionaries.—To one and all of you, so providentially saved from certain massacre,

I beg in this hour of our deliverance to express what I know to be the universal sentiment of our diplomatic corps,—the sincere appreciation of, and profound gratitude for, the inestimable help which you and the native Christians under you have rendered towards our preservation. Without your intelligent and successful planning, and the uncomplaining execution of work by the Chinese, I believe our salvation would have been impossible.

By your courteous consideration of me, and your continued patience, under most trying occasions, I have been most deeply touched, and for it all I thank you most heartily.

I hope and believe that somehow, in God's unerring plan, your sacrifices and danger will bear rich fruit in the material and spiritual

welfare of the people to whom you have so nobly devoted your lives and works.

Assuring you of my personal respect and gratitude, very sincerely yours, E. H. CONGER.

It is perhaps hardly possible to better close this section on the sufferings of the native Christians than by reprinting from the *Chinese Recorder* an article by one who has laboured for over ten years in Shan-si, and more recently has resided and worked in Ho-nan.

POSSIBLE CHANGES AND DEVELOPMENTS IN THE NATIVE CHURCHES ARISING OUT OF THE PRESENT CRISIS

By Mr. D. E. HOSTE

Amidst all the uncertainty confronting us just now, one fact stands out clearly: it is that the future is pregnant with change. In some parts of China a condition of affairs has supervened in consequence of the present uprising, which suggests the thought that along with other changes, political and commercial, affecting the country as a whole, we may see a development in the life of our native churches of an important character, and calling for more or less readjustment of the methods hitherto in vogue amongst us.

In two provinces the whole organisation of missionary work has been swept away. The same is true of several other districts throughout the country, whilst, with but few exceptions, the whole of our work outside the immediate neighbourhood of two or three of the treaty ports has been left by the missionaries. The dangers to our converts arising from this state of affairs are sufficiently grave and obvious; and we have all, no doubt, reviewed the possibilities of the situation with misgiving and concern. Clearly the fabric of our ordinary missionary organisation in the field is such that the abrupt removal and prolonged absence of the missionary must necessarily lead to great changes in its form and character. The point need scarcely be elaborated here.

Under the system hitherto generally in force, the work has centred round the missionary; executive authority and financial control have been in his hands. For the most part, the native brethren engaged in it have been dependent upon funds administered by him for support, and have held their position at his discretion. Now the tendency of such a relationship is not, to say the least, in the direction of developing in them independence of thought and initiative in action; rather the reverse. Nor can it be regarded as the one most healthy for the missionary. Few natures can wholly withstand the debilita-

ting effects of habitual immunity from serious opposition ; to most of us the bracing effects of contact with independent minds, who can withstand our action and combat our views, is wholesome and necessary.

It is hoped that these observations will not be regarded in the light of an attack on the system in question. Nothing is further from their aim or intention. Every system has its dangers and drawbacks ; and at the initial stages of our work in China one does not see how, as things are, any other would have been feasible. Indeed, so long as there is need for the missionary at all, his relation to the native churches should be one of real authority and effective guidance.

But what we desire is, that this authority should be spiritual, and our influence simply the outcome of our character and capacity as spiritual guides and exemplars. How largely these have been elements in the past relationship between the missionary and his native subordinates any one acquainted with the facts can thankfully testify. There probably have been, and are, cases even where the missionary has possessed such exceptional qualities that the above-mentioned unhealthy tendencies in the present system have practically been inoperative ; but in discussing a system and its characteristics, we must regard it, not in its extreme form, either good or bad, but as seen in its average growth and working. And it is, in the view of the writer, undeniable that the system hitherto in general use does tend to produce a relationship between the missionary and his native brethren which is unhealthy for both, and which practically postpones indefinitely the independence and self-government in the native churches, which all agree in regarding as the goal to aim at.

The question is, Can it be altered ? And if so, how ? It is easy to throw out crude and revolutionary schemes for the immediate demolition of a system which offends us ; but those with whom the management of affairs rests have to recognise and guard against the practical difficulties and dangers which any change in an existing order may give rise to. The rightful interests of those who would be seriously affected by a new departure must be considered and provided for ; the fact that characters which have been formed under the influence of the old system cannot without time and preparation—and even then only imperfectly—accommodate themselves to the new, has to be borne in mind. In other words, the principle has to be observed, that the more closely the outward change in a society can coincide with the growth of the opinions, intelligence, and capacity of its members, the more will it be free from injustice and disorder in the process of its carrying out, and fruitful in its beneficial results to all.

The question presents itself, whether the present unprecedented condition of our native churches, consequent upon the troubles of the summer, may not, in the providence of God, prove to be, to a certain extent, a transition period in the development of their character and independence, leading to some of the very results which are so much to

be desired, but the realisation of which has, on practical grounds, been hedged round with risk and difficulty. At any rate it seems clear, as said before, that if our absence from our district is prolonged, great changes are bound to take place in the shape of the work. In most cases, though in varying degrees, the continued absence of the one in whom the centre of gravity of power, influence, and initiative has rested, will lead to a period of greater or less re-arrangement in the mutual relationships of the native leaders

The points of character which fit a man to be a good paid helper to the missionary, and under him to take a leading part in the management of the work, are different from those essential to independent leadership, with its burdens of responsibility and calls for initiative. For the former position the qualities of tact, receptivity of mind, and skill in details of business, without aspirations to command, are especially needed, and, moreover, are developed in it. Hence it will not be surprising to find that many of these men will, in the new conditions, drop into the background ; whilst others, whose very force and independence of character unfitted them for office under the old regime, will come to the front ; and proving themselves equal to the facing of danger and bearing of responsibility, grow into leadership.

How important, if in any district this should prove to be the case, the returning missionary should understand what has occurred ; and, whilst not being deluded by factions and unruly men, who, in a time of change, often show themselves, and usurp authority in the name of liberty, be prepared to recognise and gladly welcome the co-operation of those who, during his absence, have in any measure won the confidence of the Christians and come to be looked up to by them as guides, and who are no longer dependent upon foreign sources for pecuniary support. He must practically recognise also that his own relation with these men is an essentially different one from that which he held before with his paid helpers. He must be prepared to find that his plans and opinions are not always received with that docile acquiescence to which he was formerly accustomed. Initiative, direct responsibility for action, may, to a considerable extent, rest with the natives rather than, as of old, with himself.

Nor will these brethren be free from the faults peculiar to their temperament and position ; and the missionary may need at times to exercise much humility and patience in dealing with their self-will and self-complacency. In fact it would seem that the situation may have considerable difficulties of this character, calling for much tact, power of sympathy, and quiet firmness in the foreigner. But, as an heir to the blessings of religious liberty and the rights of conscience, he will feel that the disorders, which all history shows arise from a condition of freedom and independence, are as nothing compared to the fundamental injuries to character, mental, moral, and spiritual, caused by the bondage of an artificial relationship, which, however much the individuals concerned may honestly wish it other-

wise, produces uniformity of will and thought at the expense of manhood.

In concluding these remarks the writer would say that they are presented with, it is hoped, the diffidence and desire to learn, becoming to comparative inexperience, simply as suggestions possibly containing food for thought upon a subject, the magnitude, difficulty, and interest of which is appreciated by all who have been privileged to have a share in the high and holy work of caring for the Church of Christ in China.

CAUSES FOR THANKFULNESS

A safe stronghold our God is still
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden:
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabbaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment shall not linger,
But spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.—LUTHER.

Trans. by T. CARLYLE.

CAUSES FOR THANKFULNESS

THERE is serious danger lest the magnitude of our sorrow may cause us to forget God's many mercies vouchsafed during this time of terrible trial. Horror at the deeds of cruelty perpetrated may blind our eyes to many acts of kindness which have been shown by friendly officials and people at considerable risk to themselves. No one can have read the foregoing letters without being impressed by the many times help and deliverance have come when hope seemed wellnigh gone, and the answer of death had been already written within.

Foremost, and calling for devout thankfulness, is the fact that the Viceroys and Governors of the greater part of China refused to obey the imperial edicts which commanded them to exterminate all foreigners. The importance of this cannot be exaggerated, nor can we over-estimate the obligation due to those officials who at serious risk took this firm and noble stand.

With all available forces concentrated for the relief of T'ien-tsin and Peking, the result hung painfully in the doubtful balance for long. Had the southern and western officials merely relaxed for a moment their firm control, there is little doubt that the whole foreign community in China would have been blotted out of existence. He who maketh the wrath of man to praise Him also restraineth the remainder.

Dr. Griffith John, writing on August 15, said :—

I should like to state that the refugees from Shan-si are loud in their praise of the treatment received by them from all the officials in

Hupeh. It corresponds with testimony borne by all refugees from all parts to the kindness of the officials of this province. This of course is to be ascribed to the goodwill of our Viceroy, Chang Chih-tong.

Similar kindness has been shown by others, notably by Tuan, the Acting-Governor of Shen-si. This man has simply laid himself out to help the distressed. No fewer than ninety foreigners passed through his hands. To these he gave safe escort, not only through his own territory, but through dangerous country which was beyond his correct jurisdiction. As a mark of his goodwill, he gave to most of these presents of tea, provisions for the journey, and even personal keepsakes. The following extracts from some of his telegrams to the Consuls in Shanghai will indicate his noble and friendly attitude :—

A report came from Chen-pien-hsien stating that at Siao-ho Creek —a place *under Mongolian control*—some foreign residents have been persecuted. *Without limiting myself to judicial boundaries*, I despatched a party of cavalry and infantry together with the Yü-lin Brigade-General and Intendant of Circuit, to proceed at full speed, with a view to disperse the mob. . . . When report of relief comes to hand I will give orders to have the missionaries escorted to Han-kow. If travelling expenses are not sufficient they will be furnished here in advance.

With regard to some in trouble in Shan-si, he despatched his deputy, Yao-ru-chen, that he might personally investigate, and then telegraphed the result to Shanghai. The following excerpt from *The North China Herald*, speaking of this same official, says :—

The interim Manchu Governor of Shen-si, Tuan Fang, has so protected the lives and property of some eighty foreigners that, humanly speaking, it is owing to his care that they are now alive.

When the Edicts of the 20th to the 25th of June, that gave imperial sanction to the murder of foreigners, reached Si-an, that humane governor was so distressed that he wept in the presence of other high officials, and could neither eat nor sleep for some time. He immediately suppressed these drastic Edicts, and issued stringent orders that at any cost and all hazard order was to be maintained.

When the Boxers made a determined attempt to effect a rising, Tuan Ta-jên sent his mounted bodyguard and seized and beheaded the ringleaders of the "Righteous-Harmony-Fists." When huge

placards were secretly posted, charging foreigners with the drought and distress in the province, and calling upon patriotic volunteers to join in exterminating the foes of their peace and prosperity, the governor, within a few hours, had these inflammatory posters torn down and counter proclamations took their place.

When a number of men, who were professedly praying for rain, assembled to ruin the property, and possibly take the life of a Swedish missionary, the governor had the premises guarded by a cordon of cavalry that galloped to the place.

When several parties of missionaries were leaving for Han-kow he voluntarily telegraphed to the Viceroy Chang to meet and protect the travellers. He further sent his own bodyguard to escort the missionaries. As their route passed through the north-west of Ho-nan, he commanded the Shen-si escort not to leave the missionaries until they were met by the escort from Chang Chih-tung.

The vigilance and humanity of this energetic and enlightened Manchu Governor ought to be publicly known, and, I hope, may in some way be hereafter officially acknowledged.

In another instance the Lan-chau Tao-t'ai lent a sum of tls. 1110 (equal to £150) and a bodyguard to some of our missionaries who had been cut off from supplies. The friends were robbed of tls. 330 (£50) on the border of the Kansuh and Shen-si provinces. This sum Governor Tuan, mentioned above, refunded to them in Han-kow.

. . . . . .

When the friends at Chau-kia-k'eo, in Ho-nan, had been rioted, they were hidden by a friendly official in his Yamên for five days. The superior officials and the people were all demanding their lives, and in great trouble this man came and said, "If your God does not help you now there is nothing more to be done." That very day Li-hung-chang's message to protect the foreigners arrived, and was the means under God of saving their lives.

. . . . . .

Nearly all the refugees from Ho-nan had to travel through the neighbouring province of Gan-hwuy. Here the officials treated them with great kindness and consideration. In recognition of this, H.B.M. Consul in Shanghai wrote to Mr. Stevenson, saying:—

I telegraphed to Viceroy Liu-kuen-yi asking him to thank the officials of Gan-hwuy and Kiang-su for the assistance they had rendered

to missionaries from Ho-nan. He replied that he had sent on my message to the governors of these two provinces. The telegram expressed thanks on behalf of yourself and the Consul-General.

At Yang-chau on June 30, when a riot was imminent, a telegram from the Nanking Viceroy, Liu-kuen-yi, which was put up as a proclamation, quieted the people.

. . . . . .

Even in Shan-si, where the officials dared not do as they would because of Yü-hsien's immediate control, friendship was secretly shown. Mr. Dreyer writes:—

I do not wish to leave the impression that we were uniformly ill-used. On the contrary, we met with men of all ranks who sympathised with us and showed us kindness. Even at P'ing-yang-fu there were those who would have helped us if they had dared. One man of position and influence told us he had been ill with rage at the utter stupidity of his Government. "While you," he said, "are the ones to suffer now, the tables will be turned, and China's turn of suffering will come within a very few months."

This man promised to prove his friendship, and secretly do all he could in our favour. Who knows how much of the friendly attitude of the P'ing-yang-fu officials and our escape may have been, under God, due to this man. Certain it is that, if we had been unable, as with others, to secure the documents for our protection, we should to-day have been where they are.

Miss French, who was one of those who escaped from Shan-si, referring to the journey to Han-kow, says:—

It is not to be supposed that we received nothing but unkindness from the hands of the Chinese not connected with us by the bonds of Christian brotherhood. Several of the mandarins showed an honest desire to advise us of the safest routes, and provided us with good escorts. One came himself to the inn where we put up, apologised for the discomfort of our room, and spoke kindly, sending us later on a present of seventy eggs and a basket of apples.

Another, hearing that there was a sick man among the party, commissioned the "*siao-ie*" (his son) to take as a gift two bottles of stout, a tin of marmalade, a tin of condensed milk, and several packets of cakes. Where he procured these European luxuries we do not know, but it was in the kindness of his heart he sent them, and they were welcome indeed.

Events have since proved how much these officials risked by showing us such acts of kindness.

From information already to hand it would be possible

to multiply such testimonies, and this would be more easy were the whole story known. Space, however, will only permit a few extracts from a letter by Mrs. Lachlan. These extracts will answer a twofold purpose. They will illustrate the kindly help of the officials in those provinces not specially mentioned in this book, and where, owing to this friendly assistance, there has been no loss of life. They will also illustrate the possibilities of women's work in China, which has been disputed by some who profess a personal knowledge of the country. Mrs. Lachlan, both before her marriage and since Mr. Lachlan's death, has laboured in Kiang-si in company with other ladies in a district apportioned for women's work.

After speaking of the troubled state of the country, she says :—

> As things seemed to be getting worse many families left the city, Chang-lao-ie (a mandarin) and family amongst them. He sent word to us to go with them, as he had a large house at Kuang-sin-fu. He told us we were in a twofold danger from the Empress Dowager's edict and the rebels, but we felt it best to remain. He said at any time should we see it needful to flee, his home was open to us. . . . On July 24 we first heard of the K'ü-chau and Ch'ang-shan friends being killed (see p. 183). The people seemed very excited, though we were glad to hear some were openly disapproving of such a deed.
>
> The mandarin hearing of this sent his secretary to know if we intended leaving the city, as he had a letter from the mandarin at Kuang-sin-fu saying if necessary he was to give us an escort of soldiers to the Fu, where he or Chang-lao-ie would take us in. . . . The watchmen had expressed their desire that our place should be kept in peace, so after conference with the others we sent back the message, "Meantime we would remain in the city and accept the protection he offered." . . . Almost every day a letter or messenger came from Chang-lao-ie, he was so concerned for our safety. . . . On Saturday morning we quietly left the city. . . . The mandarin was most kind to us and provided a good escort. . . . All along God was caring for us and keeping us from harm, and in His good time brought us to Kiu-kiang, where we received a warm welcome.

We have evidence already that officials have been degraded because of the friendship shown to foreigners, but we are sure such services as have been referred to above will not go unrewarded by Him who said, "Inasmuch

as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto Me." It is also to be sincerely hoped that such friendship will not be overlooked nor forgotten by the various Powers concerned when making their settlement.

In respect to this it is with great pleasure and thankfulness that the following excerpt from the *Daily News* for November 22 is given :—

PEKING, *Nov.* 19.

Sir Ernest Satow, the British Minister, to-day returned the silver that was looted from the houses of certain Chinese, who have been in poverty since the siege, although during that period they surrendered their homes for the protection of native Christians.

Sir Claude Macdonald left the silver at the British Legation on his departure, and Sir Ernest Satow was not aware of its rightful owner. Dr. Morrison requested that at least part should be returned, and when the British Minister heard the story he returned all.

It is devoutly to be hoped that wherever justice will allow of it, a like spirit of magnanimity will characterise the settlement yet to be made. Thousands upon thousands of innocent people have suffered during this awful strife, and generous dealings such as the above will create a profound impression for good among the Chinese people, and pave the way for future amicable international intercourse.

For this we all pray, believing that He who has "showed us many and sore troubles shall quicken us again, and bring us up again from the depths of the earth."

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

CABLES FROM CHINA

Received by the China Inland Mission in London during 1900.

From Mr. Orr-Ewing, Kiu-kiang, *July* 19.—*At the present time there is not much cause for anxiety.*

Chung-k'ing, *July* 20.—*Exciting rumours prevalent, all well here.*

Shanghai, *July* 21.—*Chau-kia-k'eo, Si-hua, and Siang-hsien rioted, all destroyed, friends safe.*

Shanghai, *July* 23.—*Hunts at Shanghai; Che-foo quiet; She-k'i-tien, King-tze-kuan rioted, all destroyed; friends safe. Mrs. Talbot, Miss Leggat safe.*

Shanghai, *July* 24.—*Information has been received that Miss Whitchurch and Miss Searell have been murdered.*

Shanghai, *July* 26.—*Mr. C. H. S. Green (of Hwuy-luh, Chih-li) wired* 14*th inst.*, "*T'ai-yüan-fu rioted, no details.*

"*Mr. and Mrs. Glover travelling through Ho-nan, robbed, are not able to move.*

"*Shun-teh and Hwuy-luh rioted, all destroyed, friends safe, escaped to the country, but there is danger. Officials refuse to do anything, and the foreign officials are powerless to act. Continue in prayer with us.*"

Shanghai, *July* 27.—*Communication is cut off with Miss M. Clarke. Miss F. M. Reid is coming at once to Shanghai.*

Dr. Guinness, Mrs. Ford, and others in Ho-nan, we cannot be certain as to where they are but will wire later.

Authentic information has been received that all missionaries have been murdered in Pao-ting-fu. We apprehend the worst for Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and Mr. William Cooper.

Shanghai, *July* 31.—*Rao-cheo rioted, all destroyed, friends safe. Judds, Fords, arrived safely, all well. Information has been received,*

Ho-tsin, Shan-si workers murdered, we are not certain, probably McConnells, Miss K. Rasmussen, Miss S. A. King, Miss Elizabeth Burton.

Information has been received, K'ü-chau, Ch'ang-shan local rebellion, apprehend the worst for all workers; we have received no confirmation, will wire later.

SHANGHAI, *August* 4.—*Miss C. K. Murray is in Japan; Miss Mariamne Murray has arrived here, all well.*

Members of the Swedish Mission in China have already left their stations, anticipate will arrive within ten days. Information has been received Hung-tung and P'ing-yang missionaries crossing Ho-nan, travelling in the direction of Siang-yang. There is danger, continue in prayer with us.

SHANGHAI, *August* 7.—*The Governor of Cheh-kiang reports five missionaries murdered in K'ü-chau. We have received no confirmation concerning Ch'ang-shan.*

The English Consul at Chung-king advises all the missionaries at Chao-ting and Tong-ch'uan to leave.

Mrs. Squire, Miss Hancock, Miss S. E. Morris, Mr. A. Hammond, Miss Macfarlane, Miss M. C. Brown, the Millers, Bobbys, Gillies, Foucars, Milsums, have arrived safely, all well. Missionaries of the Bible Christian Mission at Yun-nan-fu left on the 18*th ulto., travelling in the direction of Tong-king.*

SHANGHAI, *August* 10.—*Dr. G. W. Guinness, Conways, Miss W. Watson arrived Han-kow.*

Miss Davidge, Miss Ramsten, arrived Ning-po.

Miss Hattrem, Miss Thora Hattrem, Miss Holth, Miss Angvik, Miss Hundere, arrived here safely, all well. Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, Miss E. S. M. Anderson, Miss Rudland, Miss Farmer, Miss Faulds, Shearers, Henrich Witt, arrived here safely, all well. Inform Norwegian Missions. Inform Pastor Coerper.

Kao-iu Sisters arrived here all safely and well.

SHANGHAI, *August* 14.—*The Consul has recalled friends from Sï-ch'uan, China Inland Mission and Church Missionary Society missionaries. Latest information is, "All Well." Twenty have arrived here safely and well, the rest are arriving.*

SHANGHAI, *August* 15.—*Misses E. Bäumer, L. Sichelschmidt, J. Sciättenhassel, Brunnschweiler, I. Halbach, Messrs. E. Frölich, and H. Klein, have arrived here all well. The rest of the German Alliance missionaries are coming. Ho-nan workers all safe.*

Mr. E. J. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Glover, Miss C. Gates, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Saunders, Mr. Alfred Jennings, Miss E. Guthrie, and six children arrived Han-kow. Miss H. J. Rice murdered. Miss Huston, Mrs. E. J. Cooper, three of Mr. Saunders' children dead, injuries received travelling.

SHANGHAI, *August* 16.—*D. B. Thompson, Mrs. Thompson and two children; Miss E. S. Sherwood, Miss M. E. Manchester, Miss J. E. Desmond,* 21*st ultimo. Mr. G. F. Ward, Mrs. Ward, infant, Miss A. Thirgood,* 22*nd ultimo. Murdered.*

SHANGHAI, *August* 19.—*Miss Beschnidt, Miss L. Carlyle, Mr. and Mrs. Willett, Miss E. Boston, Miss C. W. Fleming, Miss M. Livingstone have arrived here safely, all well. Mr. and Mrs. Owen Stevenson will arrive within five days.*

SHANGHAI, *August* 25.—*We are certain Dr. and Mrs. Millar Wilson, Miss J. Stevens, Miss M. Clarke in T'ai-yüan-fu, June* 27*; apprehend the worst. Information has been received Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Kay, Mr. G. McKie, Miss E. Chapman, Miss M. E. Way, hiding in mountains. It is thought to be safe. Mr. D. M. Robertson arrived Han-kow.*

Miss Whitchurch and Miss E. Searell, 2*nd ultimo; Mr. and Mrs. G. McConnell and son, Miss S. A. King, Miss E. Burton,* 12*th ultimo; murdered.*

Mr. and Mrs. Lutley, Mr. and Mrs. Dreyer, the Misses Hoskyn, Miss Higgs, Miss E. Gauntlett, Miss E. French, Miss R. Palmer, Miss E. C. Johnson, Miss K. Rasmussen, travelling Ho-nan. The rest Shan-si, Chih-li workers no information has been received. Brainerd Cooper with the Lord. Miss R. Arnott will arrive within ten days. Miss Lucy C. Smith, Miss Edith Smith, Han-kow nursing. Free Church of Finland missionaries, Darrochs, Dr. William Wilson, Mr. T. Torrance, Miss M. W. Blacklaws, Miss E. A. Tree, Mr. and Mrs. Bender, Mr. Röhm, have arrived here safely and well.

SHANGHAI, *August* 29.—*Mr. and Mrs. A. Lutley, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Dreyer, Miss J. F. Hoskyn, Miss A. Hoskyn, Miss E. C. Johnson, Miss E. French, Miss E. Gauntlett, Miss Higgs, Miss R. Palmer, Miss K. Rasmussen, arrived Han-kow. Lutleys' two children dead.*

From Mr. ORR-EWING, KIU-KIANG, *September* 1.—*All Kiang-si missionaries arrived at Kiu-kiang safely, all well.*

SHANGHAI, *September* 3.—*Dr. Millar Wilson's last letter received was dated July* 6. *F. H. Dreyer writing you by next mail.*

Mr. E. C. Smith and Mr. C. H. Bird have arrived here safely, all well. All Kiang-si workers safe. Hospital destroyed, Miss Coombs killed, June 27.

SHANGHAI, *September* 5.—*Bishop Cassels, Miss A. F. Wheeler, Miss Emily Turner, Mrs. Talbot, arrived here safely, all well.*

Miss F. M. Williams, Miss H. Davies, Miss E. French, Miss E. Higgs leaving on September 15 *by North German Lloyd steamer* Preussen.

SHANGHAI, *September* 6.—*Sï-ch'uan workers arrived coast with the exception of Mr. William Hyslop. Dr. Hewett, no information has been received.*

Mr. F. H. Rhodes, Mr. H. H. Curtis, Mr. Richard Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Pollard, Mrs. Thorne, Miss Bush arrived Hong-kong.

Mr. and Mrs. Grist, Mr. C. E. Hicks remaining Yun-nan.

SHANGHAI, *September* 8.—*Information has been received, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Lundgren, Miss A. Eldred, with four American missionaries left Fen-chau on August* 15 *under escort, while travelling all shot. The Misses Hoskyn have arrived here safely and well. Boxers around P'ing-yang. Dr. Millar Wilson concluded Tai-yüan safer. Mrs. Millar Wilson left on June* 1, *because the infant taken ill, to spend summer in Tai-yüan-fu. Dr. Millar Wilson taken ill with peritonitis, left on June* 19 *to join wife, when travelling informed there is danger in Tai-yüan-fu. He proceeds at all hazards, arrived June* 26. *Unable to gather information until the letter dated July* 6. *Then missionaries were being protected in Baptist Missionary Society dwelling-house, no further details. Native information has been received at P'ing-yang July* 14, *all Tai-yüan-fu missionaries murdered* 9*th inst. No details have been received.*

Copy of Telegram received by the BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, *September* 17, from Rev. E. E. FORSYTH of CHE-FOO, dated *September* 15. —*Reliable educated native has brought news from Shan-si, Pigott party arrested Shou-yang, driven on foot in chains to T'ai-yüan-fu, shared fate other missionaries; Mission house T'ai-yüan-fu burned except Farthing's. Missionaries fled there June* 29, *escorted Yamén July* 9, *promised safety, immediately massacred, altogether* 33 *Protestants; Pigotts* 3, *Duval, Robinson, Attwaters* 2, *Stokes* 2, *Wilsons* 3, *Farthings* 5, *Whitehouse* 2, *and four others. Hoddle, Underwood, Stewart, not mentioned. Also* 10 *Catholic priests, others not known; probably total* 51 *foreigners besides many natives. Hin-chau,* 6 *persons escaped mountains horseback, probably Duncans, M'Currachs, Renaut, Ennals; fate unknown.*

SHANGHAI, *September* 17.—*Mr. C. H. S. Green wired from Pao-ting-fu, Mrs. Green and Miss J. Gregg safe, under Provincial Judge protection, continue in prayer for us. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Kay held to ransom, also thirty-six Chïh-li and Shan-si workers. Seven children missing, unable to gather information.*

Hsing-i workers, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Lewis and Mr. H. J. Hewitt left Kwei-yang on 16*th inst., and are travelling in direction of Chung-king. The rest left last month and are safe.*

SHANGHAI, *September* 18.—25*th ultimo, M. L. Griffith and Mrs. Griffith, R. M. Brown safe, Cheng-ting-fu Cathedral, Chen-tai protecting.*

SHANGHAI, *September* 20.—*Mr. J. Young, Miss Troyer (now Mrs. Young), murdered July* 16 *with Mr. G. McConnell and party.*

SHANGHAI, *September* 24.—*Shen-si telegram received, at Si-chau, Ta-ning, Yo-yang eleven missionaries killed, probably Mr. and Mrs. Peat, two children, Miss F. E. Nathan, Miss Dobson, Mr. Woodroffe, Mr. Barratt, Miss Heaysman, Miss Hurn, Miss M. R. Nathan.*

SHANGHAI, *September* 21.—*Swedish Mission in China none missing, they have arrived here safely, all well.*

SHANGHAI, *October* 3. — *So-p'ing ten Swedish Holiness Union murdered June* 29. *Ta-tong workers apprehend the worst.*

Mrs. Botham, Miss H. M. Hooper, Mr. J. B. Martin arrived here safely, all well.

N.B. Names are as follows:—*Swedish Holiness Union:* Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Persson, Mr. O. A. L. Larsson, Miss J. Lundell, Miss J. Engvall, Mr. E. Pettersson, Mr. G. E. Karlberg, Mr. N. Carleson, Miss M. Hedlund, Miss A. Johansson. *Ta-tong workers:* Mr. and Mrs. S. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. I'anson, Miss Aspden, Miss M. E. Smith.

SHANGHAI, *October* 8.—*Mr. and Mrs. Bland, Miss G. M. Muir, and party arrived Han-kow.*

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Kay and daughter, Mr. Graham McKie, Miss E. Chapman, Miss M. E. Way, murdered August 30.

Apprehend the worst for Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Ogren and Dr. J. W. Hewett.

SHANGHAI, *October* 12.—*Mr. Graham McKie, Miss E. Chapman, and Miss M. E. Way, announcement is contradicted. All Kansuh missionaries arrived Han-kow and Shanghai.*

SHANGHAI, *October* 25.—*Mrs. Glover with Christ.*

SHANGHAI, *October* 29. — *Shun-teh and Hwuy-luh missionaries arrived at Tien-tsin on* 27*th inst., Mr. C. H. S. Green dangerously ill. The child passed away peacefully.*

The announcement concerning Mr. William Cooper is now confirmed.

N.B. The missionaries referred to above are: *Shun-teh*, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Griffith and child, and Mr. R. M. Brown. *Hwuy-luh:* Mr. and Mrs. C. H. S. Green and two children, and Miss J. G. Gregg.

SHANGHAI, *November* 1.—*Dr. Hewett safe, expected in a week at Han-kow.*

SHANGHAI, *November* 6.—*Hewett has arrived safely and well at Han-kow.*

SHANGHAI, *November* 26.—*Mr. Ogren has been killed. Mr. Graham McKie, Miss Chapman, Miss Way, Mrs. Ogren and infant are safe in T'ai-yüan-fu.*

APPENDIX B

DIARY OF EVENTS

With Special Reference to C.I.M.

1899.

Dec. 31. Murder of Rev. S. P. Brooks of the S.P.G.

1900.

Jan. 5. Sir Claude Macdonald reports, "Yü-hsien, governor of Shan-tong, summoned to Peking and Yüan-shi-kai took over the seals of office."

„ 11. Imperial edict issued saying, "When peaceful and law-abiding people practise their skill in mechanical skill for the self-preservation of themselves and their families—this is in accordance with the public-spirited principle (enjoined by Mencius) of keeping mutual watch and giving mutual help."

„ 17. Sir Claude Macdonald sends a protest to the Tsung-li-yamen saying, "The whole of the present difficulty can be traced to the late Governor of Shan-tong, Yü-hsien, who secretly encouraged the seditious society known as 'The Boxers.'"

„ 24. Imperial decree announcing Prince P'u-chün as heir-apparent.

Mar. 15. Sir Claude Macdonald reports that Yü-hsien, 'the degraded (!) Governor of Shan-tong, had been appointed Governor of Shan-si.

May 14. Elder Sï of Hung-tung, Shan-si, stabbed by Boxers.

„ 17. Sir Claude Macdonald reports Boxers destroyed three villages and killed sixty-one Roman Catholic converts near Pao-ting-fu.

„ 18. Sir Claude reports Boxers destroyed L.M.S. chapel at Kung-ts'un, and killed preacher forty miles S.W. of Peking.

„ 23. Boxers plunder Pastor Hsi's home (Shan-si).

„ 29. Railway between Peking and T'ien-tsin torn up.

„ 31. Legation guards arrive at Peking.

June 1. Mr. Robinson murdered and Mr. Norman carried off.

„ 2. Mr. Norman murdered.

„ 7. Imperial decree issued justifying action of the Boxers.

June 8. Massacre of native Christian at Tung-chau.
„ 9. Emperor and Empress Dowager return to Peking from the Summer Palace.
„ 10. Vice-Admiral Sir E. Seymour lands troops and starts for Peking.
„ „ Prince Tuan appointed head of the Tsung-li-yamen.
„ „ The summer legation at the hills destroyed by fire.
„ 11. Chancellor of Japanese legation at Peking murdered.
„ 13. Boxers enter Peking. Work of destruction begun. Hundreds of converts killed.
„ 15. T'ien-tsin native city in hands of Boxers.
„ 16. Special Secret Grand Council called by Empress Dowager of Manchu princes and officials only. War determined.
„ „ Peking community "completely isolated."
„ 17. Ta-ku forts taken. Chinese commence shelling the T'ien-tsin settlement.
„ 19. Chang-chïh-tong and Liu-kuen-yi, viceroys of the Lower Yangtsz, give assurances that they will preserve order in their districts.
„ 20. Remarkable Prayer Meeting for China held in Exeter Hall (large hall).
„ „ German minister at Peking murdered.
„ „ At 4 o'clock the siege begun by guns opening fire.
„ 21. China publishes her apologia. (See Appendix D.)
„ 22. Chinese fire the Han-lin college and library.
„ 23. T'ien-tsin relieved.
„ 25. Vice-Admiral Sir E. Seymour relieved.
„ 26. Viceroy Chang-chïh-tung promises that the Viceroys of the Upper and Lower Yangtsz will, "under any circumstances, afford adequate protection to foreign merchants, missionaries, and native Christians."
„ „ Riot at P'ing-yao, Shan-si.
„ „ Riot at Kie-hiu, Shan-si.
„ 27. First riot at Tai-yüan-fu, Shan-si. Miss Coombs killed.
„ 28. Decree from Peking praising Boxers and commanding all viceroys and governors to support the rising.
„ „ The viceroys and governors of Southern and Central China consider Prince Tuan a rebel, and unite to resist him.
„ 29. Massacre of thirteen Swedish missionaries at So-p'ing, Shan-si.
„ 30. Native city of T'ien-tsin captured by the Allies.
„ „ Miss Whitchurch and Miss Searell murdered at Hiao-i.
„ „ Massacre at north side of Pao-ting-fu.
July 1. Massacre at south side of Pao-ting-fu.
(Including Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and child, and Mr. Wm. Cooper.)
„ 2. Imperial edict ordering expulsion of all foreigners and persecution of Christians.

July 3. Chinese Government appeal to Queen Victoria for help!
„ 7. Riot at Si-hua, Ho-nan.
„ „ Riots at Lu-ch'eng and Lu-an, Shan-si.
„ 8. Riot at Kuang-chau, Ho-nan.
„ 9. Massacre at T'ai-yüan-fu.
(Including Dr. and Mrs. W. Millar Wilson, Miss Stevens, and Miss Clarke.)
„ „ Riot at She-k'i-tien, Ho-nan.
„ 10. Riot at Chau-kia-k'eo, Ho-nan.
„ 13. Miss Rice murdered.
„ 15. P'ing-yang-fu party started.
„ 16. Murder of the Ho-tsin party.
(Mr. and Mrs. McConnell, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Miss King, and Miss Burton.)
„ 18. *Peking Gazette's* first reference to the murder of the German minister on June 20.
„ 21. Murder of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and Miss Desmond, inside K'ü-chau city, Cheh-kiang.
„ 22. Murder of Mr. and Mrs. Ward and Miss Thirgood, outside K'ü-chau.
„ 24. Murder of Miss Sherwood and Miss Manchester in K'ü-chau city.
Aug. 2. Edict issued saying, "The merchants and missionaries of all countries in China have nothing to do with the war"!
„ 6. Mrs. E. J. Cooper died at Ying-shan.
„ 10. *Peking Gazette* published for the last time.
„ 11. Miss Huston died.
„ 14. Allies enter Peking and relieve the legations.
„ „ Mr. Saunders' party reach Han-kow.
„ 15. Murder of Fen-chau party
(Including Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren and Miss Eldred.)
„ „ Mr. and Mrs. Green and Miss Gregg caught by the Boxers.
„ 30. Mr. and Mrs. Kay and child put to death (? date).
„ „ Mr. and Mrs. Peat and party put to death (? date).
Oct. 25. Mrs. Glover passed away in Shanghai.
„ 27. Mr. Green's party and Mr. Griffith's party arrived at T'ien-tsin.

APPENDIX C

A CHINESE STATESMAN'S OPINION REGARDING OPIUM

Concerning the devastation wrought in China by the practice of opium-smoking, let the following words speak. They are written by one of the leading and most influential statesmen in China,[1] who has filled in succession three of the most important vice-royalties in the Empire : "In point of ability, honesty, and disinterestedness and patriotism," says the Rev. Arnold Foster, "he stands second to no official in the Empire. He is not here reproaching England for her share in the demoralisation of China, nor does he seek to exonerate China from hers. He deals with the opium habit from the standpoint of every right-minded and intelligent Chinaman, as a great national evil, with the result of which he is thoroughly familiar." He says :—

> "Deplorable indeed is the injury done by opium ! It is (as) the deluge of the present day or (an invasion of) some fierce beasts, but the danger (arising from it) is greater than (the danger arising from) these things. . . . The injury done by opium is that of a stream of poison flowing on for more than a hundred years and diffusing itself in twenty-two provinces. The sufferers from this injury amount to untold millions. Its consequences are insidious and seductive, and the limit has not yet been reached. It destroys men's abilities, it weakens the vigour of the soldier, it wastes their wealth, until it results at length in China being what she is to-day. This destruction affects the abilities of civilians and soldiers alike. The injury is worse than any waste of wealth. Men's wills are weakened ; their physical strength is reduced. In the management of business they lack industry ; they cannot journey any distance ; their expenditure becomes extravagant ; their children are few. After a few tens of years it will result in China becoming altogether the laughing-stock of the world."

Such is the opinion of one of China's greatest statesmen, who in these words voices the conviction of the whole nation. Can we wonder if the incalculable injury done by England to China by our opium trade is regarded by them as a national grievance ?

[1] H.E. Chang-chih-tung, the present Viceroy of Hupeh and Hu-nan.

APPENDIX D

CHINA'S APOLOGIA

JUNE 21, 1900

上諭我朝二百數十年深仁厚澤凡遠人來中國者　列祖　列宗固不待以懷柔迨道光咸豐年倫淮彼等互市並允在我國傳教朝廷以其篤人為善勉允所請初亦就我範圍遵我約束詎七十年來恃我中國一意撫循乃益肆鴟張欺凌我國家侵佔我地土蹂躪我人民勒索我財物朝廷稍加遷就彼等之兇橫日甚一日無所不至小則欺壓平民大則侮慢　神聖我國赤子仇怨醫結人人欲得甘心此義勇焚燒教堂屠殺教民之所由來也朝廷仍不開衅仍前保護者恐傷吾人民身故再降旨申禁保衛使館撫卹教民故前日有奉民教民皆吾赤子之諭應為拳教解釋風嫌朝廷柔服遠人至矣盡矣乃彼等不知感激反肆要挾昨日公然有社士聯衆會合我退出大沽口炮台歸彼看管否則以衆敵尼詞恫喝意在肆其披猖煽動叢輔平日交鄰之道我未嘗失禮於彼豈自猶教化之國乃無禮橫行將恃兵堅器利自啟決裂如此平朕臨御將三十年待百姓如子撫百姓又戴朕如天　帝況　慈聖中興宇宙恩德所被決髓淪肌　祖宗恩依　神祇感格人心忠憤曠代所無朕今諭法以告

先廟像慨以誓師徒與其苟且圖存貽羞萬古何如大張撻伐一決雌雄連日各見大小臣工論謀會同近畿及山東等省義兵同日不期而集者不下數十萬人雖五尺童子亦能執弱戈以衛社稷彼以詐謀我以天理彼恃悍力我恃人心無論我國忠信甲胄禮義干戈人心敵愾即土匪廣有二十餘省人民多至四百兆何難挫彼兇悍張我國威其有同仇敵愾臨陣衛鋒及商義捐資助軍餉備朝廷不惜破格重賞以獎勵之苟其自外生成臨陣退縮甘心從逆之漢奸朕即刻傳諭決不寬貸爾臣庶其各懷忠義之心共洩神人之憤朕實有厚望焉欽此

六月初三日由保定傳來京電

上諭裕祿奏洋人肇衅猝起兵端連日接戰獲勝一摺覽奏實深忻慰我華與各國和好有年前因教民相仇之故竟至決裂得其情由洋兵攻我大沽口炮台又由紫竹林分路出戰經裕祿四路分應復經我義兵踴力相助以血肉之力與槍炮相搏二十一二十二二十三等日擊壞兵輪二艦殺敵不少衆志成城民心既固兵義亦揚所有助戰之義和團人民不用國家一兵不靡國家一餉甚至磐谿童子亦復執銘戈以衛社稷比皆仰託　祖宗之昭鑒　神望之護持使該民篤衆一心有此義勇毫無行傳旨嘉獎寬待事後再行加恩為國民等惟當同心戮力梁侮効忠始終無懈朕有厚望焉欽此

TRANSLATION

June 21, 1900.

EVER since the foundation of the Dynasty, foreigners coming to China have been kindly treated. In the reigns of Tao Kuang and Hsien Feng they were allowed to trade, and they also asked leave to propagate their religion, a request that the Throne reluctantly granted. At first they were amenable to Chinese control, but for the past thirty years they have taken advantage of China's forbearance to encroach on China's territory and trample on Chinese people and to demand China's wealth. Every concession made by China increased their reliance on violence. They oppressed peaceful citizens and insulted the gods and holy men, exciting the most burning indignation among the people. Hence the burning of chapels and slaughter of converts by the patriotic braves. The Throne was anxious to avoid war, and issued edicts enjoining the protection of Legations and pity to the converts. The decrees declaring "Boxers" and converts to be equally the children of the State were issued in the hope of removing the old feud between people and converts. Extreme kindness was shown to the strangers from afar. But these people knew no gratitude and increased their pressure. A despatch was yesterday sent by Du Chaylard, calling us to deliver up the Ta-ku Forts into their keeping, otherwise they would be taken by force. These threats showed their aggressive intention. In all matters relating to international intercourse, we have never been wanting in courtesies to them, but they, while styling themselves civilised States, have acted without regard for right, relying solely on their military force. We have now reigned nearly thirty years, and have treated the people as our children, the people honouring us as their deity, and in the midst of our reign we have been the recipients of the gracious favour of the Empress-Dowager. Furthermore, our ancestors have come to our aid, and the gods have answered our call, and never has there been so universal a manifestation of loyalty and patriotism. With tears have we announced war in the ancestral shrines. Better to enter on the struggle and do our utmost than seek some measures of self-preservation involving eternal disgrace. All our officials, high and low, are of one mind, and there have assembled, without official summons, several hundred thousand patriotic soldiers (I Ping "Boxers"), even children carrying spears in the service of the State. Those others relying on crafty schemes, our trust is in Heaven's justice. They depend on violence, we on humanity. Not to speak of the righteousness of our cause, our provinces number more than twenty, our people over 400,000,000, and it will not be difficult to vindicate the dignity of our country.

Transmitted by telegraph from Pao-ting-fu on 3rd day of 6th moon (29th June).

AN IMPERIAL EDICT.—The memorial presented by Yü-lu stating the cause of unexpected hostilities created by foreigners and the victories we gained during successive days of battle, have been perused with immense satisfaction. For many years international harmony has existed. Recently, by reason of the enmity of Christian converts and the people, a breach has been made. But the cause of the present trouble is that foreign troops attacked our Ta-ku forts, and from Tsï-chuh-lin sent expeditions in various directions. Nevertheless, Yü-lu opposed them at every place. Further, by the vigorous help of our volunteers contending by sheer force against cannon and gun, we have—during the 17th to 19th—destroyed two of their gun-boats and killed many of them. Fortified by union, our people are encouraged and our soldiers elated. The "Boxers" who have helped to fight have not used Imperial arms, nor received Government pay; nay, even our children have taken up their slender weapons to guard their country. That all have been so united in patriotic bravery betokens the approval of our ancestors and the protection of our deities. For the present we issue this edict to praise and commend you. After peace has been restored you shall be rewarded. You "Boxers" and others must continue as loyal subjects to resist any insult, never lacking vigilance. Your Emperor is filled with hope.

APPENDIX E

A BOXER PLACARD

From the GOVERNMENT BLUE-BOOK, No. 3 (1900)

Placard posted in West City, Peking

(Translation.)

IN a certain street in Peking some worshippers of the I-ho ch'üan ("Boxers") at midnight suddenly saw a spirit descend in their midst. The spirit was silent for a long time, and all the congregation fell upon their knees and prayed. Then a terrible voice was heard saying :—

"I am none other than the Great Yü Ti (God of the unseen world) come down in person. Well knowing that ye are all of devout mind, I have just now descended to make known to you that these are times of trouble in the world, and that it is impossible to set aside the decrees of fate. Disturbances are to be dreaded from the foreign devils; everywhere they are starting Missions, erecting telegraphs, and building railways; they do not believe in the sacred doctrine, and they speak evil of the Gods. Their sins are numberless as the hairs of the head. Therefore am I wrath, and my thunders have pealed forth. By night and by day have I thought of these things. Should I command my generals to come down to earth, even they would not have strength to change the course of fate. For this reason I have given forth my decree that I shall descend to earth at the head of all the saints and spirits, and that wherever the I-ho Ch'üan are gathered together, there shall the Gods be in the midst of them. I have also to make known to all the righteous in the three worlds that they must be of one mind, and all practise the cult of the I-ho Ch'üan, that so the wrath of heaven may be appeased.

"So soon as the practice of the I-ho ch'üan has been brought to perfection—wait for three times three or nine times nine, nine times nine or three times three[1]—then shall the devils meet their doom. The will of heaven is that the telegraph wires be first cut, then the railways torn up, and then shall the foreign devils be decapitated. In

[1] Meaning obscure.

that day shall the hour of their calamities come. The time for rain to fall is yet afar off, and all on account of the devils.

"I hereby make known these commands to all you righteous folk, that ye may strive with one accord to exterminate all foreign devils, and so turn aside the wrath of heaven. This shall be accounted unto you for well doing; and on the day when it is done the wind and rain shall be according to your desire.

"Therefore I expressly command you make this known in every place."

This I saw with my own eyes, and therefore I make bold to take my pen and write what happened. They who believe it shall have merit; they who do not believe it shall have guilt. The wrath of the spirit was because of the destruction of the Temple of Yü Ti. He sees that the men of the I-ho ch'üan are devout worshippers, and pray to him.

If my tidings are false, may I be destroyed by the five thunderbolts.

4th moon, 1*st day* (*April* 29, 1900).

APPENDIX F

MISSIONARIES IN CHINA

Letter to the Editor of "The Times"

By Mr. W. B. Sloan, Secretary of the China Inland Mission.

Sir—The speech of the Marquis of Salisbury at the meeting of the S.P.G. upon Tuesday last, coupled with the present disturbances in China, has served to call attention in an unwonted degree to the work of missionaries in that Empire.

In certain quarters the speech of the noble Marquis has been regarded as if it contained a salutary rebuke to those who are engaged in missionary effort. Others have treated it as though Lord Salisbury regarded the missionaries as almost exclusively responsible for the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs in China.

Neither of these conclusions is fairly deducible from Lord Salisbury's remarks, and I fancy that the leaders of missionary work will consider that in advising them "to temper their zeal with Christian prudence" his Lordship has only enforced the lines of policy upon which it is their constant endeavour to act.

The Mission with which it is my privilege to be associated was formed in 1865 to open up work in the eleven interior provinces of the Chinese Empire, which were at that time without any Protestant missionaries.

The following excerpt from our "Principles and Practice" indicates the attitude of the Mission with reference to those in authority :—

> "While availing himself of any privileges offered by his own or the Chinese Government, he (*i.e.*, the missionary) must make no demand for help or protection, though in emergencies he may need to ask for it as a favour. Appeals to Consuls or to Chinese officials to procure the punishment of offenders, or to demand the vindication of real or supposed rights, or indemnification for losses, are to be avoided. Should trouble or persecution arise

inland, a friendly representation may be made to the local Chinese officials, failing redress from whom, those suffering must be satisfied to leave their case in God's hands. Under no circumstances may any missionary on his own responsibility make any written appeal to the British or other foreign authorities. Should such an appeal be thought necessary, it must first be submitted to the China director or his deputy through the superintendent, and receive his authorisation."

During the past thirty-five years 125 stations have been opened by us in ten of the provinces, and in the course of this work, most of which has been carried on far beyond the immediate influence of "gunboats," only one of our missionaries has lost his life through the violence of the people.[1]

The cases have been very rare indeed when any of our missionaries have appealed to the British Consuls for their protection, although in some instances the Consuls have felt it to be their duty to interfere on our behalf as being British subjects.

The following extract from the report of Her Majesty's Consul in Han-kow for the year 1880 (see China, No. 3, 1880) may serve to show how large a part missionaries have taken in opening up the interior of China. And in the face of such testimony it must surely be admitted that not a little tact and prudence have been mingled with the zeal of the missionaries:—

"Apart from this increased care on the part of the mandarins, this improved state of affairs is due to the fact that the natives are becoming more accustomed to the presence of foreigners among them, much of the credit of which belongs to the members of what is called the China Inland Mission, instituted by the Rev. Hudson Taylor, M.R.C.S., some dozen years ago.

"Always on the move, the missionaries of this Society have travelled throughout the country, taking hardship and privation as the natural incidents of their profession, and never attempting to force themselves anywhere, they have managed to make friends everywhere, and, while labouring in their special field as ministers of the Gospel, have accustomed the Chinese to the presence of foreigners among them, and in great measure dispelled the fear of the barbarian which has been the main difficulty with which we have had to contend.

"Not only do the bachelor members of the Mission visit places supposed to be inaccessible to foreigners, but those who are married take their wives with them and settle down with the goodwill of the people in districts far remote from official influence, and get on as comfortably and securely as their brethren of the older Missions under the shadow of a Consular

[1] Written June 23, 1900.

flag and within range of a gunboat's guns; and, while aiding the foreign merchant by obtaining information regarding the unknown interior of the country and strengthening our relations by increasing our intimacy with the people, this Mission has, at the same time, shown the true way of spreading Christianity in China."

I have only to add that the work of this Mission continues to be carried on upon the lines indicated in the above extract, save that now it is of a more settled character, it having become possible to open up many stations in the far interior, and that, while this Consular report refers to the work of one Mission, it might also be applied to that of many others.—I am, yours truly,

WALTER B. SLOAN,
Secretary of the China Inland Mission.

CHINA INLAND MISSION,
NEWINGTON GREEN, MILDMAY,
LONDON, N., *June 23.*

APPENDIX G

THE OFFICIAL STATUS OF MISSIONARIES

In view of what has recently occurred, and of those criticisms which do not distinguish between Protestant and Roman Catholic Missions, this article is reprinted from *China's Millions* for December 1899.

On the 15th of March, this year (1899), the Chinese Government published "An Imperial Decree" in which it gives political status to each order of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The *North China Daily News* for May 19 published a full translation of this Decree from the authorised French version. We subjoin a few extracts for our readers :—

> "It has been agreed that local authorities shall exchange visits with missionaries under the conditions indicated in the following articles :—
>
> "In the different degrees of the ecclesiastical hierarchy Bishops being in the rank and dignity the equals of Viceroys and Governors, it is agreed to authorise them to demand to see Viceroys and Governors. . . .
>
> "Vicars-general and Archdeacons will be authorised to demand to see Provincial Treasurers, and Judges, and Taotais.
>
> "Other priests will be authorised to demand to see Prefects of the first and second class, Independent prefects, Sub-prefects, and other functionaries. . . .
>
> "(These) functionaries will naturally respond, according to their rank, with the same courtesies."

The *North China Daily News*, in its leader of May 19, calls attention to the fact that under the "most favoured nation" clause the decree applies equally to Protestant Missions, and adds, "Communications have been addressed to Protestant Missions acquainting them with their new privileges." The problem thus raised is of such vital importance to the future of Mission work in China, that we wish it were possible to reproduce *in extenso* a most timely letter addressed to the *North China Daily News*, by the Rev. Arnold Foster, on this

subject. Space only permits us to reprint some of the most important passages from this letter. He writes :—

"It seems to me that the question . . . is one of the gravest importance to the future of China as a nation, and also to the future of Christian Missions." He speaks of "the danger to the peace and well-being of the Chinese people, danger to the interest of all foreigners living in China, and last, but not least, danger to the very life of the Christian Church as a religious society existing only for spiritual and non-political ends. . . ."

"In *The Times* of September the 13th, 1886, there appeared a long letter from Sir Rutherford Alcock, headed 'France, China, and the Vatican,' in which our former British Minister denounces vehemently the whole system of priestly interference in the political affairs of China and the administration of its laws. To it he attributes 'the perennial hostility towards Christianity and its teachers in every form, which now pervades the whole nation, rulers and people, from the highest to the lowest.' I should like to reproduce much more of what Sir Rutherford Alcock says, but I must only venture on one further quotation. 'When asked by Pope Pius IX. at Rome, on my return home, soon after the massacre of T'ien-tsin, how I accounted for the persistent hatred manifested against the missionaries and their converts, I felt constrained to answer: "It was not a question of religion with them, but of civil jurisdiction," and I was not surprised that he did not pursue the subject further. . . . It is against such assumptions and unwarranted pretensions that the Chinese Government is now making a determined stand, and *it is in the interest of religion and of all foreign nations that they should not fail.*' The closing sentence of Sir Rutherford's letter, which I have now italicised, is one to which I desire to draw the earnest attention of your readers, whether lay or missionary."

"Under pressure from M. Pichon, the French Minister, and a Roman Catholic Bishop, China has suddenly agreed to admit the whole body of missionaries to a political status and to a degree of political influence that they would none of them be allowed, even in their own countries ; for the concession made to Roman Catholic priests under French protection must as a matter of course be allowed also to Protestants if they claim it, and in point of fact it is now being offered to them spontaneously by the Chinese Government without their claiming it. I am told on good authority that the Government is even anxious that we should avail ourselves of it. . . .

"China has in all her diplomacy been continually trying to extricate herself from difficulties with one nation by playing off another nation against it. . . . We can easily imagine how she may now be thinking to play off what she regards as two great rival religions, one against the other. . . .

"Here is one of the greatest dangers now threatening Christianity, threatening our very *existence* as a spiritual body. The knowledge that a mandarin will not dare to give a case against the Church is a

perpetual temptation to designing Chinese to get hold of the missionary's card and to take it into the Yamên on behalf of a litigant. Such a card is worth money. . . . If we accept the status that is now offered to us, and if it comes to be understood that we can at any time 'demand to see' the officials, these and similar abuses will multiply rapidly. . . .

"'But,' it is said, 'the Roman Catholics have now got the status and the power that belongs to it, and we know from experience how they will use it against heathen and Protestant Chinamen alike.' I feel this difficulty; but we shall not right one wrong by doing another. . . . 'Truth is great and will prevail' in the long run, *if it be true to itself;* but not if it compromises and goes off on lines that are distinctly opposed to its own.

"We know what has always been the policy of Rome. It has always coveted political power. It has had, and still has, a temporal head who is spoken of in the edict as the *Chiao-huang* or 'Ruler of the Church.' This head has in the past claimed the right to put up kings and to depose them. Protestantism, and especially the Protestantism of the Free Churches, is at the very antipodes of Rome in regard to this whole question. We owe it to ourselves at this critical time to show the courage of our convictions, and to believe that whatever the apparent loss of worldly prestige and 'influence' may be for the present, *in the end* the moral superiority of our ecclesiastical policy to the ecclesiastical policy of Rome will be recognised. Rome may get the political power she covets, and with it the detestation of the people in whose affairs she insists on interfering. If Protestants will only decline the political status and impress on the Chinese rulers and people that we only want even-handed justice to be dealt out to Christians and heathen alike, we shall in the end be masters of the situation.

"When the present temporary aberration has passed away from the official mind, the rulers of China will return to their old hatred of all the people who have pursued or are pursuing the policy of interference, and will show a confidence they have never shown before in those who, when they might have shared the 'privilege' of interference, deliberately declined on principle to do so."

That for which Mr. Foster pleaded was gained. All Protestant Missions refused official status. This fact alone should be enough to fully exonerate the Protestant Missionary Societies from the charge of interfering in political and legal matters. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of differentiating between the attitude of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches upon this one matter, which is so largely responsible for the present crisis.

APPENDIX H

LADY MISSIONARIES IN THE INTERIOR

To the Editor of the "North-China Daily News"

Sir—Your correspondent "L. J. D." in his letter in Monday's issue brings forward the very point to which I had thought of drawing attention, namely, the long immunity from violence enjoyed by lady-workers of the China Inland Mission living in cities where there were no male missionaries. Surely this fact ought to moderate the zeal of those who accuse the leaders of the mission of lack of chivalry and manliness in allowing them to do so. Of course no one in his senses would think of allowing women to go into the interior in the present state of things, but the present state of things is abnormal. Foreign women have lived in all safety in the interior in the past, and may we not hope that in the course of time they may be able to do so again?

Is there not even a possibility that in some cases they are all the safer for being women? Might not two or three women, protected by the fact of their insignificance in Chinese eyes, quietly carry on their work among the women in a city where the presence of a foreign man would be likely to stir up suspicion and hatred? A Chinese, to whom I was speaking on the subject yesterday, quite agreed with this view. He said that the inhabitants would very likely think: "Women can do no mischief," and would not trouble to interfere with them.

But I would like to call attention to another circumstance which seems to point in the same direction. Has it been the case that women accompanied by men missionaries in their perilous flight from their stations have always been the safer for that circumstance? . . .

As far as I have been able to judge from the narratives read and heard, it has not been so. On the contrary, some of those women who suffered most terribly were travelling in the company of men—good men, who would doubtless willingly have sacrificed their lives for them, but who were utterly unable to save them from the cruelty of their enemies. We have indeed heard of one case in which two ladies, living alone, were murdered, but on the other hand, what about the three Norwegian ladies who were only attended in their flight by a devoted Chinese servant? These women suffered far less than many who were accompanied by foreign men, and reached their destination in safety. May it not be possible that, in many instances, a faithful Chinese friend or servant, knowing his own fellow-countrymen far better than any foreigner can do, would (under God) prove to be the more competent protector of the two? . . .

I am in no way connected with the C.I.M., and may therefore, I hope, be allowed to raise an unbiassed, though feeble, protest in its defence. Enclosing my card, I am, etc.,

An Anglo-German Woman.

3rd October.

APPENDIX I

MISSIONARIES AND LOOTING

To the Editor of the "North-China Daily News"

Sir—I regret extremely to see published in some papers and reproduced in others the following statement regarding missionary behaviour during the Legation siege at Peking—"Their conduct during and since the siege has not been very creditable. They have exhibited anything but a Christian spirit and have the reputation of being the biggest looters in Peking." I cannot conceive where the writer gets justification for such a statement. I was during the siege a member of the General Purposes Committee, which had surveillance of practically everything but the fighting, and in that position had the best possible opportunity of knowing what was going on, and I can say that the conduct of the missionaries was in my opinion not only creditable, but admirable. All that went to make our life moderately comfortable and safe was done by missionaries or under their auspices. The bakery, the butchery, the laundry, the carpentry, the cobbling were all in missionary and native Christian hands. The defence work done by Mr. Gamewell has already made his name known everywhere. The helpfulness and unselfishness shown by the missionary ladies, many of whom had the burdens of heavy family cares of their own to bear, were beyond praise. As to the native Christians, many of whom were men of a class far superior to that from which they are generally supposed to be drawn, they supplied willingly all the labour we had and without which we could never have held out. Their missionary teachers led them in every work and in many positions of danger.

I heard in the Legation before we were enabled to leave it that the missionaries had taken quantities of loot. I took special pains as a committee man to investigate the truth of this assertion, and I found absolutely nothing to confirm it. In fact during the siege it was quite impossible. All the loot then collected—if it was properly loot at all—was the Chinese property, clothing, furniture, and ornaments found in those houses which for purposes of defence we were obliged to bring into our lines and in some instances to destroy, or in the abandoned foreign stores. That loot was all handed over to the committee, the

control of it being in the hands of one missionary and myself as a sort of sub-committee. The key of the room in which the valuable part of it was locked up was kept by me, and in that room I slept. Of what was taken possession of, many of the comparatively worthless articles, such as worn Chinese clothing, bedding, etc., were given to the poor Chinese Christians necessarily, because we had few but Christians among us; a few articles were given to foreign ladies to replace temporarily clothing they had been unable to save from their burned homes, and a very few common things were given to missionary ladies to provide material for urgently-needed children's garments. The valuable loot was all stored in my care till the very end of the siege, and was then handed over under an arrangement between Sir Claude Macdonald and myself to Colonel Scott Moncrieff, R.E., to be sold, and the proceeds divided among the men of the marine detachment—who formed the stiff backbone of our defence and worked unceasingly—and the native Christians who built our defences. The missionaries therefore did no looting during the siege, and I believe none after it, for they all had to make their arrangements to get out of the Legation as fast as they could either to leave China or to find quarters for themselves and their flocks, and they had no time then and the field was quickly occupied by others. I am only an individual and have no right to pose as a representative or leader of public opinion in missionary matters. I believe I know about as much or as little as the average man of missionaries and their work and no more. I have always felt my knowledge of it was not sufficient to justify me either in scoffing at it, as is the fashion, or in praising it, as is not. I have still my definite opinions to form when I have time to collect the data; in the meantime I feel that my experience of the Legation siege has raised very considerably my opinion of the missionary, Anglican and non-Anglican, English and American, his capacity and his work; and of the native Christian and the influence of his religion on him.

I may say the above refers, as will be inferred, mainly to Protestants. None of the leading Roman Catholics were with us; they were making a brave defence elsewhere; while as to the Catholic converts they were principally employed outside the British Legation, by the Japanese and French especially, beyond my view.—I am, etc.,

R. E. BREDON.

3rd October.

MISSIONARY SOCIETIES IN CHINA

As far as reported to the last Missionary Conference in Shanghai

	Name of Society.	Date.
1.	London Missionary Society	1807
2.	American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions	1834
3.	American Baptist Missionary Union, North	1834
4.	American Protestant Episcopal	1835
5.	American Presbyterian, North	1835
6.	American Reformed, Dutch	1842
7.	British and Foreign Bible Society	1843
8.	Church Missionary Society	1844
9.	English Baptist Missionary Society	1845
10.	American Methodist Episcopal, North	1847
11.	Seventh Day Baptists	1847
12.	American Baptist, South	1847
13.	Basel Missionary Society	1847
14.	English Presbyterian Mission	1847
15.	Rhenish Mission	1847
16.	American Episcopal, South	1848
17.	Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society	1852
18.	Women's Union Missionary Society	1859
19.	Methodist New Connexion	1860
20.	Society for Promoting Female Education	1864
21.	United Presbyterian, Scotch	1865
22.	China Inland Mission	1865
23.	American Presbyterian, South	1867
24.	United Methodist Free Church	1868
25.	National Bible Society of Scotland	1869
26.	Irish Presbyterian	1869
27.	Canadian Presbyterian	1871
28.	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel	1874
29.	American Bible Society	1876
30.	Church of Scotland	1878
31.	Berlin Missionary Society	1882
32.	General Evangelical Protestant Missionary Alliance	1884
33.	Bible Christian Methodist	1885
34.	Foreign Christian Missionary Society	1886
35.	Society for Diffusing Christian and General Knowledge	1886
36.	Society of Friends' Missionary Society	1886
37.	American Scandinavian Congregational	1887
38.	Church of England Zenana Mission	1888
39.	United Brethren in Christ	1889
40.	Independent Workers	
41.	Canadian Methodist Mission	1891
42.	Congregational Church of Sweden	1890
43.	Swedish American Mission	1890
44.	International Missionary Alliance	

STATISTICS OF PROTESTANT MISSIONARY SOCIETIES IN CHINA.

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE PROVINCES.

Taken by permission from Hartman's *Survey of Protestant Missions in China*, published in Prof. Warneck's *Allgemeine Missions Zeitschrift*, May 1900.

PROVINCE OF KUANG-TONG

Name of Society.	Year of Entrance.	Missionaries.	Missionaries' Wives.	Unmarried Lady Missionaries.	Male Doctors.	Lady Doctors.	Native Helpers of both Sexes.	Number of Stations.	Out-Stations.	Adherents.	Communicants.	Number of Schools.	Total Number of Scholars.	Advanced Scholars (included in total).
London Missionary Society	1807	6	3	5	1	—	49	3	7	1,086	620	33	1,515	—
Church of England Missionary Society	1844	10	8	7	2	—	44	4	—	680	283	22	758	2
Southern Baptist Convention	1845	5	5	6	—	—	38	8	13	—	1,251	18	455	—
American Baptist Missionary Union	1846	11	11	4	—	2	62	6	43	—	1,093	4	173	37
American Presbyterian (North)	1846	22	18	11	7	3	130	6	44	—	2,323	40	812	—
English Presbyterian	1847	14	9	9	4	2	47	4	69	3,588	2,354	53	660	25
Basel Missionary Society	1847	26	16	—	1	—	149	13	54	5,650	3,809	70	1,421	22
Rhenish Missionary Society	1847	10	6	2	2	—	13	5	11	614	424	4	65	1
Berlin Missionary Society	1851	10	6	—	—	—	90	6	41	1,367	942	26	518	11
Berlin Women's China Society	1851	1	1	5	—	—	1	1	—	128	19	1	128	—
Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society	1851	9	5	5	1	1	82	8	27	3,960	1,313	18	480	—
American Board	1883	2	2	1	—	—	37	2	17	1,030	583	14	344	—
Hildesheim Mission to Blind	1896	—	—	1	—	—	2	1	—	16	—	1	16	—
American Reformed Presbyterian	1896	2	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—
		128	90	56	18	8	744	68	326	—	15,014	304	7,345	98

PROVINCE OF FUH-KIEN

Reformed Church in America	1842	6	6	10	2	1	42	1	11	1,378	1,315	24	529	—
London Missionary Society	1844	6	6	8	1	1	64	2	73	4,902	2,284	43	593	—
American Board	1847	11	9	9	—	—	203	5	105	12,073	2,446	101	1,937	24
American Methodist Episcopal	1847	19	18	18	6	6	446	4	89	—	13,869	136	1,633	515
Church of England Missionary Society	1850	23	14	31	4	1	188	18	—	8,228	3,734	212	3,359	28
English Presbyterian	1865	11	7	15	5	1	66	4	63	2,867	1,761	—	—	17
		66	60	91	18	10	1,009	34	341	—	25,409	516	8,051	584

PROVINCE OF CHEH-KIANG

American Presbyterian (North)	1844	7	6	5	—	1	57	2	22	—	1,148	11	530	2
American Baptist Missionary Union	1843	11	11	9	2	—	53	4	20	—	950	15	395	8
Church of England Missionary Society	1848	17	11	18	3	—	106	7	—	2,211	1,067	39	582	10
China Inland Mission	1857	38	14	22	1	1	211	24	82	—	3,710	15	172	—
English Methodist Free Church	1864	7	—	2	2	—	36	2	6	3,326	2,077	4	87	—
American Presbyterian (South)	1867	8	7	5	1	—	33	4	—	—	298	1	60	4
		88	49	61	9	2	496	43	130	—	9,250	85	1,826	24

PROVINCE OF KIANG-SU

Name of Society.	Year of Entrance.	Missionaries.	Missionaries' Wives.	Unmarried Lady Missionaries.	Male Doctors.	Lady Doctors.	Native Helpers of both Sexes.	Number of Stations.	Out-Stations.	Adherents.	Communicants.	Number of Schools.	[Total Number of Scholars.	Advanced Scholars (included in total).
London Missionary Society	1843	3	2	2	—	—	27	1	16	593	378	5	217	—
American Presbyterian (North)	1844	16	12	9	1	1	65	3	10	—	477	19	403	—
Church of England Missionary Society	1845	4	2	3	—	—	10	—	—	76	32	5	80	—
American Episcopal	1845	13	6	3	1	—	41	5	25	—	338	—	824	—
Seventh Day Baptist	1847	1	1	2	—	1	5	1	1	—	55	2	90	—
American Baptist (South)	1847	5	5	3	—	—	11	6	7	—	148	10	275	—
American Methodist (South)	1848	15	14	18	2	—	43	2	15	1,471	583	53	1,944	—
China Inland Mission	1854	17	25	15	—	—	23	6	1	—	119	11	143	—
American Methodist Episcopal	1867	1	1	2	1	1	20	2	17	—	1,977	95	1,539	136
Women's Union Missionary Society (American)	1869	—	—	8	—	4	12	1	—	—	—	7	165	—
American Presbyterian (South)	1872	21	15	9	5	1	20	7	—	—	102	4	13	1
General Evangelical Protestant Missionary Alliance (German).	1885	1	1	—	—	—	7	1	—	—	—	1	53	—
English Baptist Missionary Society		1	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Foreign Christian Miss. Society (American)	1886	7	7	7	2	1	13	3	5	—	97	5	124	48
		105	92	81	12	9	297	39	97	—	4,576	216	5,860	185

PROVINCE OF SHAN-TONG

American Baptist (South)	1860	5	5	2	—	—	6	8	15	—	403	7	150	—
American Presbyterian (North)	1861	25	23	11	6	4	290	6	235	—	5,429	146	2,052	4
English Methodist New Connection	1866	3	2	—	1	—	69	1	134	3,055	1,732	28	329	—
American Methodist Episcopal	1869	2	2	3	1	1	11	1	5	—	845	21	67	21
Society for Propagation of Gospel	1874	4	2	—	—	—	3	2	6	234	123	5	—	—
English Baptist Missionary Society	1877	16	13	5	2	—	92	2	288	—	3,890	96	1,136	60
China Inland Mission	1879	14	10	18	2	—	14	3	5	—	75	7	90	—
Gospel Baptist Mission (American)	1892	8	3	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
General Evangelical Protestant Missionary Association (German).	1898	3	2	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—
Berlin Missionary Society	1898	3	2	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	1	50	—
		83	64	40	12	5	485	25	688	—	12,497	311	3,874	85

PROVINCE OF CHÏH-LI

American Board[1]	1854	23	23	15	—	—	100	7	57	3,850	2,394	38	1,444	9
English Methodist New Connection	1859	4	4	—	1	—	34	2	63	1,226	795	14	226	13
London Missionary Society	1861	16	15	7	3	1	91	4	72	3,480	1,553	33	479	—
American Presbyterian (North)	1861	11	9	5	3	1	29	2	7	—	380	7	115	—
Society for Propagation of Gospel	1862	13	11	7	—	1	12	4	14	704	370	15	—	—
American Methodist Episcopal	1869	22	21	20	2	2	140	4	31	—	2,444	33	1,722	456
China Inland Mission	1887	6	4	2	—	—	4	4	1	—	22	—	—	—
Scottish Blind Mission	1887	1	1	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	1	20	—
		96	88	56	9	5	410	28	245	—	7,958	141	4,006	478

[1] Probably partly in Shan-Tong.

MANCHURIAN PROVINCE OF SHENG-KING

Name of Society.	Year of Entrance.	Missionaries.	Missionaries' Wives.	Unmarried Lady Missionaries.	Male Doctors.	Lady Doctors.	Native Helpers of both Sexes.	Number of Stations.	Out-Stations.	Adherents.	Communicants.	Number of Schools.	Total Number of Scholars.	Advanced Scholars (included in total).
United Presbyterian Church of Scotland	1862	15	12	10	5	4	111	11	87	15,490	8,490	55	652	—
Irish Presbyterian	1869	14	9	4	5	1	176	7	67		1,341	21	248	—
Danish Missionary Society	1895	6	5	2	—	—	2	4	1	30	28	2	30	—
		35	26	16	10	5	289	22	155	15,520	9,859	78	930	—

MONGOLIA

London Missionary Society	1887	3	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

PROVINCE OF SHAN-SI

China Inland Mission and Associates	1876	39	19	43	1	—	131	25	29	—	1,365	30	358	—
English Baptist Missionary Society	1878	7	6	1	—	—	21	2	11	—	209	8	153	—
American Board	1882	7	7	2	—	—	15	2	7	610	102	3	34	—
American Presbyterian (North)		5	4	—	1	—	2	2	1	—	174	—	—	—
		58	36	46	2	—	169	31	48	—	1,850	41	545	—

PROVINCE OF SHEN-SI

China Inland Mission	1876	30	21	29	—	—	55	21	15	—	384	11	105	—
English Baptist Missionary Society	1872	4	2	1	1	—	28	4	15	—	201	15	217	—
		34	23	30	1	—	83	25	30	—	585	26	322	—

PROVINCE OF KAN-SUH*

China Inland Mission	1876	30	21	29	—	—	55	21	15	—	384	11	105	—

PROVINCE OF KIANG-SI

China Inland Mission	1869	21	15	46	1	—	64	18	23	—	572	10	142	—
American Methodist Episcopal		2	2	8	1	1	68	2	18	—	970	186	1,497	37
		23	17	54	2	1	132	20	41	—	1,542	196	1,639	37

PROVINCE OF NGAN-HUEI

American Protestant Episcopal	—	1	1	—	1	—	12	2	4	—	18	—	20	—
China Inland Mission	1869	33	16	8	—	—	53	15	14	—	376	15	159	—
Christian Missionary Society (American)	1889	4	3	4	—	—	27	2	3	—	107	4	37	—
		38	20	12	1	—	92	19	21	—	501	19	216	—

* The Shen-si figures have been repeated here by mistake. Total missionaries should be 42 (including wives and lady missionaries); communicants, 74.

PROVINCE OF HO-NAN

Name of Society.	Year of Entrance.	Missionaries.	Missionaries' Wives.	Unmarried Lady Missionaries.	Male Doctors.	Lady Doctors.	Native Helpers of both Sexes.	Number of Stations.	Out-Stations.	Adherents.	Communicants.	Number of Schools.	Total Number of Scholars.	Advanced Scholars (included in total).
China Inland Mission	1875	14	8	7	2	—	41	8	7	—	438	4	59	—
Canadian Presbyterian	1888	12	6	4	4	2	14	3	18	222	70	—	—	—
		26	14	11	6	2	55	11	25	—	508	4	59	—

UNCERTAIN IN WHICH PROVINCE

Various—including the Bible Societies . .		45	25	17	1	4	568	30	13	—	94	30	648	—

PROVINCE OF SI-CH'UAN

China Inland Mission	1877	38	20	32	—	—	54	16	13	—	614	14	281	—
American Methodist Episcopal . . .	1881	4	4	3	1	1	10	2	20	—	221	25	168	41
Friends' Missionary Society	1886	6	5	4	—	1	14	2	1	65	10	4	216	—
London Missionary Society	1888	3	2	—	—	—	5	1	2	—	45	5	88	—
American Baptist Union	1889	8	6	—	2	—	15	3	10	—	170	1	13	—
Canadian Methodist	1891	6	4	2	3	1	—	2	—	—	10	4	100	—
Church of England Missionary Society . .	1892	14	8	10	1	—	—	6	—	32	24	—	—	—
		79	49	51	7	3	98	32	46	—	1,094	53	866	41

PROVINCE OF YUN-NAN

China Inland Mission	1877	12	5	5	—	—	5	4	—	—	15	2	34	—

PROVINCE OF HU-NAN

China Inland Mission[1]	1898	6	1	1	1	—	3	4	4	—	21	—	—	—
London Missionary Society		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
American Presbyterian	1894	1	—	—	—	—	3	3	—	—	60	—	—	—
American Protestant Episcopal		—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christian Missionary Alliance[2]		58	28	35	1	—	—	34	1	—	—	—	—	—
Cumberland Presbyterian (American)	1897	2	1	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
		67	30	36	3	—	6	41	5	—	81	—	—	—

[1] Itinerations from 1875.—M.B.] [2] Probably partly in other provinces.

PROVINCE OF KUEI-CHAU

China Inland Mission	1877	16	6	1	1	—	14	5	2	—	82	7	91	—

PROVINCE OF HU-PEH

London Missionary Society	1861	15	6	2	4	1	20	3	—	—	2,919	11	226	—
Wesleyan Missionary Society	1862	14	7	5	2	3	65	9	39	2,757	160	17	52	—
China Inland Mission	1874	7	4	4	1	—	9	3	1	—	906	1	283	—
Church of Scotland Mission	1878	3	3	3	1	1	15	1	3	215	45	1	42	—
American Protestant Episcopal	1880	6	1	2	1	—	91	5	14	—	580	—	447	—
Swedish Missionary Society (Congregational)	1890	8	4	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	9	3	82	—
Swedish American Missionary Society	1890	3	2	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—
American Baptist Union	1893	2	2	1	—	—	5	1	4	—	25	—	—	—
		58	29	17	9	5	205	25	61	—	4,644	33	1,132	—

THE TOTAL NUMBER IN CHINA, NOT INCLUDING FORMOSA

	1,090[1]	746	710	122	59	5,112	524	2,289	—	95,943[2]	2,073	37,549	1,535

[1] A large percentage of these are unordained.

[2] We shall hardly overestimate if we regard the number of communicants to be 100,000. The number of those baptized is nearly double this. Including the catechumens, the total will be about 250,000 Protestant Christians in China in 1900.

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